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# **ALPOMISH**

**UZBEK HEROIC EPOS**

**Tashkent – 2018**

**The translation was made possible due to the timely and planned supervision and consultation provided by Rector Shuhrat Sirojiddinov, professor, doctor of philological sciences**

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## THE GREATEST POETIC MEMORIAL OF THE UZBEK FOLK

*““Like the epics "Manas" and Homer's "Odyssey" the doston about Alpomish, in its classical edition, -doubtlessly appears as one of the loveliest examples of world heroic epics, with its traits of noble simplicity, quiet grandeur, patriarchal manliness, characteristic of that early "epic" stage in the development of society".*

*V.M. Zhirmunsky, Academician*

The Uzbek heroic folk-epic "Alpomish", which has a many-centuried history, and goes back with its roots into the depths of past ages, has come down to us in the form of a living tradition.

"Alpomish" is an epos which praises manliness, the unity of folk, love and faithfulness, and the firmness of the family. Those ideas found a notable artistic presentation in the fullest art-version of this doston, written down by Fozil Yuldosh-oghli (1872-1955) which occupied him for the whole of his life. In that variant it tells of the wondrous birth of the hero, about his knightly youth, about his first achievements, about his contests with Kalmak knights, and his struggle to win Barchin as his bride; about his seven years in captivity, and his release, with the help of his knightly steed, also about how Alpomish gained victory over the usurper Ulton, and the freeing of his wife Barchin, and finally how he established his reign over the united tribes of Qunghirats, who had been temporarily thrown into disunity. "Alpomish" is a production portraying the complicated and difficult heroic period in the history of the folk, seeking the road to consolidation of divided tribes and peoples.

The deterring time of the composition of this or that oral creation of the folk is an extremely complicated matter. To clarify the formation of folk-lore, one must be able to see its special idea of its historically conditioned core, and to express as best as possible its motifs and imagery.

The epos "Alpomish" was composed among the wandering cattle-breeders of Qunghirat tribes in 998-1000 A.D. in the period of the patriarchal genealogical era, modified by certain features of the early feudal era. That is affirmed by the process of the consolidation of various Turkish tribes into united peoples, which took place just at that time. Wandering from place to place, from one pasture to another, the Qunghirats presented their epos to other tribes and folks. These modified it in accordance with their own ethical traditions. Thus the spreading of the doston "Alpomish" proceeded among Turkish nationalities. If we remember that the tribe of (Qunghirats occupied an important place in the ethno-genesis of more than one

nation, but in particular included the Uzbeks, the Karakalpaks, and the Kazakhs, then it becomes clear why this epos has spread so widely.

The Uzbek version of the epos "Alpomish" at the end of the XV and the beginning of die XVI century, continued and made a final formation in this process. All the same, the foundation of the epos and several subjects united in its motifs, were of exceedingly ancient by origin.

The doston "Alpomish" is a composition many-planned, and many-styled, in accordance with epic traditions, placed among those epics recited or sung by bards or story-tellers (bakhshi) with musical accompaniment by a stringed instrument called dombri or dutar.

Variously formed, and performed in individual style, the doston "Alpomish" took on in this way a special manner, thanks to which it excellently remained in the memory of the listeners, or readers. The poetic lines of the epos, polished by bards poetically, took on then in many cases the concentrated form of folk-wisdom and experience, and sound like proverbs and aphorisms.

The highly-gifted poet and bard Fozil Yuldosh-oghli, with the aim of making a version close to the understanding of his listeners - Central Asian Mussul-men, succeeded in introducing into the doston some elements of Islam ideology, mythology, and ritual, but with a great taste, and tact, and feeling for the original measure, so that they did not appear alien, and did not break the artistic idea and wholesomeness of the original production. In this relation one should remember that vagrant, and semi-vagrant Turkish tribes, inhabiting the steppe-regions of Central Asia themselves came to accept Islam very slowly, with no special enthusiasm, almost up until the XVIII century. They never were jealous of Mussulmen, and certainly, not of fanatics. The expressions in the epos of the dreams of the folk always reflect ideals of that epoch. The monumental from of the knight Alpomish concentrates in itself the dreams and hopes of the folk concerning all things heroic and excellent, and their ideals of social justice.

The heroic epos "Alpomish" is a production of impassable cultured and artistic value.

Being such an example of a heroic-epic reflection of life, habits, customs and conceptions of the mental outlook of the Qunghirats, the epos "Alpomish" appears as a poetical mirror of its epoch. At the same time this monumental composition occupies an important place in the history of world culture, as a many centuries old artistic memorial to the creative genius of the Uzbek people.

**Academician  
Rustam RAKHMANALIEV**

## A SPRING OF NATIONAL SPIRIT

The epic poem “Alpomish” is an unequal literary memorial for cognizing the spiritual world of the Uzbek people. The feelings, sufferings, experiences, ethical norms specific to the heroes of the epos had existed in their veins through sires in the deepest origin. The Uzbek is a old nation who have lived basing on motherland, cultural and political norms since the very ancient times. It is possible to say that the events of the doston “Alpomish” are moved into action by developing in the heroes the idea of social, cultural, political and religious conduct. This approach makes it easy to fully reveal the literary essence of the work, lively logic of the heroes. From this view point Alpomish is understood as such a god blessed brave whom “a sword can not cut”, “a bullet can not enter”, “fire can not burn”, “water can not drown”. Without such divine feature it would be impossible to perceive how the tied and nailed Boychibor could free itself, how his hands and feet being tied and fastened Qorajon could free himself.

Since Alpomish is person with belief and faith the hope and trust will never leave him. When he hears about the decree to bury him under the five hundred carts of stones he will not lose himself due to the firmness of his faith. In his cognition: “Nothing can be done if god decrees not”, Even a fly will not die if death reaches not”.

Alpomish is a man who can risk. He thinks more to save his dignity and honor than to save his life. Alpomish is aware of a true owner of his soul and spirit, and that’s why he risks. He considers that the man himself must save his shame and dignity. Alpomish is not only a person with extraordinary physical power, but also a person who can be empowered by the invisible divinity. That’s why in the plot of the work he does not act with stability. He appears in some places as extremely powerful, in some phases as a brave, he overcomes all barriers, in some places he acts as humble, poor, ignorant. It can not be said lack of succession but a true reflection of all complications in the fate of the hero. For the fate does not always award the person the same. The man is trained by tests, purified by tortures. The god blessed divine people are provided with opportunities to purify themselves with tests. Man is born into this world for tests and each living day is a test too. The more he his tested the more he is purified, then more he is purified the higher he rises, the higher he rises the more he becomes humanized.

In the epic poem “Alpomish” to confirm the Uzbek political ethics for development of the national faith the struggle is admitted, the reason why Qorajon who is an admirer of Oybarchin accepts Islam quite unexpectedly, and who befriends with Hakimbek bcomes quite clear. Otherwise, Qorajon might be considered a killer of his brothers, a traitor of his motherland who helps the enemies of his land. The grand-grand fathers had known well that for a person who recognizes god, who accepts great Islamic faith the closeness of belief is more

important than the kinship by blood. This is masterfully reflected by our far-sires in the epos.

According to the doston “Alpomish” the motherland is not simply an earth to live on, it is his spirit, feelings which develop motherland ethics of the nation. In the doston the notions motherland and land-mate are reflected skillfully as inseparable values. Though Alpomish defeats the Kalmaks’ troops, kills the ruler, he does not want to be a ruler of this land, but he strives to go to his motherland in every moment. It is the expression of the love for motherland in his soul. When the notion land develops transmitting from the external, material world into the internal, spiritual world it becomes his true Motherland. This value is seen in the image of Qorajon who leaves his own Motherland for the sake of his friend Alpomish and his land.

In the “Alpomish” the highest cultural ethics of the Uzbek people is also masterfully and fully depicted. The image of Barchin is of great significance for the Uzbek spirituality. That the girl possesses a strong intelligent, the highest pride is expressed with a great impact. Oybarchin has a complicated nature as all intelligent witty people. Under diverse situations her different features are displayed.

One of the peculiar features specific to the national cultural conduct is that the Uzbeks have never passed the slave-hood like that of Europeans. Our nation has not experienced such social layering. Our grand-grand fathers had not kept slaves. The Uzbeks did not say the slave “my slave”, they treated him as their equals or pretended as their equals. This is clearly seen in the words Alpomish said to Qultoy: “You, listen to the words of your son like me, Let me seize and bring Biy’s daughter. If I go galloping a steed horse, For me the beloved, for you, Grandpa, a servicer I’ll bring”. Only the Uzbek could say to the slave who is beating him “For me the beloved, for you, Grandpa, a servicer I’ll bring”. In our tradition though a slave an old man is considered a highly respected person.

In the epic poem the thinness of the description, the dramas of the spirit, the tenseness of the situation are provided in the climax peculiar to the features of the Uzbeks as shown in the depiction of the fight between Alpomish and Kukaldosh which are hyperbolized as the high moral features specific to the Uzbeks. This is vividly drawn in the lines: “Though the harder the Boysin’s khan tried, The bek could not defeat and cried”. Here the words are worth to mention: not the words “strived”, “attempted”, but “tried”. This word describes the state of Alpomish in the fighting process. “Both make battling field, keep fighting long in the soul life market”. In this fight only one of them remains alive. That’s why an appropriate phrase is a ”soul life market”. So, when the word is used in its proper place its power is displayed completely.

The doston “Alpomish” reveals the highest cultural morality of the Uzbeks exercised not only in their actions of the heroes but also in their thoughts, feelings.

When the Kalmaks troops come to attack the Uzbeks going back home Alpomish do not allow Qorajon to fight against his own folks. He does not want his friends hands stained with blood of his land-mates. However, in the fight to perform the conditions and terms put by Barchin Alpomish does not contradict when Qorajon fights not only against kalamaks but also against his own brothers. It is considered in the Uzbek morality that the wish of the crowd differs from the will of the land. That's why Alpomish does not allow for Qorajon to fight against the Kalamak folks, to shed blood.

“Alpomish” is a unequal event for expressing the original moral features peculiar to the Uzbeks. In order to evaluate the actions, thoughts and feelings of the doston's heroes one must have the same cherished dreams, thoughts, right practical habits, pure feelings as they do. That's why it seems beyond perception why Alpomish considers it a shame to free himself from the dungeon with Qorajon's support. For today's person the important is not the mediation, but the goal itself. But for our ancestors the pureness of the mediation, which leads to a great goal is considered very important too. That's why for Alpomish the dignity is more important than his freedom.

If to pay attention to the descriptions in the doston one can see that almost all heroes do errands not for themselves but for the sake of others. Because for the Uzbeks there is nothing is more valuable than the opinions and views of the surrounding people.

Thus, the doston “Alpomish” is an aesthetic event which has no equal for perceiving and reflecting the universal Uzbek spirit. Going deep into the inner literary layers of the work provides an opportunity to understand vividly the national spiritual world, define comprehensively the aspects which may serve to the development of the universal human morality.

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October 14, 2011.**

## **INTRODUCTION TO THE DOSTON “ALPOMISH” -**

### **AN IMMORTAL MONUMENT OF THE UZBEK HEROIC EPOS**

Uzbek folk heroic epos which has the centuries old history and was originated in the deep Antiquity reached us in the form of the oral folk tradition.

At our time around 300 folk singers, including such outstanding epic singers, as Ergash Dzhumanbulibul-oghli, Fozyl Yuldosh-oghli, Pulkan-shoir, Islom Nazar-oghli, Abdulla-shoir, Berdi-bakhshi and many others were revealed. The enormous collecting work of the Uzbek folklorists resulted to the recording of 300 epic products, covering over 100 topics and there are such outstanding dostons, as “Alpomish”, “Yodgor”, “Yusuf and Ahmad”, “Alibek and Balibek”, “Kuntughmish”, “Murodkhan”, “Rustamkhan”, “Shirin and Shakar”, “Orzigul”, “Kirankhan”, an extensive cycle of the dostons “Gurughly” (over the forty dostons) and others among them. The discovery and recording of such extensive epic material have clearly demonstrated the exceeding wealth of Uzbek oral folk art.

Doston is the most outstanding genre of the Uzbek folklore. Being formed on the length of many centuries under different public-political and economic conditions, doston is a plot organized multi-compound and multi-topical product. Classical doston is composed by rhymed verse that is alternated with rhymed prose. Usually folk legends were performed in accompaniment of music instruments (dombra or dutar, gidzhak and balabana). Uzbek folk dostons are divided into several types of themes: heroic epos, soldierly tales, doston of history contents, romantic epos. These varieties are presented in doston of the literary origin, which fell into repertoire of story-tellers and have hereunder got the new life as verbally-poetical products.

The heroic epos is closely connected with patriarchal-generic relations, with life and customs of the Uzbek tribes, which have in the distant past nomadic and half-nomadic lifestyle. Epos in idealized form reflects the real events of life. Dostons of this sort were created in patriarchal-clan society or in the epoch of the early feudalism, when in the process of collision of different clans and tribes their settling on determined territory, their consolidation as the nationality were going on. The process of the merging of clans and tribes as the nationality, appearance of arising forms of the early state system and - in the course of this process - selfless, courageous fight of the alliance of tribes and nationalities against external enemies for their independence gave the richest material for heroic epos. The heroic nature of the epic content is a decisive sign of such dostons. That is the quality defines essence, ideological directivity of the epic folk legends and their artistic originality.



The products appeared under the influence of the heroic doston about warrior feats are soldierly tales. If in the heroic epos a nature of a main hero is revealed in a single-combat with enemy or at competitions, as in soldierly tales a hero acts on field of the battle. The dominating motives of the soldierly tales are courage and gallantry, fight for liberty and independence of the native land, nobility, patriotism and friendship (“Yusuf and Ahmad”, “Alibek and Bolibek” and others).

As the base for the history doston the activity of the real personalities changed and enriched by the creative fantasy of folk has served. For the history of doston it is typical to entangle the truth with legend, facts with artistic fiction.

The romantic doston are closely connected with life-style of the early feudal epoch. Their distinguishing feature is a presence of the amorous intrigue, terrible adventures which make them close to magic fairy tales. The plot schemes of the romantic doston have much common things. In many of them the hero leaves on quest of the beauty. Along his way the unusual events occurred to him. He fights against the supernatural monsters and, having overcome all barriers, finds his bride, wins her heart. The traditional character of plot schemes does not reduce an artistic originality of the products. Each of them differs in original composition and development of images, different reasons for actions of the personages etc.

The doston “Alpomish” occupies a special place in the verbal poetical products of the Uzbek people. “Alpomish” is a bright sample of the heroic epos. There are romantic motives and episodes also. However, in spite of this, the doston is a single product of Uzbek folklore, in which all features of the heroic epos are preserved. It displays the glorious past of Uzbek people, gives the broad picture of their life and customs, expresses best aspirations, bright ideals.

The doston has got a broad spreading among the people of Turkic nationatities, as well as among the people of close territories. Uzbek, Karakalpak and Kazah versions of the epos in the form of doston, Tadjik, Tatar and Bashkir versions in the form of legends and fairy tales are known. People’s dream expressed in epos always reflects the ideals of the epoch. On that stage of the public development, which is displayed in it, fight for family, bride, against one, who prevents it, was a fight for not only the personal, own love and fate, but also for new public relations. That is why Alpomish’s victory over the forces of evil has a social sense. In the epos the utterances, explaining the main purpose of Alpomish’s life repeatedly sound. His heroic acts are directed to rescue Barchin from captivity. She became an object of disputes and discords between the heroes of other tribes. “I’ll bring the bride from country of the Kalmaks (Qalmoqs)”, “Up to death I’ll search for Barchinoy”, - such words of Alpomish, as a leitmotiv gets through the whole doston and emphasize the main purpose of the hero’s actions.

There is an opinion that the doston reflects Kalmak-Uzbek relations in XVI - XVIII centuries, intestine strife of military aristocracy of two nations. The careful study of the text shows that however it is nowhere spoken about a real war between Kalmaks and Qunghirorats. At the same time the moments of enmity and rivalry are presented.

“Alpomish” is the epos that sings courage, patriotism, unity of people, love and faithfulness, safety of families. These ideas have found the remarkable artistic entailment in the version, recorded from Fozyl Yuldosh-oghli. It is told in the version about childlessness of the brothers Boybury and Boysary, about miraculous birth of the future hero, about his heroic youth, about his first heroic feat, about the competition with Kalmak warriors in fighting for his bride Barchin, about seven-years stay in captivity, about releasing from the captivity with the help of the heroic horse Boychibor, about that Alpomish unexpectedly appeared on the “wedding “ of the usurper Ultontoz and gained a victory and made free his wife Barchin and after that he adjusted the power over the united, after temporary disintegration, Qunghirat folk.

The manifestation of courage is expressed in doston in organic relationship with the idea of the patriotism. The positive heroes of the epos are closely connected with the native people, with their country Baysun-Qunghirat. In the doston the motives of love to the native land are organically welded with the idea of the unity of tribes and folks. The split throws down the folk-tribe alliance into the abyss of disasters. Barchin, Qaldyrghoch, even the chief of the tribe Boysary are exposed to humiliation in another’s country. In the doston it is spoken about it over and over again in hyperbole-called form. The marriage of Alpomish and Barchin brings to the reuniting of the tribes. The doston hereunder vividly expresses the main idea: only that man is worthy to love and family, who will be able to make a feat, show the gallantry and courage, defend his honor and welfare of his close people.

In the Antiquities and in the Middle Ages the person who possessed of warrior’s mighty power was valued exceptionally high. And it is natural because under that history conditions of fighting against foreign enemies and ferocity of the nature the physical power played a decisive role. That’s why in heroic canto, fairy tales, in epos products each people created the image of the hero, who could alone enter in battle with countless horde of enemies, with powerful and terrible monsters and win.

Not accidentally, in the doston a special attention is given to portraying of the colossal physical power and heroic grasp of Alpomish . When he was seven he strained the string of his grandfather Alpin-biy’s bow by weight in fourteen botmans, brought down the top of the Askar mountain. For that he has got the

nickname “alp” (hero). The heroic abilities of Alpomish are being tested in the course of the execution of the Barchin’s conditions, which she has stipulated to the pretenders to her hand. In fight with the warriors of other tribes Alpomish exceeds them not only by power, dexterity, but also by wit. Alpomish stands much above them on his intellect as far as in contradistinction to them he does not pursue the narrow-minded purposes, but he sees his aim in the uniting of the disintegrated tribe.

Alpomish exactly knows, for what and with whom he fights. He is a hero with clear wit and noble purpose. He easily distinguishes innocent from guilty, oppressed from violator. Alpomish doesn’t use his huge power without necessity. First of all he tries to solve the deal peacefully. He is the hero, who can subordinate his emotions to the reason.

The second part of the doston stands out for richness of life motives and realistic episodes. After seven-year of the captivity Alpomish returns to his native land. He meets relatives, shepherds and herdsmen, as well as caravans of merchants and travelers, people of different estates. From their tales he learns about the circumstances of his people and relatives, about the people’s attitude to him and to his adversary Ulton, who has seized the power over the tribe. Having heard that Ultan wants to marry Barchin against her will Alpomish comes on wedding in the image of his tutor Qultoy. On wedding he meets his humiliated parents, grieving about the lost son. He also sees his son Yodgor in a sorry plight who is intimidated by threat of murder. Alpomish punishes Ulton and his retinue. People recognize him. Thus the hero returns home, to his family, to his people. So the monumental image of the hero has concentrated the daydreams and aspirations of the people, the ideals of social fairness.

Exceedingly important and profound in doston is also Barchin’s image, who is considered one of the most perfect feminine images of the Uzbek folklore. Her love to the native land and family, respect to the people, gallantry and independence form the essence of her nature. When her father has solved to leave for foreign land, she advises her mother to talk him out of going. As daughter, respecting age of her father, Barchin will not dare to address to him. And she says to her mother her own understanding of the situation, confirming that a wife must be an advice-giver for the husband.

In image of Barchin the traditional for epos beliefs about girl-warrior are embodied. Her courage, gallantry, boldness, the faith in her own power are revealed with particular clarity in the episode, when kalmak warriors want forcibly take her away from the native house. “Don’t think me weak, you’ll remain without head”, - answers Barchin to the first pretender to her hand. And these words are getting as a leitmotiv through the whole doston. Barchin knows that her physical

power does not yield to any warrior and proves it in a single-combat with Kukaman, gaining a victory. Having a deep faith that Alpomish shares her feelings and will come to help her, she rejects the claims of foreign warriors with disdain.

Neither in whiteness of spirit, nor in resourcefulness Barchin does not yield the kalmak warriors. She is not only gallant, but she is proud. And from the heroes, pretending to her hand she also requires worthy for her courage and soldierly art. The conditions that have been put out by Barchin for Alpomish and ninety heroes (to bend the bow, get the dart in coin, score a victory in horse race and in fight) give evidence of that.

Victorious for Alpomish upshot of the competitions is a big contribution of Barchin. She inspired tired Alpomish to be strong in the single-combat with Kukaldosh. Boychibor - a winged horse of Alpomish, participated in the horse race, - having heard the voice of Barchin, overtakes the adversaries and wins the competition. The warm lyricism, deep emotion is penetrated her address to combat with comrade of Alpomish.

The image of Barchin comes from real public life-style of the ancient past. Under the patriarchal-tribe formation woman of nomad breeder tribes had equal rights with man. Quite often she with a weapon in hands participated in wars. The specifically active and responsible role of women in life of the nomadic people of the Central Asia is shown also by the image of Qaldirghoch. Not accidentally it plays in the doston an important plot function, linking different episodes and events. So, Qaldirghoch finds the letter of Barchin, hidden by Boybury, and urges her brother Alpomish to go to the kalmak nomad encampment. Qaldirghoch opens his eyes on his true vocation, show him the true purpose of his life - rescuing of Barchin, Baysara and uniting of the Qunghirat clan.

The spiritual beauty of Qaldirghoch is in her quivering and demanding love to her brother, in her relation to sister-in-law Barchin, to the nephew Yodgor. Ulton, in the absence of Alpomish seized power in folk, ruthlessly humiliates Qaldirghoch, exiles her in steppe and forces her to herd camels. But Qaldirghoch does not give up. She believes that her brother will get out of the captivity and return home. She sees the oppressed and humiliated kinsmen and protests against unfairness.

Subject of the friendship and brotherhood of heroes, broadly wide-spread in the products of world epos, occupies the considerable place in the Uzbek doston. Friendship between Qorajon and Alpomish is remarkable that it is above any manifestations of national insufficiency, aloofness and feud. Humanism of Alpomish, his intolerance to oppression, unfairness and abjections become the reason for the friendly relation of Qorajon to the Uzbek hero. Qorajon abandons to serve to cruel and unjust Taycha-khan and becomes on the side of Alpomish.

Helping him, he enters in single-combat with heroes, disputed hand of Barchin, in particular with his own native brothers. In spite of all disasters, insults, slander he continues to protect his sworn brother. Joint fight with harm and unfairness much more consolidates friendship between Alpomish and Qorajon. According to epic tradition, Qorajon together with the hero goes to his native land. Parents of Alpomish tenderly meet him.

From ethnographic literature it is known that brotherhood did the friends not only members of the family, but also of the whole tribe and folk. In friendship of Alpomish, in accordance with epic traditions the ancient public custom of brotherhood is made poetic. The wealth of social and moral ideals of the doston is showed by images of faithful friends of Alpomish - Qultoy and Kayqubod.

Qultoy is a slave but he also is a mentor of the hero and the personification of the folk with the wisdom of the tribe. According to epic tradition, the hero, wandering on foreign land, gets acquainted with a poor man and the friendship begins between them. At difficult moments the poor man comes to help the hero, and when Alpomish gains the victory over the enemy he helps the poor man to enoble, become a sovereign instead of subverted cruel and unjust tyrant. The poor man is a shepherd Kayqubod. He is described as folk skilled craftsman, vested by wisdom, which he has from life experience, multiplied on dignity of the natural wit. Herewith Kayqubod is good-hearted, occasionally seems even rather fool. And far from immediately comes to light, that such image is a mask, under which the noble person is hiding both of his emotional quality, and in nature. The episodes, in which Kayqubod is portrayed, are painted by light and soft humour. The whole line of Kayqubod is a motive of risky-adventure folklore, naturally involved in the heroic epos.

In the doston it is organized the sharp polarization of the personages upon their moral quality. Alpomish, Barchin, Qaldirghoch, Qorajon, Qultoy, Kayqubod, Boybury, Boysary withstand «shah» Tayche, «witch» Surkhayil, Ulton, Bucket, Kukaldosh, ninety warriors who are images of all these personages, personify dark power of the evil.

Toycha – epic «shah» of the epic (not history) Kalmaks. After defeat in an open fighting Toycha directs the troops against peaceful Qunghirats. On his fault the bloody wars flash up twice and both times Alpomish defeats him. The defeat and ruin of «shah» Toychi symbolizes the defeat of dark power of evil. Old woman Surkhayil - an active accomplice of evil, instigator of the discord and collisions between Qunghirats and Kalmaks. She has confined Alpomish in dungeon.

In Surkhayil's image it is disgraced and discredited evil forces of society, which sow the discord between people. The image of the villain Ulton and the attitude of the main hero to him occupy the important place in the Doston. Ulton,

Boybury-biy's son though his mother was a concubine, has the determined right to inherit his father. Alpomish pertains to him as to brother and considers equitable that in his absence Ulton rules the folk. However since the time Ulton much more shows his usurper inclinations. He oppresses the Alpomish's relatives and he decides to marry his wife Barchin. He breaks the unwritten laws of patriarchal-generic relations injuring the interests of the folks.

The tribe, had reunited by the efforts of Alpomish, newly became to fall. On share of the hero has fell out much more honourable mission to save his people and his relatives from the despotic ruler that is from internal oppression. So it is proved one of the most important thoughts of the doston - a thought that well-being of people depends on strong and equitable authorities concentrated in hands of the mighty, awesome for enemy and good ruler for folks and people.

The doston "Alpomish" is a plot organized, multi-compound and multi-topical work. performed by bakhshi (folk-lore singer) in music accompaniment of the string instrument dombra or dutar. Compositionally it is the combination of poetry and prose, rhymes are interleaved with prose that also is a traditional particularity of Turk epos. The rhyme system is original and corresponds to the epic tradition. Short "barmak" is used to reproduce quickly turning round events, reconstructs their dynamics. Such episodes are pictures of the battles, a horse race of the hero, message of unexpected notify, descriptions of triumph. Long rhymes reproduce the epic smoothness, measured actions.

Prosaic parts of the doston also are distinctive and expressive. The prosaic text of the doston is far less, than poetical. On its poetical function prosaic and poetical parts of the epos are equivalent.

As art phenomena the doston «Alpomish» has much common with monuments of Uzbek, Turk and the world folklore. This total reveals itself on various levels: ideological-thematic, of a plot-compositional, figurative, stylistic and etc. One of the important creative acceptance in rich arsenal of anonymous folk singers was a constant use of plot models, known to audience on products, heard and adopted earlier and therefore easy «recognized», sympathetically met in new product, which is perceived for the first time.

The first source premise of the plot - miraculous, as it were predestined over, birth of the hero, his unholy growing up «not on days, but on hours», possesses heroic power already in infancies. Exactly in such way Alpomish appears during the first acquaintance.

The most important principal moments of the plot are descriptions of the battles, which leads Alpomish against countless enemy hordes moreover invariably gain the victory. To shade brighter the power and invincibility of the positive hero Alpomish, in the doston it is allowed to alight the situation, which obviously

doesn't correspond to realities. So, at that time when the Qunghirats of the folk of Boysary returns to the native land, Kalmaks army rushes for them and at the moment of the approach of enemy Qunghirats think only about not to give to wander off the multiple herd, but not about repulsing the enemy. All this is done to enable Alpomish together with Qorajon once again to win the multiple enemy.

From the number of the traditional scenes it must be pointed also scene of "kupkari", a favorite horse-sport competition. The episodes of combats quite often end with death of the participants. Such descriptions, as a rule, are hyperbolic, and here should be seen one of the most essential features of the heroic epos in general, Uzbek in particular.

The hyperbole, hyperbolizing of the facts of the hero's biography, grotesque description of appearances of his epic enemies is one of the main stylistic trends of the doston. At is defined by nature and scale of expressed events. The grotesque method of modeling images of the negative heroes does them ugly, huge, monstrous. «Portraits» of pretender to hand of Barchin are given in grotesque-ironic manner. The inordinate figures of the epic Kalmak botirs described grotesque-ironically, must, on the one hand, show groundless of their claims on Barchin, and on the other hand, exalt the feat of the positive heroes, shade their dexterity, power, quick-wittedness.

The method of allegory broadly used not only in Uzbek heroic epos, has found the remarkable master on behalf of Fozil Yuldosh-oghli. Here is as he expresses the arrival of Alpomish in the country of the Kalmaks. When hero meets with Qorajon first time, they have a sharp, hostile dialogue - «aytishuv» (witty speech competition), traditional for the folklore products. It is full of hints, allegories, riddles. It is heard hiding threat and desire to intimidate the enemy. Such sort of dialogues is one of the standards of the East folk poetics, brightened and running depending on the individual talent of a folk-singer.

The allegoric manner of the expression of thoughts, rising to the ancient conceptions of people, creates the premises for reflection in the doston that natural environment and life-style, in which the life of cattle-breeding people runs. Comparison a botir (brave) to a "nor" (a dromedary), falcon; a girl to a duck, a camel, a foal; a negative personage to a vulture - all these similes are important facilities for literary expression.

For figurative characteristic of heroes, either as for descriptions of landscape, battle, everyday life scenes, the most important role is plaid by the epithet. Many epithets in the doston are traditional for Uzbek folklore as a whole. Many through epithets for narrative intensify the emotional impression, which the described subject must affect a listener. So, Alpomish's bow is always «fourteen botmans» (this signifies as minimum thirty foots by weight), the sword- «diamond and so on.

The comparisons as for instance, figure of the beauty - a cypress, her brows -bow, lashes - arrows etc. are traditional in doston and typical for the Oriental poetry

The allegory plays an important role in the doston too. So, many poetical fragments, containing direct speech of the personages, begin and are hereinafter penetrated by distich, which anticipate, shade the sense and provide emotional coloring for the utterance.

Such formulations, repeated not once on the length of the several groups of ten lines, provoke the emotions, a folk singer aims to stimulate listeners be stimulated by them.

Such function is performed by reiteration (usually from one line), repeatedly «sewing» direct speech into an entire piece of the text.

Variety and originality of the literary methods used in “Alpamish” add to the narrative the special harmony, and due that they are fairly well sunk in memory of listeners (readers).

The poetical lines of the doston are so poetically perfected that many of them, absorbed in concentrated form wisdom and experience of the folk, sounds as proverbs and aphorisms.

Aesthetic and cognitive value of the doston, bringing up feelings of brotherhood, patriotism and internationalism is exceedingly great. The epos «Alpomish» is a product of incessant cultural and art value. Being a sample of heroic and epic reflection of lives, customs, notions, mental outlook of Qunghirats (the ancestors of the Uzbek people), the doston «Alpomish» is a poetic mirror of its epoch. At the same time this monumental product occupies an important place in the world history as a cultural monument of the creative genius of the Uzbek people.

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**EXPERT ASSESSMENT**  
**of the translation of the epic epos “Alpomish”**  
**done by K. Mamurov, English language professor and translator, Ph.D in**  
**English philology**

After gaining independence by our country there remains one of the core tasks not only to study comprehensively our rich cultural heritage but also to disseminate it to the attention of the world readers. The vivid example for this is the epic epos “Alpomish”, a ballad of the folks’ creation. It is also a literary masterpiece which reflects completely the cultural spiritual world of the Uzbek people. Though the work was translated into Russian, it is strange, that this work has not been translated yet into any Western or Eastern languages.

As a sample of our people’s oral creation the epic folk ballad “Alpomish” has been enriched and saved carefully for many centuries in our people’s memory due to its deep meaning, beautiful literary style and tender poetry. It has been in the centre of attention of the world’s scientific community including the lovers of literature. Our scholars have studied the work deeply and comprehensively, even though they have developed its vocabulary<sup>1</sup> the poem has not been translated into foreign languages yet.

Meditating about these issues the First President of our Republic Islam Karimov wrote: “In the last years there have appeared a lot of opportunities for translation of the best examples of our national literature into foreign languages and on their basis to demonstrate broadly the life style and human features of our people. But, unfortunately, we haven’t accomplished good practical results which might attract the attention to this issue. Before the translation of Uzbek literature has been carried out through the third language, the Russian language. Giving a due assessment to the big accomplishments reached in this sphere we must promote strongly the works directed at translation of the most mature pieces of our literature into the Western and Eastern languages directly from our mother tongue”<sup>2</sup>.

The translation project of the epic poem “Alpomish” is considered the first but also a remarkable step in this sphere.

As it is known the ballad “Alpomish” is a big work by scope created in several versions. The most mature and complete version of the epic poem is the variant recorded in 1928 from the bard and poet Fozil Yuldosh Ughli. Its last complete version of 400 pages is the copy prepared and published by A.Navoiy Language and Literature Institute of the Academy of Sciences of the Republic of Uzbekistan. I think it right that this version was selected for translation.

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<sup>1</sup> Mirzayev T and others. An Interpreting Dictionary of the epic poem “Alpomish”. “Elmis-Press –Media” publishing house, Tashkent, 2007, - PP. 162; Yuldoshev Q. Inerpretation of Alpomish. Tashkent “Ma`naviyat” Publishng house, 2002. –PP. 168.

<sup>2</sup> Karimov I.A. The High Morality is an undefeatable power. – Tashkent: “Ma`naviyat” publishing house, 2008. – PP. 139.

At the same time I think it was truly the right decision that professor Kosimboy Mamurov, an experienced English language expert and translator was selected, first and foremost, for translation of the epic poem “Alpomish” from the original Uzbek into English. Since Professor K.Mamurov is a linguistic scholar with more than 40 years of scientific and pedagogical experience, for the last 30 years he has been seriously engaged in translation. In particular, after gaining independence by our country K.Mamurov has worked very hard on translation, improved his translation skills and specialized in translation of laws and legislative documents, as well as in translation of fiction directly from Uzbek which he does with great interest. In 2000 he translated about hundred wise sayings and six ghazels (verses) by Alisher Navoiy from the original old Uzbek into English and published it under the title “Pearls from the Ocean” (Tashkent, “Sharq” publisher, 2000.). The scholars (professor Sh.Sirojiddinov, and researcher D.Odilova, Tashkent, 2011.) who have compared K.Mamurov’s translation with the translations done through the third, Russian language and assessed that K.Mamurov’s translation is the best among all available translations, it is the closest one to the original.

In the last years K.Mamurov has translated into English some poems by such poets and writers as A.Suyun, Uktamoy, S.Vafo, Muhammad Yusuf, Matnazar Abdulhakim, Musallambonu, Ruzimhammad, Khosiyat Rustamova who wanted to participate in the selection competition to attend world festivals, symposiums, conferences of poets and publish their poems abroad. Among them the poems by the poetess Uktamoy woke the interest of Indian creative people and readers. The Collection of her poems was published in India (translated by K.Mamurov), then from English it was translated into the Indian and Panjabi languages and were published in India. The translations done by K.Mamurov was installed in the web sites “www.Poems Hunter”, “www.uktamoy.com” and have gained the attention and interest of the poetry lovers of the world. I think by making such voluntary efforts and attempts in such literary fiction translation K.Mamurov seemed to have truly prepared himself for a big translation which would be expecting him in the future.

Now it is possible to say with pleasure and without hesitation that K.Mamurov has mastered a unique skill to cope with the translation of a literary piece of any difficulties and complications. For this the translation of the epic poem “Alpomish” is an ample proof. No matter how complicated the language and style of the ballad “Alpomish” is he has translated the ballad masterfully and skillfully. Of course, this translation will be later assessed duly by scholars. But, the first impression about the epic poem’s translation cannot but excite any reader. It is done with a very high quality. It would be not a mistake to say that on the basis of the literary translation principles the literary-poetic scenery, the balance of the form and meaning, the literary aesthetic devices of the epic poem are recreated completely and wonderfully in the English language.

In the translation along with linguistic (phonetic, lexical, morphologic and syntactic) devices the poetic rhythm and rhymes found their full expression. The translator has widely applied to the translation of the ballad such rhythm and

rhymes used by English poets on the basis of folk songs as: the ballad stanza – *abcb*, the heroic or elegiac stanza - *abab*, one rhyming pair enclosing another *abba*, three rhyming lines *aa $\bar{b}$ a*, two couplets rhyming- *aa $\bar{b}\bar{b}$* ), four - six rhyming lines – *aaaa*. Such approach to the translation of the epic poem “Alpomish” serves to the provision of poetic meter, rhythm, rhymes, syntactic-semantic units, accentuation and intonation which add more colorfulness to the voicing of the poem’s oral performance by bards.

While one is reading the translation of the work he/she seems to hear from it the harmony of music, the tunes, accents and intonation, the stirring of feelings, the slash-slashes of swords and spears, the hoof-beats of horses and camels, the shouts of the caravans marching along the great silk road, the crowdedness of the oriental markets and echoes of trading business.

After the translation is published for the judgment of the readers, there is no doubt, it is likely to be studied as an object of a lot of scientific researches, and it will serve well as a model translation for translators in the future. The translation is complete both in meaning and form. I will recommend it for publication without any hesitation.

I hope that the English readers will like the epic poem “Alpomish” in English translation, and we will expect from translator K.Mamurov more and new translations.

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## **ALPOMISH**

### **Part I**

In ancient times, in the farthest past there had lived and passed away Dobonbiy in the sixteen tribal land of Qunghirat. From Dobonbiy a son named Alpinbiy was born. From Alpinbiy there was born two sons, the eldest was named Boybury, the youngest was named Boysary. Both Boybury and Boysary had grown together. Boysary was a rich man, Bobury was a shah, but both had no children.

So in the sixteen tribes of Qunghirat land once there was held a circumcise party. Officials, folks, tribes, peoples were invited to the party. All folks gathered in the party. There came Biys too. The officials did not hold their horses as they had done before. The Biys thought: "it means that folks might have forgotten, and they tied their horses themselves, came and sat down. No one holds the horses of the Biys, nor did they show courtesy to them, nor did they lay clothes under their feet, they served the meal plow in the plate but it was not full, as though the remnant plow was brought to them. Seeing this of kind service the Biys who had enjoyed great respect, said: we are both the rich and the shah of the sixteen tribes of Qunghirat land, when we used to come you would hold our horses, showed courtesy to us, laid clothes under our feet, but this time what bad we have done that you are treating us impolitely".

Having heard these words a humble rich guy said: "Hey, Boybury and Boysary! This party is a feasting party which will be repaid off by a person who has a son, by a person who has a daughter, who you have to repay the party. If you die there will appear such heirs of yours whose mouth could swallow a whole man. From this time onward you would eat only the remnanats of plow. Will we take your wealth by distributing?"

Having heard these words from them the Biys were offended. Being offended they gave eighty gold tanga for circumcision of the babies and left the party. They stood up, untied their horses and went home. At home they had a council as this word touched them both very much. Boybury rose and said: "Brother Boysary, when we are aged our wealth has become unaccountably large, now we should have to think of how to have our own children". Boysary said: "It is impossible to seize a child, to rob a child, to buy a child, if god would not bestow children on us, where should we make arrangements for children? Boybury said: "The distance from here to pirs of Shohimardon saint garden is three days ride. He who goes there, spends a night, he who needs wealth he begs for wealth, he who needs children he begs for children, he who needs happy end of his life he begs for belief. If a person spends forty nights his dreams will really come true and then return home. If we go we shall make our charity, spend the night in Shohimardon pir's garden and plead for children".

So, they both liked the idea, considered it a right suggestion, got their charity, then mounted on their steeds. For three days they rode, then reached Shohimardon pir's garden, gave their charity to the sheikhs of the holy place, and stayed there. On 39<sup>th</sup> night there came a voice from the garden. "Hey, Boybury and Boysary! You have spent 39 nights here, if I'm a lion of god's creation I have been begging for children for thirty nine days from your god. God of yours who had created you said that he would not give you children. Hearing these words the Biys said: "If we came and spent the night for thirty nine days, if you were truly a god's lion and if you didn't arrange children for us by mediation then who would, it is a lie that you are our pir, it is a lie that you are a god's lion. Then saying that we also ignore this world at once they entered into the open grave and spent forty days in the grave. When forty days passed there came a voice from the garden again: "Boybury! my god presented you a son and a daughter, not single but twins. Boysary, to you my god bestowed a daughter, not twins but lonely. If you go home, gather the folks and have a feast party I shall visit your party as a dervish and give names to your children myself".

Having heard these words the Biys became elated and mounted on their horses then they urged the horses towards home. Merrily they rode for three days and reached Boysin-Qunghirat land. For happiness they gathered the folks and arranged a feasting party for forty days and nights. After the party all went home. The remaining guests stayed. When they came home the biy's wives prepared the beddings in their bedrooms. They entered their bedroom, undressed and lay in their beds. The biy-ladies were toiling in the kitchen. Looking at their wives the biys said: Come on, do, come on. The biy-ladies said with shy: no, isn't it cold? Thus, the biys stretched their hands and pulled their wives into their embraces. They also got undressed and entered the beddings. Their hands extended they found themselves in each others' embraces.

Engaged in such love games they became impregnated. There passed nine months, nine days and nine hours. There came time for biy-ladies to bear births, so both Biys said: Lets make the shah's custom and go to hunting, when the children are born many people will come running after us for gifts of gold tanga. Thinking of such dreams they rode off for hunting.

Thus, time reached for biy-ladies to give births. The old experienced women nurses came, went round the biy-ladies. At that time the Biys came back from hunting. The children were born too. Many came to meet the Biys and received gifts for good news. The Biys became happy and merry, settled at their palaces, sent news to all parts of the land that they would invite the folks and give them feasting parties. They invited officials, biys, and leaders of the sixteen tribal folks and had a council. This was announced throughout the land. The friends were happy, the foes were sad. To congratulate them there came crowds of folks of sixteen tribes, groups by groups. Many fattened bulls and sheep were slaughtered,

pots of plow meal were cooked, all the poor and widows, orphans were fed for forty days. Then when it came to an end of the party days the Biys looked and saw a dervish coming towards them. The Biys remembered that in the garden they were told that the dervish would come and give names to the children. When they looked out they saw a dervish with divine rays approaching them. The folks saw him too. A man of power with flower face, sweet words was coming. Others were not aware of this man's state of affairs. As the Biys recognized his voice and appearance they thought he might be that dervish himself. So, the Biys came out to meet him, greeted him, prayed him and led him to the palace party. At that time they brought all the three children and lay in the hem of Shohimardon's pir. He gave the name Hakimbek to Boysary's son, he hit his five fingers at Hakim's right palm, the place of the head finger became stained, five fingers left their signs in his palm; he gave the name Qaldirghochoyim to his daughter. He gave the name Oybarchin to Boysary's daughter. At that time the dervish prophesied that Hakimbek and Barchin would make couples, "no one could compete with Hakmbek in strength", said he "Amin" with praying. Then the Pir stood up and disappeared. So, those folks who were sitting their started saying: "God was said to have blessed them, to have bestowed upon them, to have got the Pir's praying. The mercy, kindness and love of those sitting there had risen too. Thus the party of the Biys had happy ending and all went home.

So, with passing days and months the children grew fast, started speaking and walking, then went to school and reached the age of seven.

They had a good literacy, could read and write well. Then Boybury Biy said: "Now my son can write and read, I must teach home to shah-hood and to handling swords and to horse riding". Following Boybury's example Boysary took his daughter out of school and said that his daughter should be a master to pasture and to milk sheep on the Kukqamish lake.

When Hakimbek reached seven years of age he held the silk bow of fourteen botman weight inherited by his grandfather, he drew the bow and released the arrow. The bow's arrow flew out like a lightning, it went off breaking the largest peak of Asqar mount. When the foes heard of it they said this lad grew strong, no one could be equal to the Biys, "how could a seven year old boy do such a deed?", said they sadly. The friends were happy. Then all folks gathered and said: "In the world there came and passed away eighty nine alps. The leader of Alps had been Rustam Doston. May this Alpomish be the last Alp! He was considered one of the ninety Alps of the world with the name Alpomish. He became Alp at the age of seven. At seven he lifted the bow and drew it. For this reason he was called Alp, Alpomish.

One of the days when he was reading a book there was a talk about the greedy and the noble. Boybury said to his son: "what makes the greedy and what makes a man noble?. His son stood up and said: "if a guest comes to a house, taking care of

his horse, making him happy and seeing him off it is nobility, if a person has a space but says he has no space for a guest then he is greedy. If early or late while passing the graveyard a person moves his left leg out of the spur, and does prayers for the sake of those buried in the graveyard he is a noble person, if he does the opposite then he is a greedy person. If a person's wealth is enough to pay taxes but he does not pay taxes then he is greedy, if he pays the taxes then he is a noble person". When Boysary heard these words from Hakimbek he thought: I'm both a wealthy and shah of sixteen tribal folks of Qunghirat land who should I pay the tax? In my land my lonely brother Boysary might not be considered greedy, my brother Boysary must have paid me the tax, thought he. He called his officials and ordered them to go to Boysary and ask him to give him a goat as tax. It would be considered taxing too. So, he ordered fourteen of his tax collectors. At the time Boysary Biy had moved to Kukqamish lake with ten thousand families of Qunghirat folks and enjoyed life fattening his cattle on the pasture. He gathered pure officials of this land, erected velvet tents, in the tents he used to drink qimiz with joy and pleasure. Unexpectedly there came fourteen officials on fourteen horses. The officials were invited into the tents. Boysarybiy showed them the seats. The officials came in and inquired him. What is your business here?, Boysary asked them. "We are tax-inspectors of your brother Boybury. Today we shall tax your wealth. Your brother sent us to tax you and if you pay taxes we'll bring him", said they. Hearing these words from the tax-inspectors he was deeply offended. "Hey, our wealth has not been taxed yet. Now having a son my brother wants to tax me. Doesn't he?" Being angry he ordered his people: "Catch these cursed guys, said he. His officials seized every tax-inspector and killed seven of them by knocking long nails at their stomach. The rest he cut off their ears and noses made them to eat them and had them sit on the horses with their faces back, tied them on horseback and sent them to Qunghirat saying this is called taxing.

Though he did so much the word "tax" affected him badly. Now if we pay taxes to our brother in our own land there is no reason why we should stay here he said looking at ten thousand families of his Qunghirat folks :

When we sigh "oh" the tear runs as flood, folk  
Give me advice the kin of ten thousand folk,  
The beauty Barchinoy has grown matured,  
Never be in evil's company, my friend.  
Duty came from Qunghirost land for cattle,  
Give me advice the kin of ten thousand, hustle  
Hell to Hakimbek who became intelligent,  
They considered the duty free cattle illegal,  
Duty came from Qunghirost land for cattle.  
Give me advice the kin of ten thousand,

As a sick slave whom shall I tell my grief,  
 I've gone to pieces from separation fire, believe.  
 I am an alien who stays in this country,  
 How can I pay tax to my own brother?  
 Give me advice the kin of ten thousand,  
 Fall came and flowers are drying, see.  
 The evil heaven caused misfortune to me.  
 Duty came from Boyburi for the cattle,  
 Give me advice the kin of ten thousand,  
 May I say God and cry for the creator?  
 How can I pay tax to my own brother?  
 Instead of paying tax to my own brother,  
 I 'd rather pay revenue in a strange country.  
 Give me advice the kin of ten thousand,  
 There came a horserider from Boyburi,  
 A tax notice came as an evil letter, see.  
 I am a brave ruler in this country too,  
 I know every fate is given by allah's will,  
 What can I do for the immortal fate still?  
 Instead of paying tax to my own brother,  
 I 'd rather go to Qlmoq and pay duty there.  
 Give me advice the kin of ten thousand,  
 You, listen to the words of Baysari,  
 Our brother is always mentioning his deeds.  
 May I leave Boysin land to the poor fields  
 Give me advice the kin of ten thousand,  
 The sharp dagger penetrates to the soul today,  
 The words of Boybury have offended us, I say  
 The tax inspectors will leave suffering torture,  
 Give me advice the kin of ten thousand,  
 Fourteen horseriders came from Boyburi,  
 They have let us be aware of our duty,  
 What I am wearing is green and blue,  
 There have not been such words too,  
 There were not such words from Boyburi  
 Give me advice the kin of ten thousand,  
 There have not been tax in this land.

**At that time Boysarbiy told the following words. There came no voice from the folks. In this meeting there was an o-ld man called**



**Yartiboy. When it is a meeting day he lay not having a seat in the deep end of the hall, was not given tea, standing in the entrance, not giving place for galoshes, blended in the folks, lay like a dog, in the place for feet wears. When each man who was sitting on high pedestal said nothing from the opposite side Yartiboy stood up, looked at Boysary and was telling the following words:**

We do not give advice to Baysaribiy,  
We shan't hang on Boyburi's hanger, hey  
One is a young brother the other is elder himself,  
My dear shah, the advice you know yourself.  
Let us tie the brilliant sword at our waste,

What advice shall we provide for you, our shah,  
With your poor soul, think of different things,  
In this land you are a great ruler yourself,  
Whatever you do you are aware of yourself.  
For any advice you will be offended yourself,  
There came tax to the folks from Boyburi,  
This is a hard job for you to solve, see,  
An old man named Yartiboy answered as due,  
The people have become offended too,  
The word tax has not produced a good effect,  
The advice you know yourself my shah, it's a fact.  
Why do you keep asking those standing there?  
One is young brother, the other is elder,  
What it is you know better than us, if you try,  
You have to listen to the complaints of Yartiboy.  
Don't shed tears like flood here,  
You have gathered so many people, dear.  
We are not aware of Boyburi's affairs so far,  
The advice is that you know it yourself, shah.  
We are disappointed by these words too,  
Being disappointed what shall we do as due?  
What advice shall we provide you, our shah?  
The dating like a flower yellowed from grief,  
Many of them are not aware of their states,  
The old and young could not answer as they try,  
The man who was speaking was called Yartiboy.

Why do you need to ask us at first,  
Those standing people could not answer,  
What you say is by your will and wish,  
The advice is that you know it yourself, our shah.  
We are not aware of Boyburi's deeds since,  
Gathering so many people to the advice.  
He who gives advice he will cut his head off,  
We shall not give advice to Boysaribiy, tuff.  
We shall not hang on Baoybnri's hanger,  
If the revenge works it makes you be aware,  
It will cause weeping to friends and foes, they seem,  
He who gives advice will be really killed by him.  
To become dry leaves, the red flower will suffer  
The black breast will be cut off with a dagger.  
The life comes to an end when comes death,  
Whatever you say it is by your will and wish.

**Having heard these words from Yartriboy Boysariboy was said to be telling the following words:**

Listen to the words of Boysari, my pal,  
Let me move to the land of Kashal.  
When a fortune lands on the head of a fly so,  
The bird of Semurgh will welcome and bow.  
The people shall consent to God's will,  
Listen to the grieves of Boysari still.  
If I go to Qaloq and land on Chilbir desert lot,  
I will not stay in the land of Boysun or Qunghirof.  
Instead of staying here, I'll rather stay in my land,  
Instead of paying duty to my own brother,  
I'd rather go to Qalmoq and pay tax there,  
Being an orphan run down my tears,  
Muttering and crying my heart went to pieces,  
The fire inside me, my heart and breast went into pieces,  
By saying tax my soul has gone worse, have no peace.  
Boyburi caused me know what I have been unaware,  
Made his friend cry and his enemy laugh ever.  
Arranging tax he has made it known,  
That I have no son as heir of my own.

How can I pay duty to my own brother?  
Instead of paying duty to my own brother,  
I'd rather live in a strange land as alien forever,  
If I go to Qalmoq let me pay duty and see.  
When he says tax I'll burn and get inflamed,  
I shall no pay duty I'll move to Kashal land?  
If it were my will, my dear relatives,  
I shall no move to Kashol land.  
Have you known my hard days?  
I have suffered torture from my Biy brother.  
Let me leave Boysin land as poor country,  
If I am too much let me go away ,  
May I drink blood in a strange land.  
Instead of being an alien to my brother,  
I'd better leave this country far away,  
Let it be left alone in this Qunghirot land,  
Let me go to the Qalmoq folk's land?  
My brother has caused my torture,  
Let me go away from this country.  
Putting my soul in the burning fire.  
I'm sonless, I go seeking for Qalmoq land,  
To spend my days in a strange land.  
I shall go saving my soul and head.  
Enjoying life alone in Baysin land,  
I have been made to separation, my lot,  
I shall leave for Qalmoqi land,  
If it were fall the flowers go dry in spring,  
Instead of living as alien in my own land,  
Isn't it possible to spend days in strange land?  
I shall go traveling through world  
Instead of paying duty to my own brother,  
I'd rather go to Qalmoq and pay tax there,  
The cloud covered the peak of Asqar mount,  
Now it is doubtful for me to stay for a moment,  
Now I am leaving for Qalmoq land,  
My relatives, listen to my words, stand.  
I cry and fill my two eyes with tears much,  
Making known that I have no son, such,  
My daughter was offended very much.

**Having listened to Boysari's words Yartiboy was said to be telling the following words:**

Don't say the present time is not time,  
Your health is good, your property is fine.  
If you are leaving for Qalmoq land,  
Don't worry that this land won't be end,  
Wherever you move we'll go together with you,  
Wherever you are we'll be always with you.  
Which land you move to we'll stay together,  
We'll travel through the world and enjoy it,  
We'll make our children tourists of it,  
Wherever you go we'll go together with you,  
We'll stay with you till we are gone too.  
What shall we do with Boyburi?  
All shed tears like you, see.  
Come out saying tax as a deed,  
Whatever land you go go ahead yourself.  
We'll go and leave Boysin to themself.  
Let Buribiy stay here enjoying himself,  
A person who stays here is subject to death,  
In rage he is asking duty to be paid first,  
He will get the cattle of those who stay,  
This Boybri is doing such strange work today,  
This folk will be together with you,  
Wherever you go they will go with you.  
Making Boyburi happy himself,  
Leaving Qunghirot land to himself.  
If you leave, go leading the road, boy,  
If you want to move, move with joy.  
A folk of ten thousand go together,  
We'll go to Qalmoq's land together.  
Wherever you go we'll go with you,  
Let's move from land to land and see it,  
Let's go being alien in each country,  
Let's be your servants where you are,  
Wherever you go, we'll go there too,  
Let's go together with ten thousand folks,  
Let's leave Qunghirot for their folks.

Sighing “oh” and shrieking brave Boysari,  
Took their leave offended by Boyburi.  
Ten thousand folks will be your servants there.  
If you go to Qalmoq these folks will go together.  
From here we’ll all go together with you,  
We’ll enjoy life under Qalmoq’s ruling too.  
In Qalmoq’s land we’ll have pasture and fields,  
Be cursed Boyburi we shall handle our deeds.  
You listen to the complaints of Yartiboy?  
Take with you from here many more people,  
We’ve found Boyburi’s deed as a bad example.  
If we move we’ll move together,  
Wherever you are we’ll be with you there,

**What is it? Why are they moving? Why have you brought this horse to me? Saying this, looking at her mother Barchinoy was said to be telling the following words:**

You have brought the horse saddled for me,  
Your move is my misfortune, mummy.  
What happened to my Boyfather and Biy grandpa?  
May my house not burn and be buried not so far?  
Sighing “Oh” the beauty like me is weeping?  
My body like a flower will be left in Qalmoq.  
When Khuja comes the apprentices will be out,  
Won’t a woman be a minister of the land?  
Won’t a brave man be cheated, enchanted?  
Will it be possible to lead and guide him?  
What happened to my Boy-father and Biy-grandpa?  
My mummy, listen to my words I’m telling, ha,  
Don’t have my face dry up like yellow leaves.  
By going to Qalmoq your daughter you’ll lose.  
What happened to my Biyfather and Biy grandpa?  
You made the beauty like me weep and suffer afar?  
I won’t be able to come and see my schoolmates.  
Not staying here you will go to Qalmoq by fates.  
From Qalmoq people you will suffer much.  
Going there you will regret very much.  
When spring comes again the flowers’ll blossom,

Seeing flowers the nightingales will sing a song.  
The beauty with plaits like me weeps sadly,  
The Qalmoqs will cause suffering to us badly,  
What happened to my Biy-father and Biy-grandpa?  
You did advise them, my poor Maa.

**Having listened to these words Barchinoy's mother calmed and soothed and advised her and she was said to be telling the following words.**

Why do you break my soul, my child?  
You'll travel the world, enjoy life, don't blind.  
You will see good and bad lands too  
At last you will return to this Boysun land as due.  
You'll enjoy playing with your schoolmates  
Live long, be happy for many years with dates.  
Don't distract your poor soul to diverse things,  
Don't offend your poor mother being helpless,  
Don't break my heart my humble child, God bless.  
To abuse us the Qalmoqs can not dare,  
Don't weep sadly my charming child with plaits,  
My dear child, do listen to my sighs and woes.  
You are likely to come to see your native land.  
Together with your folks you will go to the end,  
You will stay in Qalmoq land for some years.  
At last you will return some day again, no fears.  
Being offended, my child, you break your heart,  
My child, listen to my words I'm saying hard.  
I have offended my daughter like you  
To see you together with folks is due,  
Let me prepare you for the departure too.  
The beauty with plaits like you is weeping much.  
A few people are unaware of their own fates,  
You should enjoy steed riding and racing too,  
Ten thousand families are here to go with you.  
In this country there might be many charmers too,  
Many girls will be going together with you,  
Don't distract your soul, my charming child.  
Be ready and get on your horseback, my daughter

I have offended my child like you a lot,  
Live prospering in my humble house forever,  
Don't offend your mother like me, my child, never.  
My dear, let me teach you what you are unaware.  
Come on, let me have you sit on a fast steed, dear.  
My child, let me have you be glad and happy,  
Your each plait is tied separately spreading down,  
The world's treasure is not enough for each hair of your own.  
If a foe comes there will be failure and ruins worse,  
My dear child, listen to these words at first.  
Your daddy knows not what you have in your soul.  
I told very much, but father did not accept, too bold,  
My dear child, there is no way for you than to go,  
The folks of ten thousand families are moving so,  
From ten thousand families no family was left back,  
My child, you will go together with your folk,  
You will see what is in your fate anyway,  
If you don't die you will return some day,  
You are sure to enjoy life in Qunghirot sites,  
Saying woes you shed tears from your eyes,  
When you come you'll see your friends, mates.  
The relatives who were left in Qunghirot land,  
Some day you will come back and join them,  
Like a bird you will be deprived of your wings,  
You were a fast runner you slip down at tiptoe rings,  
You will be deprived of Qunghirot folk of sixteen tribes,  
You are going to Qalmoq's land covering the road as riders,  
For several days you are likely to see the Qalmoq land,  
Some day you are sure to come to Boysun land, sure.  
In your own land you will enjoy life with pleasure.

**At that moment hearing these words Barchinoy had become doubtful, helpless. Seeing the folks moving, she had several maiden servants to accompany her, each of the forty girls had climbed on an appropriate horse. Barchinoy got on her fast stallion, and folks of ten thousand families started moving forward.**

Chatterboxes are masters for doing talk,  
At that moment having sixty camels walk,

Beauty Barchin loaded all her possessions,  
Qughirot land had so many families, customs.  
Boysari had two cannons for each tribal folk,  
On each move the cannon was fired out,  
With the caravan line there were camels for children,  
They were loaded on and marked with red fabrics as seen,  
They were pure rich men, lacking nothing,  
On the road they enjoyed horse racing,  
The dark night is the mind of the beloved,  
If I weep a lot I'll be weeping for my fate,  
Beauty Barchin is going sadly, with sorrow,  
With suffering several of them were going so.  
From their wealth a wild stallion was tied much,  
Leaving their homes the target was Kukqamish.  
The shepherds were pushing their herds of sheep,  
They were departing from Boysun to Kashal deep.  
A flower like the beauty yellowed from grieves here,  
She had not seen what kind of folks the Qalmoqs were.  
Between them there were ninety mount peaks,  
They've passed the mount's twisting roads,  
They were thinking to reach to Qalmoq land,  
These places they had grown became deserted, end,  
Saying the heaven had caused abuse and torture,  
The inhabitants of Eliboy were moving forward, sure.  
Saying my native land I had enjoyed was left,  
Heating their soul in the fire of separation kept.  
They were moving asking the Qalmoq land,  
The Eliboys left without staying there till the end.  
They've passed many hills and mounts at sights,  
They waked all day and stayed at nights.  
Each day they would pass a mountain or two  
Their crown and wealth wouldn't slip down too,  
The Qalmoq land these rich men sought all the way,  
Their land they had grown was left far away.  
When there comes spring flowers will blossom,  
Forty girls are accompanying her with boom,  
Together with her folks was Barchin with plaits.  
The beauty Barchin was going offended with traits.  
Several maidens were talking from time to time,



A blushing maiden was together with them to hike.  
Those who took departure were rich men with honor,  
Each who was going was either a ruler or a governor.  
They were going from Kukkamish lake further,  
When horses were racing the mount valley thunder.  
The brave would roar from spear's wound, bold,  
The distance to Qalmoq was six months road.  
He who was going was the ruler of Baysun-Qunghirof,  
On his head there was a golden crown, not a pot.  
When summer their pasture was Amu's banks,  
Being aliens they were going to Qalmoq, thanks.  
The ruler of the land of ten thousand family,  
They disliked the words of Bayburi,  
They did not want to engage their daughter Barchin,  
Making her flower face go yellow on the steppe sin.  
The boys used to have her eyes filled with tears,  
Having burned her breast in the separation fires.  
These rich people had covered the six months road,  
Being aliens they were asking about Qalmoq with load.  
They were also rulers of their own land, no lies,  
Baysari had two cannons for his tribal families.  
For demonstration they were going firing cannons,  
In some places there were loitering of their spoils.  
The head of the caravan reached the Qalmoq land,  
The endless herds had passed ninety mounts, the end.  
The heads of the cattle had reached Chilburchul,  
The riches were going managing their herds full.  
Turning their eyes, they looked at all directions, no pity,  
No one knows the number of cattle and property.  
They had gone not breaking from Kukqamnish,  
The torture's edge penetrated their soul and spirit,  
Ten thousand folks were seeking for land and pasture,  
The country was encountered with riots and disorder.  
They were going dusting the long distant road,  
Many of them boasted seeing them with load.  
Saying what kind of people are coming to our land,  
This country would impose duty for nothing, grand.  
Those who were going were the rich people, stare,  
Of it the Qalmoqi folks were almost unaware.

There was tender crop grass on fifteen days road,  
These rich people had never seen such crops on the road.

**At last these rich folks with their families from Qunghirot had reached the Chilburchul of Qalmoq land. Chilburchul was a good place for sheep and cattle as it was composed of endless fields, steppe, hills, slopes, mountains with full of diverse grass crops, pastures. They settled there, raised their children, doubled their herds of sheep, cattle and horses. They prospered, became richer and and richer, led wonderful life. Since then several years passed and they started attracting the folks of Qalmoq land. Especially, Qalmoqi young guys, bold, brave, strong guys so called alps started to visit Chilburchul to gain Barchin's love and ask her hands. At last Barchin gave them six months time to make her decision. During this time Barchin sent messengers to Qunghirot to ask help from Alpomish. Barchin was said to be telling the following words:**

Out of the thousand yurtas of her folk side,  
Barchin chose ten brave knights to ride.  
As emissaries with a message to Alpomish,  
And saw them off on their way by telling this:  
"Now the moon shines, at its full, all round.  
Archers, take to battle best bows you've found.  
Foreign distant lands know woes, no end.  
I, Barchin, must call my distant friend...  
I wish you, on the road, to know no woe.  
Give my parents too, my greetings so! -  
Kukqamish waters, places which I know,  
Greet them, and our folk, to homeland true.  
Greet my native Boysun - you must gallop, see,  
Day and night, I ask you to promise me!  
All, both great and small, on every hand,  
Tell them if s hard for me, in this foreign land.  
To my uncle, their leader, this bad news tell:  
There's a threat to me, as a Kalmak's wife, as well -  
I don't wish here in gaol to fade away.  
Mother is crying, finds no comfort today.  
Father's eyes are dimmed too, by our woe...  
Well, forgive my youthful errors, also...  
Gallop, then, my envoys, to native Qunghirat.  
To rescue us, they would be very glad -  
There live my friends, my brother, and sister at that!"  
From Barchin this letter they took.  
On their steeds they mounted, and look

Soon they are lashing them, left and right,  
Crying: "Gee-up!" with all their might  
Urging their steeds along the way.  
Spurring them on, as best they may.  
Those ten knights, of the boldest kind,  
Left the land of Kalmaks behind.  
Horses snorted, and spotted, and. blew,  
Pleasing the hearts of their riders, too!  
Riders kept the road to Qunghirat,  
And with envoy's fervour they burn.  
Galloping day and night in turn –  
And, among themselves, they said;  
"We must hurry along, head!  
We must give our heads to win,  
In the service of our Barchin!"  
"He who feels for his near one's woe –  
Distant lands become near ones so..."  
Thus, those envoys rode, on guard,  
But the roads to Qunghirat were hard...

Ninety peaks rose high in the sky,  
Passes, too, were heavenly high.  
Many ranges ahead lay in line,  
Mountains gigantic they had to climb.  
Sand-hills, and stony ways they wind,  
Lands of the Qunghirat Khan to find!  
Each man felt how tired was his mount.  
Days and nights they could no more count.  
Keeping their path, those envoys cried:  
"Is it not time to rest from our ride?  
But if we do not arrive in time,  
Poor Barchin will sink in the slime!  
For Barchin must we suffer!" they say,  
"Shall we spare our steeds?" they say,  
"Shall we still go ahead?" they say,  
"Day and night fly on?" they say,  
"Our own land we must see again,  
With our folk we must be again!  
If we meet no Biy nor Shah,  
If we see not Barchin's papa,

And to him her letter don't give –  
How shall we look on her, and live?..  
If we desire to help her likewise,  
That means day and night we must ride,  
If we wish timely help to provide!.."

So, not pitying steeds, they've gone –  
Once again they've whipped them on,  
Off they galloped again, at last,  
Those ten sons of Biys, like a blast!  
So they kept moving on their roads,  
Full of pity for Barchin's loads.  
Galloped, and raised the clouds of dust.  
Reach their goal swiftly they simply must!  
They too were tired in their saddles to sit –  
Stumbling steeds were the cause of it!  
Where lies their goal - the land of Qunghirat?  
Still they saw and heard nought of that...  
But their path led on those men,  
Traveling the road to Olatogh then.  
Glancing down, they saw Qunghirat.  
Their own native land, at that!  
Then their hearts were full of glee.  
Ninety days having traveled, just see.  
They arrived in their land, Alpomish!

In ninety days and nights they galloped a road  
Which usually took six months: their steeds felt the load.  
They lost much weight, like a skinny steppeland fox.  
The envoys came to Boybury's door; one knocked.  
Not leaving their steeds, they greeted him; "Salaam!"  
But Boybury was offended, feeling some harm.  
The envoys took out the letter from fair Barchin,  
And handed it to the elderly Biy, with a grin.  
He took the letter; gave orders to take each steed,  
To show them respect, and give them the food they need.  
The letter received in a coffer away he hid.  
Nobody knew. He kept silent, and shut the lid.  
The envoys remained his guests for twelve whole days,  
Enjoying rest from their travels on long, long ways.  
They were not permitted to leave the house alone.  
And nobody else, save servants, of this had known.

At last they began to prepare for the journey back,  
With presents of gold, and blessings did not lack

"Listen, dear envoys, to what I wail:  
My son, who brings joy to my tent, without fail,  
I will not send, for the sake of Barchin,  
To that far land, with our enemies in!  
So that to win Barchin, though fair.  
He'd risk his head in a combat there!  
He, as you know, is my only son -  
I will not send him, with her to be one!..  
There on the court, stem combats - no fun!  
Winner takes all - a bride too, at that!  
But Alpomish has maids in Qunghirat!  
Listen, you envoys, you all must know,  
I'd not offend you in telling you so.  
I hope you'll hold your tongues about this.  
Allah is great - let him save Alpomish!  
Let no one know, and nought of this hear.  
Go home at night, the road bare and clear,  
So that none see you, and no chatter raise -  
To Alpomish - nothing say of these days!  
So that he does not mount his streed,  
So that no foes shall rejoice men indeed,  
So that no victim does he then become,  
So that no more of a mate minks my son!  
Well, take me road. You have your reply.  
If my son hears from you, by die by,  
I shall o'ertake you - so guess me rest -  
In Qunghirat we have gallows, the best!  
Envoys, remember, ifs no idle jest!..

Having heard this, they promised none to tell.  
And this decision they made, and kept as well.  
"If he so wishes, then just so it must be!  
What can we do about it? None can see!  
The letter's delivered We did as we were bid.  
Barchin must be satisfied now with what we did!"  
Alpomish's sister, the beauty Qaldirghoch,  
Once went with friends, and lifted her father's latch.  
She sought some things in the coffer - the letter found-

She read it, then said to the waiting maidens round:  
"This letter was brought by those envoys who came in.  
But father had no intention to help Barchin,  
And therefore her letter in the coffer he hid:  
Let's take it to Alpomish 'And so they did.  
"We 'll see what kind of a man my brother is yet!"  
And so it was-a test for him they set...  
Her brother at that time was just fourteen.  
As clumsy as a young camel he was seen.  
And yet he felt quite drunk with his own strength.  
And thus he read the letter through at length:  
"If she lives so far away - six month to ride -  
And into hostile hands has fallen beside.  
Is it worth while for me to risk my life.  
For the sake, maybe, of finding myself a wife?  
Qaldirghoch understood, and all his thoughts read.  
He would delay the matter, and so she said:

"Here are friends, in joy and in need:  
I never quarrel with them, indeed.  
Brother, dear, Pm ashamed of you!  
Our uncle's daughter needs you too!  
Better to take you arrows and bow,  
Go to help her at once. Yes, go!  
A half-moon is shining, the night is bright.  
That distant land brings torment in sight.  
I fear Barchin may have fallen in woe -  
My poor sister there, suffering so!  
She has placed all her trust in you,  
Thinking that you will haste to her too!  
Wrote a letter, found ten good friends -  
Thought: "He will come, my beloved, at all ends!"  
She is waiting, she writes, for your aid.  
Envoys she sent, to us their way made.  
Father took them in, each a guest,  
Ordered them not to speak. Guess the rest!  
Threatened them then on the gallows to hang.  
Hid her letter. The lid closed - bang!  
Nobody knows about her distress -  
Hid in his coffer her letter, no less!  
Uncle's fault he could not forgive.

I found that letter by chance, as I live!  
Read it through, with tears in my eyes,  
And, as your sister, I brought it, likewise.  
All that you ought to know, you must know.  
Father's refusal should not stop you so!  
Don't stop to mink, to help her or not -  
Don't make us think that no will you have got!  
Gather your things, and get you gone -  
What is predestined will still come on!  
If you don't go - the fault is your own.  
What can poor Barchin do alone?  
Not for nought those envoys she sent  
Not for nought her tear-drops were spent.  
You are her hope, the light of her eye;  
Go to her, brother - to happiness fly!.."

For Alpomish, timidity turned to shame:  
He prepared to take the road by which they came.  
His father, Boybury, just scolded him still.  
And told his herdsmen not to fulfill his will.  
But Alpomish, with the aid of shepherd Qultoy,  
And sister Kaldirgach, somehow got by.  
He said goodbye to his granddad, and Qladirghoch,  
And told them he was off to make a match.

Like a young camel, my pain now roars.  
Is it easy, with no loved one nigh?  
Do not miss me, granddad Qultoy!..  
You, my SORROW, like smoke blow away!  
You, my native land, have your day!  
Give me your blessing, as now I leave -  
Granddad Qultoy, for me do not grieve!  
You, my sister, my closest friend -  
Over one breast did we both bend!  
Ever since childhood our closeness grew.  
Since we were born I've been friends with you.  
You're my delight, my hope of spring,  
O, be happy, dear heart, and sing!  
That my narcissus should surely bloom,  
That my rose should shine in the gloom.  
She, held captive on Kalmak plain,

May not fade, but blossom again -  
To her I ride, to help in time.  
So, keep well, dear sister mine!..  
"Neath me here is my sturdy streed;  
Parting with my past life indeed,  
I shall gallop o'er range after range,  
Land after land before me will change.  
Good becomes bad, and bad becomes good,  
So, be well, dear sis, as you should!  
I am not used my foes to forgive -  
I'll return famous and grand, if I live!"  
For the last time, bidding brother farewell,  
Qaldirghoch had this to tell:  
"Don't go with a coward: in them don't believe.  
Chatterboxes as friends, do not receive.  
Don't lose your soul, in meditating too long,  
Be happy, brother, and live and sing life's song.  
I shall send to heaven a prayer for you.  
I shall miss you sadly - but what's to do?  
Listen from afar, and catch my groan,  
Swear to me brother, and keep that oath, your own.  
Don't be a child any more, but act like a man.  
Show your lion's heart, fighting the foe where you can!  
Death comes to all, be it beggar, or some great Shah.  
But it comes first to cowards - so there you are!  
One more thing, dear brother, I wish to tell -  
Take good care of your steed, and treat him well!  
In the dark at night, and in the light of day  
From bad people keep your steed away...  
My third word of advice now hear me say:  
Strike your foe as fierce as you like, till dead.  
Never strike your steed, though, on his head!  
Come in time to the Kalmak land, dear Bey,  
Taste the honey of what your love has to say.  
From your head let no brave thought fade away.  
Beat down your fiercest enemy in the fray!  
Let our folk rejoice, and sing their song -  
Let our parting last not very long -  
In your absence I'll be a sad one here!..  
You've a good steed beneath you. Be of good cheer!  
At your side there swings your sword of steel!



Ride and those narcissus eyes on you feel!  
Brother mine, now teach your soul to fight  
The world is wide, your sight and sense unite.  
Ride off now, and have a good journey, do!  
There our vagrant folk are waiting for you.  
Day and night they look out on the road:  
Does not their brother come to share their load?  
She waits six months, but every day seems a year.  
Make haste, make haste, or you increase her fear...  
If you don't haste, you may be too late, you know –  
So come in time, your darling will love you so!  
All your Uzbek relations you'll thus rally round –  
Then, no matter what evil foes are found,  
If all Uzbeks unite, the road will be clear,  
Then from foes' tricks we shall have nothing to fear!"  
Saying to sister and granddad "Goodbye",  
Alpomish took the roadway high  
Now his head in steel helmet swings.  
Like a bell-tower, how it rings!  
From rhinoceros hide is his shield,  
With its bronze spike in battle to wield.  
'Gainst the reins sometimes it sports.  
Then his steed just sniffs and snorts...  
Like a falcon, on he flies,  
Neither to right nor left with his eyes  
Does Alpomish try to look just now.  
One hand rests on his saddle-bow.  
In the other, his spear does he hold.  
On he rides, Alpomish, the bold.  
Sometimes his steed is by anger moved,  
Then his love for his master is proved.  
Covered in sweat is bold Chibor.  
Still that land of Kalmaks lies afar.  
Wind sweeps the dust across the plain,  
Bey Alpomish is severe again.  
If he comes late, what a bitter cup!..  
"Gee-up!" he cries, and again: "Gee-up!"  
Then he beats his steed on both sides,  
Speeds up his horse's failing strides.  
Shortens the distance still to be run,  
Meets a peak, and flies over that one.

Meets an abyss, and over he sweeps,  
Meets a canal, and over he leaps.  
So Alpomish to the short cut keeps,  
Thinking: "In mat foreign land,  
I shall find my relations at hand.  
I shall find my bride-to-be!"  
Paths at night were a danger, can't see!  
Here are cracks, and there are stones –  
Look out - ifs dark - no broken bones!..  
Morn peeps through; it's easy to see,  
Clouds pass by, ifs dark as can be.  
But his steed still takes no rest.  
But the Knight is one of the best,  
Putting from his face every fear,  
Feels his musket, and that's good cheer!  
In his eyes does bravery play.  
Night for him is no different from day –  
Day and night he rides on and on,  
All the grief from his heart has gone.  
To our Hakim-Alpomish, our Bey,  
Will uncle give his daughter away?..  
Following still his stem, sharp eyes.  
Begging for help from heavenly skies,  
Hakim-Bey still rides on his way,  
A threat to all enemies, one may say,  
No odd day, not one can he spare,  
On his dappled steed riding there.  
Over steppe roads he gallops along.  
Over stone paths, both stout and strong.  
Tasting the pain of parting again,  
Seeks that land of Kalmaks again.  
And his steed, with blown-out sides,  
Taking short cuts, he rides and rides...  
Now many mountain ranges passed –  
Now they come out on the steppe at last!  
Boundless steppe land, desert waste,  
Thoughts in mind are heated, displaced,  
On all sides his glances fly –  
There's no end to the road near-by!  
Still, his reason is somewhat disarmed,  
Alpomish still gallops alarmed.

Sometimes he talks to himself on the way.  
And, be-fevered, has this to say:  
"To that land I'll wind", - says he –  
"And my dear one I'll find", - says he –  
"When my journey is done", - says he-  
"She'll be my only one", - says he –  
"Many at once, that's mat", - says he –  
"With her I'll go to Qunghirat", - says he –  
"I shall show fighting skill", - says he –  
And my foes shall kill", - says he –  
"In the battle show strength", - says he –  
"In my own land at length", - says he –  
"I shall then be a Shah", - says he –  
"These are my dreams as they are!" says he!

"If on my way come days with frays,  
Then the vales will echo always!  
Spear-wounds then may bring me pain!..  
Then Hakim-Bey spurred on again,  
Seemingly to the world's end he came –  
Dust-covered riders men came in sight,  
And the Sun overhead shone bright.  
Who, then, are this horse-riding folk?"  
With that he gave his own horse a stroke –  
And Chibor did not gallop - he flew!  
Then they cut over the space-land anew,  
And caught up with the tail, anyways.  
So on four nights, and so on four days.  
Never leaving his sweating steed,  
Alpomish came in their midst indeed!  
Came to his goal, unexpectedly,  
Now you see what a hero was he!  
Four days and nights continuously!

The riders whom Alpomish then overtook  
Were those ten envoys sent by Barchin, just look!  
They got down from their steeds, and bowed to him:  
And asked if ought was wrong since he looked grim.  
Alpomish replied: "You need not haste any more.  
Now I am the one to haste, so I'll go before!"  
He left the envoys then, and went on his way.

But thought "I must rest one night here, and my bay."  
He came to a churchyard; there he stopped his steed.  
Unsaddled him, and sent him out to feed.  
He fell asleep, and dreamed about Barchin –  
She held a large goblet of wine, and said to him:  
"Take it and drink, and drink all that you will!  
Take it and drink, until you've had your fill!"

"Joyfully do I sing my refrain,  
Boldly repeat my chorus again:  
Ah, my sweetest song, ring out,  
I a cupful of wine poured out.  
It was heavy, when full to the brim.  
Ah, my hand it aches - all for him!  
Here, impatiently I wait -  
From my hand the cup you don't take -  
You may look with reproach on me -  
Why does my Khan show no pity, see?  
How can I sing, then, merrily?"  
I have a supple form, like a reed.  
And wear crimson cloth indeed.  
In my ear-rings the turquoise is green.  
In my heart reigns passion supreme.  
You have wondrous, charming eyes –  
Drive me out of my mind, likewise!  
Drink this cup of wine from me –  
How much longer will you be?  
Have I shown little tenderness?  
Lonely, I wait for your caress!  
Bolder the song my lips express!

I have poured you this cup long ago,  
I have brought it to you also,  
Maybe you will be splashed with wine –  
Still you must drink it up - if s fine!  
Merrily sing I this song of mine!  
Don't stand so far away, Hakim,  
The closer the better for two in the swim!  
If each remains to the other true  
There's no knowing what we may do!  
If it is so decided by Fate,

Come, and take me, I'll be your mate!  
Ah, come quickly, my song won't wait!

Far away you yearned for me,  
Left your father and mother, see,  
From the land of Qunghirats you came,  
Found me at last, in time, all the same!  
You, my Knight, my own bogatir,  
How I have yearned for you, my dear!  
How my heart just longed for you,  
How I sighed, and cried for you, too!  
Drink up quickly - my song goes through!

Days of merry Spring have come.  
Roses in flower now stand dumb!  
Now the nightingale's songs are heard.  
Now just listen to my loving word!  
From your Boysun-Qunghirat domain,  
You, like a hawk, flew to me again,  
Fate has made me a present for you.  
I, Barchin, in my soul love true.  
All in bloom are my maiden charms –  
Take this cup now, take me in your arms.  
No longer hesitate, have no fear,  
We are no longer children here!  
Cast off your childish timidity –  
What you desire, now take - all of me!  
We have met here, and all alone –  
Here is a peaceful, quiet zone.  
Come to me dearest, come near, come near,  
Open your arms and receive me here –  
Ah, more quickly - my song rings clear!

**Having heard these words from Barchin Alpomish replies to here:**

"If you had not been true to me,  
From Qunghirat would I really flee.  
With my beloved one to be?  
Now to drink your sweetest wine,  
And, with a song, to call you mine!  
Your refrain is really divine!

For your sake have I grown thin,  
Fire and water have I been in.  
Here, at last, I look upon you -  
And for the first time really seen true.  
But I shall not drink your wine,  
Though yourself you have brought it here,  
Though you drive me mad, it's clear.  
With these magic dark eyes which shine -  
I'm afraid to taste your wine.  
I'm afraid I shall spoil your song,  
Which you have sung to me so long.  
And I shall not embrace your form,  
Shall not touch it, however warm!..

Only when in battle I'm known,  
Surprise my friends, my foes make groan,  
And return victor, with a song.  
Then my thirst I shall quench at long!  
Then your cup of wine I'll taste,  
Place my arms around your waist!  
But, till those days really are,  
I shall not, O child of Baisar,  
Steal my joy for me ordained,  
Secretly take what by stealth I've gained!  
Do not tempt me so, Barchin!  
Can't you see the mood I'm in?  
Oh, I'll keep my word - and win!..

Morning came, Alpomish again  
Galloped away, on his sacred aim.  
On his way, met a Kalmak knight.  
When for him Alpomish came in sight.  
He then stopped him with a word-  
This is what Alpomish then heard:  
You bestride a hundred-mooded steed -  
Threatening bold, you're fire for your foes indeed!  
Happy journey! Where are you going, young Bey?  
Like a bird you have flown here on your way.  
How your horse now suffers and sweats, quite lost!  
How your anger freezes, like northern frost!

Like a mighty eagle have you flown here.  
From what nest do you come, please tell me clear?  
What roads have you ridden, and where ride now?  
You are plainly agitated, somehow?!  
Surely, you've a Koran in your saddle-bag?  
Whence do you come, my handsome, dashing lad?  
A foreign bird, who loves the slopes of a hilt?  
As huge as Rustan, and if someone does you ill.  
Or meets you in combat, you will him rebuff.  
A Shah, unseated by you would soon look gruff!  
Say, where are you going then, my bonny Bey?  
Your handsome face shines like the Moon, I'd say!  
Your high-arched brows are like two war-bent bows.  
You have a falcon's look, with a prominent nose.  
I see you're rich, and famous, that's quite clear.  
By the way you straddle your steed, go prancing here!  
From what place do you come, my brave-faced Bey?  
From what most precious stones are you made, I say?  
Could you really have been by a woman born?  
Whither are you nesting, at early mom?  
If you were born by a woman on this earth.  
Then she could not have wished a better birth!  
For what sacred purpose did God give you them?  
Holy hawk, from what land flew you, then?  
Tell me the name of your native nest-place, then?  
As for me, a Kalmak, I'm known as Qorajon.  
I see that your inner sorrow is deep and clean.  
And your aim, I see is just a holy dream-  
Tell me, where do you now so swiftly stream?

Alpomish turned to Qorajon,  
And thus replying to queries he began:

"Well then, I was chief of my people there,  
With gold feathers my turban did I wear!  
In summer I pastured my flocks beside Amu,  
So a bold knight from Qunghirat now speaks with you!  
From Kokkamish Lake a wild duck once I missed -  
It flew away, and gave my soul a twist...  
I am a hawk, which now seeks its own duck.  
With emeralds all around my belt is stuck.

Forged steel my suit, like iron my fist will strike.  
A guardian of Qunghirat, a bold, brave Knight!  
Those where I fly upon my outstretched wings,  
Know, that their horses are uncountable things,  
Know, that their herds upon Olatogh once fed.  
Know, that they covered the land where they were led,  
Those yurtas, where forty thousand at least were found.  
Were the poorest of the poor in parts around.  
With all their herds they long since did depart  
That sweet young foal, who all my passion awoke.  
That duck I seek among my distant folk.  
I yearn for her, and slowly pine away.  
A half-a-year I seek her, every day.  
Before the Spring I left, and now I yearn -  
My head falls on my saddle-bow in turn.  
The autumn's here, the garden now is bare.  
The raven's squatting on the rose-bush there -  
Death soon will come -I play with mouse's bones -  
But soon e'en they will hear my moans and groans!  
Though the snake is sly and slippery, true,  
It will be stung by deadly yearning too.  
Know, that Qunghirat is really my true home.  
At birth I was named Hakim, just that alone -  
My nick-name is Alpomish, that's how I'm known.  
Your name is Qorajon, so you have said,  
But why do you stand there, like an idol, half-dead?  
Qorajon took this answer hard.  
He decided to test the new-comer's word:  
That duck which escaped you, now has flown to us.  
On Ai-kol lake, poor creature, she sits thus,  
And ninety hawks above her go wheeling round.  
Both day and night Poor creature, she thus is found!  
In vain, young falcoon, you hi haste have flown!  
Do you think those hawks will let her be your own?  
In vain you haste - one can only pity you!  
In such sharp talons you'll meet your bitter rue!  
You did not know the situation here -  
A senseless speech you have just made, I fear;  
Death waits for you - no signs of victory!..  
Your longing for your tender foal I see...  
Yes, she's alive, but is she yours or theirs?



One-and-half-thousand-tanga shawl she wears!  
Resting-place on the Chilbir steppe is theirs.  
If I know something, I'm not ashamed to tell.  
I have seen her - I know your camel-foal well!  
Only know - your dream will not come true:  
Ninety knights are her suitors, apart from you!  
Each of them for you both - a living threat!  
Rumours of her fly everywhere over the steppe.  
Are you so brave, so successful, my Uzbek?  
When you see those knights, you'll be a wreck!  
You must stand before all, in uneven fray -  
Any one of them may win the day...  
Can you defeat strong-men then, such as these?  
I speak the truth, straightforward, if you please.  
With such passion you'll come to your sweet foal there.  
All in vain you'll come, all in vain your care!"

**Having heard serious words from Qorajon,  
Alpomish become sad, and to think began:**

"I've crossed the passes of ninety mountain peaks.  
Met Kalmak knights, and many kinds of freaks.  
And rightly he says: "Why condemn yourself to blame?  
Would it not be better to go back the way you came?"  
But Qorajon calmed him down, no more depressed.  
And took him home instead to be his guest.  
He sat at table with mother, and Qorajon.  
She was an old witch, and to speak with her son began:

"O, how hasty you've been, Qorajon, how rash!  
Very unseemly you have spoken such trash.  
Why do you under-estimate this Uzbek?  
Why, for a foe, do you so risk your neck?  
How did he manage to convince you so?  
Better you hadn't come home to me, you know!  
Eh, Qorajon, how he has made you sweat!  
Why bring a cannibal home to me, my pet?  
You will be sorry for this then, later on!  
How did it start, and how will it end, my son?  
You will foil first, and we shall fall after you!  
Soft-hearted, soft-headed you are, an idiot too!

You are the biggest nit-wit that I've seen.  
Hide your heart from that Uzbek – that's what I mean!  
Don't be so keen on showing friendship to him -  
Do you think that his real aim is not grim?  
Why do you bring me such a guest, my son?  
He has made you his slave – that's what he's done!  
When he gets angry, he'll knock you down, I know!  
I'm your mother, know that, and not your foe.  
Not for nought do I warn you, as a rule.  
Eh, Qorajon, all the same, you are a fool!"  
Having heard mother's wail, Qorajon made reply:  
"I shall be true to you, and my friend, till I die!  
I shall not break my vows to you both, not I!  
I've grown quiet now, like a willow-switch,  
And to be a brother to him I itch!  
I have brought him home, as a guest for you,  
But your words have made me angry too!  
Still, I will not grow cool towards my friend –  
He will be grateful to me, until the end!"

Alpomish remained as Qorajon's welcome guest.  
He fed him, and showed respect, and made his rest:  
Morn changed to noon, and Alpomish then asked him:  
"How will Boysary know you have taken me in?  
If you would visit my uncle Boysary,  
Then he'd know everything, of course, about me.  
If he has not changed his mind on his daughter's fate,  
Then let him grant me her hand, before it's too late!  
In any case, you can tell him I'm at your gate!"  
"On which horse shall I ride? Your steed's in a state -  
He worn right out, it's better if I ride mine!"  
"He may not believe you. Take my Chibor this time!"

#### **Riding on Alpomish's boychibor Qorajon gallops to Barchin:**

Forty maidens looked out on Chilbir waste.  
Heard hoof-beats echoing heavily, in a haste.  
They looked more closely, and saw Chibor draw near!"  
They looked again - A Kalmak rider, it's clear!  
The maidens were alarmed, and informed Barchin.  
"A Kalmak rider upon Chitbar's coming in!"

"See, the one you dreamed of now is here!  
But he has met with Kalmak foes, that's clear.  
He must surely have fallen in the fray,  
And have died 'neath enemy swords, we'd say...  
He did not achieve what he wished to then,  
And his steed becomes prey for fighting-men!  
An enemy knight then captured and mounted his steed...  
Weep, my dear, the fateful day is here...  
Or, was Alpomish no Biy - its not clear!  
Or, did he hand over his steed to the foe?  
If he was not killed, it may have been so!  
Maybe thus a Kalmak mounted Chibor?  
Maybe your Qunghirat falcon has fallen afar.  
Even before his dearest wish he attained?  
Who is this, then, who Chibor has gained?  
Sharp-eyed Suksur, all in one moment guessed:  
Clearly this proud Kalmak was one of the best!  
See how proudly he bestrides that steed.  
Whips it on, makes haste to us, indeed!  
My open heart hostility's victory feels.  
What shall we do, with him upon our heels?  
Fine Qunghirat steed, where is your master, say?  
You serve a Kalmak fighting man today!..  
Let down your plaits, my beauty, do, ah do!  
Well, weep! No wife, a widow today are you!  
Now he draws near. What follows, what comes next?  
Be it this or that, no good can we expect  
Maybe you as his wife he will select?

The Kalmak astride Chibor drew closer yet  
The forty maids espied Qorajon, you bet!  
They were alarmed, and chitter-chattered away.  
Around Barchin raised hands to heaven to pray.  
Barchin was cross with Suqsur, reproached her so.  
And told her what she ought to, but didn't know.

"I'm fed up to the teeth with this chatter of yours.  
Be it friend or foe, your talk like fountains pours.  
May sand-storms come, and choke your throat again!"  
Barchin then rose, and gazed at the Chilbir afar...  
She saw Qorajon, astride the steed Chibor!

The tear-drops flowing piteously, she cries:  
"My soul needs nothing sweet to please it now.  
Of all my riches I'll be robbed, I vow.  
Oh, youth of mine, this spring means nought to me.  
If God does not allow me my love to see!  
If he decides `twere better that I should die!  
Her plaits she loosed, and then she wept full sore:  
"Oh, Qunghirat steed - your master I adore!  
No husband had I, and yet a widow am now.  
In autumn the flowers still blossom, anyhow!  
We cannot guess when death comes creeping near.  
My Qunghirat brother I can't expect, that's clear.  
One cannot count him among those living yet.  
And from Qunghirat no news of him I get!"

While Barchin reproached her friend Suqsur,  
Qorajon appeared as suitor, that's sure.  
Tweaked his moustache, in the stirrups stood, legs wide,  
And with a glance at the velvet yurta he cried:

"O pitiful slaves, by what dreams do you live?  
Does your rich Biy no generous presents give?  
With daughter-mistress living, to him dear.  
Is our esteemed Boysary no longer here?  
I look more closely - everything I surmise –  
With daughter-mistress living with him, likewise,  
Is your Boysary at home, I ask of you!?"

On my Khan's horse before you, proud I sit.  
My Khan has sent me, that's the truth of it!  
The purpose of my visit meanwhile lies hid,  
But if he's living still with his daughter here,  
To Biy Boysary I'll make the matter clear!"

"Where's Biy Boysary? "But the maidens stand in rows,  
Not one stepped forward. None an answer chose.  
What he had come for, simply nobody knew.  
In any case, they would not count him true.  
But Qorajon knew his business, clear as a bell -  
He'd come as a suitor, for Alpomish, as well!  
And for that reason upon Boysary called he,

But the maidens did not believe his guile, you see:  
"He wants to make an attack on our home!" thought they.  
But Barchin came forward, and spoke to him this way:

"Was it long ago that horse became your prey?  
Did you bestride him, and then spur him away?  
Bey Boysary at home you have not found!  
For any sufferers many thoughts fly round!  
The rich ones eat and drink all round the clock,  
But my father has gone to check his flock...  
Bright-pale blue my brocade once has been.  
Has Hakim then fallen your victim, indeed?  
Oh, I knew you at once - a headsman bold,  
But my father is not at home, as I've told.  
Did you not hear, or do I speak to the deaf?  
He has gone to the land where he first drew broath -  
To Qunghirat, to see relations there...  
I had news of him, which reached me here.  
He was received with honour by his folk.  
I hope he has enjoyed the words they spoke.  
He, of course, will miss me, while away -  
A six-month's ride! You know it, I should say?  
He should have started for home quite long ago.  
In three months he'll be here, if he meets no woe.  
So, give me yet another ninety days -  
Then he'll return - decide on your own ways!  
Until that time, Kalmak, don't come to me.  
No other knights at ail till then I'll see!  
So now, turn round that steed, and off you go -  
Keep safe and sound, and do not worry so!  
And on your road meet only good, not woe!

Suspecting that Qorajon had a cunning intent,  
Barchin herself played a game, but slightly bent,  
So that she'd have to herself three months quite clear,  
She told him for three months die Biy won't be there.  
But Qorajon guessed her little game straightway -  
Three months - no Khan then I'd better speak today!

"Neath me this Uzbek steed is proud to prance.  
Shield on my shoulder, steel on breast, I advance.

Karadzhin to you as a suitor comes here!  
You have fine crimson robes, a-shining clear.  
Listen to me, my Uzbek maiden dear.  
Your bold hawk has come to me, as my guest.  
Now, as faithful servant to him I rest  
I shall tell him precisely what you say,  
All you wish him to know now, anyway.  
Not a single word shall I forget -  
For your suffering heart, I feel it yet.  
Do not take my word as false, no how -  
Sincerity with sincerity answer now!  
Don't let anyone beat you from your track,  
Don't let others know, when I go back.  
So that no news of him should reach his foes.  
Well, I'm a Kalmak, but will soothe your woes!  
I'll be a friend and brother to your friend.  
Serve him with heart and soul, right to the end.  
I have come as his suitor, here to woo,  
So, if his uncle Bey agrees with you,  
I shall gallop back, and tell him too...

#### **Qorajon's stay with beauty Barchin:**

Taking the reins, Barchin then welcomed her guest.  
Spread out fresh clothes for him, and told him "Rest!"  
She ordered a lamb to be slain, and boiled him meat.  
She laid him a wooden dish, and then said: "Eat!"  
Qorajon chewed the fat of a six-months lamb.  
Sucked the small bones, and spit them out in the pan.  
He ate and ate, and finally he contrived  
To say: "Barchin, your Alpomish has arrived!  
The time of parting between you has come to an end-  
So what do you say -you now may see your friend!  
Barchin replied: "If he has come, he has come!  
What am I to do - seize his sleeve, and stay dumb?  
Or must I cry: He has come, my only one!  
Katmaks who are waiting a wife to them to bind  
Have given me six months only, to make up my mind!  
They still are waiting, accepting my word you see  
But only on conditions for winning me!  
There are four conditions, which to all I gave

I may be an Uzbek's wife, or a Kalmak slave.  
In any case, I am bound to keep my word  
So you may tell Alpomish what I preferred!  
One condition's the winning of a distant race –  
I'll marry the one who finally takes first place!  
Six months they'll have to ride, and come to the square.  
And be the first to pass the winning-post there!  
Four-hundred-and-ninety-nine knights  
Have made their claim.  
Their steeds and jockeys registered, all the same!"  
Qorajon then signed to ride on Chibor.  
He was number five-hundred, so there you are!  
Power can recognize power, and the great- the great.  
The racers know racers, and riders, at any rate.  
Kokdonan was the steed owned by Kukaldash –  
A pure-bred racer, ready to start in a flash!  
But still, his master felt power in bold Chibor,  
His nearest opponent, who scared him, near or far.  
Kukdunon was scared too, and could eat no corn.  
And so a new misfortune for them was born.  
Kukaldash then called in a wise old vet,  
A slave to him, who served, though blind as a bat.  
He endeavored to find a cure then for his steed.  
Thought he had to grope with outstretched hand indeed.  
He then gave an opinion which was not rash.

**And thus he replied to his master Kukaldash:**

"Listen, Kukaldash, be silent now and hark –  
Having blinded me, and made my world so dark,  
You have yellowed my bones, and wrinkled my face,  
Now I'm useless to you, and have no place.  
Once your steed was restive, gay and bold.  
Flew upon the race-course, in days of old.  
Now, alas, he's faded and depressed.  
Takes no corn, and cannot find his rest.  
Soon as had seen that steed Chibor  
He knew then, he'd go ahead by far.  
Racer Chibor would defeat him, he could see,  
And his owner, Hakim, would me victor be.  
All the same, you're standing on the brink!

Of that Uzbek steed no longer think!  
You will never be Barchin's life-mate,  
And you've draught about your steed too late!  
All the same, Chibor is the better horse,  
And you will not shame him on the course.  
Dark the day that lies ahead of you,  
You'll accuse yourself, a-weeping too!

Bending low your head before me now.  
You are sorry you blinded me, somehow.  
That Uzbek will beat you in the race  
And with shame you'll look the world in the face.  
Fair Uzbek Barchin won't notice you -  
So, forget the race, and winning through,  
Then you'll avoid dishonour and shame anew!

"He will stay quiet, and truth he will not speak!"  
So thought Kukaldash in anger he took his seat,  
Bestraddled his Kukdunon, and off he set...  
The time for gathering runners grew nearer yet/  
Out in the centre went Kalmak Qorajon,  
On bold Chibor, you'll see no prouder man.  
Strutting and prancing round before the folk...  
Alpomish came up to his side, and spoke:  
Rubbed his head on his breast, and stroked his mane,  
As though he never might see his steed again.  
Then turned and spoke with Qorajon quite plain:  
"Only return ahead of all others, a main!

"Friend Qorajon! God grant you great success!  
Time of your return I would ask no less.  
What a rider! Bold, you bob up and down!  
Of your greatest talent, don't lose me crown,  
In the hour, when the race at last goes on!  
Chibor, my steed, is playful, hot and strong.  
Other nags he will overtake are long.  
Sharp your spurs and you're a knight in flight,  
Your competitors all will bewail their plight  
But, before you lay lash on that steed of mine,  
Try to tell me, when will you cross the line?  
You are known as a Biy, as well as I.



Gaily on far excursions will you fly.  
Death you fear not, bravely beats your heart!  
Friend Qorajon, how long shall we be apart?  
Now you will ride to the distant steppe, indeed,  
With Chibor beneath you, my faithful steed.  
Here alone without a friend I shall pine.  
Tell me, when will you cross the finishing line?  
My Chibor will bear you upon your way -  
We shan't see each other for many a day.  
Let me peak and pine, with sorrow bum,  
Only hale and whole let Chibor return!  
Dear Qorajon, my Biy, I swear to you.  
Only return to your native country, do!  
Not alone shall I live in my native land,  
We shall arrange our life, like a heavenly band.  
If I share my steed like this with you  
That means we are ever blood-brothers too!  
With other Kalmaks, you'll ride your chosen way.  
So, you're brother, whatever they may say.  
So ride, return here first, ahead of all!"  
On hearing this, Qorajon felt a little gall:  
"Yes, under me is your playful Arab steed.  
Dear friend Alpomish, you must be firm, indeed.  
To Bobokhan Mount, the start, takes forty days,  
From Bobokhan , racing, not less than five, anyways  
Let's count the days ere return as forty-five.  
If all goes well, and we are both alive,  
Kalmaks my friendship with you may not forgive,  
Or may do so, that Chibor no more should live,  
Or they, by force, may strike me from your steed.  
If against such onslaughts I do not succeed,  
Then I shall not retain your brother's name.  
If we don't come in forty-five days, all the same.  
Then you can give up hoping, be it said –  
Your steed and me you then can count as dead!  
Not facing folk nor fate, do I show fear.  
I am prepared to serve you faithfully here.  
In forty-five days, I ask you, please return,  
And while you wait, don't let your sorrow bum.  
Perhaps unhappy fate will pass us by...  
I'll tell you, friend, the reason, at least I'll try -

I'd like to put my competitors in disgrace,  
By riding your steed straight on into first place!  
And that will make your enemies all look glum.  
You've lent me your steed, and so that day will come -  
A month-and-a-half, and we'll be one again!..

At last the racers departed to the start,  
Our Alpomish stayed in his tent, apart.  
"Well, forty-Jive days will soon pass by", thought he,  
"Then Qorajon will return as victor, you'll see!  
Then fair Barchin will bring me happiness too!"  
And so a title quitter then he grew.  
Meanwhile Barchin her forty maids had sent,  
And with Suqsur at their head, to him they went.  
And brought him dishes of the tastiest kind,  
And a table-cloth they spread, of linen refined.  
They came to him, when the racers went far away.  
Suqsur to Alpomish had this to say:

Autumn has come, the gardens start to fade.  
On trees the worms attacks on fruit have made.  
My mind goes blank on seeing this all around,  
And traces of finest snow on my face are found.  
Now gloomy news has left its sad looks there.  
Bad news, dear Biy, I've heard about your affair.  
The knightly rider now must walk on his feet,  
By his own will he struts now down the street.  
Or can you now explain, and calm me down?  
Is it true! A Kalmak now rides Chibor around?  
If so, you know, you tear my heart in twain.  
May he ride off, and never appear again!  
Oh, my poor Khan, how weak in spirit you are!  
I'd never surrender my steed to a foe, by far!  
Get him back at once from the enemy's hand.  
How stupid, like a time slave, you stand!  
A winged steed you have lost and you're lost too!  
A racer once, now no hoof-beat "neath you!  
You've lost your steed, and so you suffer defeat.  
Your faithful Chibor, who served you, all four feet,  
You know, is lost -your downfall is complete!"

Offended at this, then Alpomish got hot:

"Each one of us his own Shah, is he not?  
You now a false idea of me have got!  
My advice to you, fair maid, is simply this:  
"Know whom you're talking to, and what he is!"  
When Alpomish had ceased to eat and drink.  
The forty maids again said what they think:  
"Barchin in crimson velvet is dressed -  
Such beauty give one's eye no rest!  
She is as supple as a reed.  
Her orders are like threats, indeed!  
"Let him come new to us!" she bade -  
We had to obey, each serving maid.  
"Bring that young handsome knight to me!  
My heart can't forget him, don't you see?  
He is the best of men amongst them!"  
So we've obeyed our mistress then.  
We know old traditions and customs too -  
The stern son of a Shah are you.  
We shall serve you as you desire,  
You have no need to douse your fire.  
Now for one alone you must care -  
Lucky, the road is open there.  
You have no reason to refuse,  
There your beauty is waiting for news,  
Wants to test you, if you are true.  
If she smiles upon you then,  
You'll be the happiest of men.  
The cup of joy will be given to you.  
And you must drink to the last drop too!  
So, you know our old customs now,  
And must obey them, anyhow.  
Come with us, then, and keep your vow!.."

**Having heard her maidens, Alpomish was said to be replying:**

"I would have come to her, but was afraid!  
You will drive me on this bad road you've made.  
I'm not attracted by this dangerous dream.  
Why, do you lead me astray, so it would seem?"

If I should go, and my uncle then finds out?  
There are many sharp-eyed servants about!  
How can I then approach that uncle of mine?  
How win his daughter, like a diamond fine?  
I can only meet with her yet in dreams.  
Let things go along as they are then, please!  
Let the result of the race this matter decide.  
I can't steal the woman who'll be my bride!"

So Alpomish spoke, and forty maids of Barchin  
Again asserted their ancient rules to him:  
"To visit the bride-to-be is the custom with us.  
Only do so secretly, don't make a fuss!  
Such is our ancient Uzbek law, dear friend!"  
So Alpomish just had to agree in the end...

"A dog will fear to tread on a tiger's track.  
Now I feel my boldness is coming back!  
Your advice has been too attractive to me.  
And I feel overcome already, you see!  
Maybe I'll visit my uncle's daughter now!"  
The maids were glad to hear that, anyhow! -  
His hesitation seemed at an end at last,  
And so they went, they flew like falcons fast.  
The thought of meeting his dear one gave him wings.  
His merry heart, as they flit through the gully, sings.  
The maidens, too, are merry upon their way:  
"Well, are you really so timid, then" they say.  
"Would you have sat there all alone?" they say,  
"But we've been able to tempt you now!" they say,  
"Our Barchin from the cradle, was yours!" they say.  
"She was predestined for you, of course!" they say.  
"Can't you look happiness in the face?" they say.  
"If you can't, it's sheer disgrace!" they say...  
Into the gloom of the velvet yurt so -  
With care to the home of Boysary they go.  
There Barchin sits alone, all in the dark.  
Then slowly stands and bows, her heart a-spark.  
Forty maidens don't know just what to do -  
But they laugh merrily, every one of them too!  
Alpomish still hesitates, on the brink,

Then he joins hands with her - that's their first link!  
The maidens then start singing a lover's song.  
And go out in the courtyard there are long...  
Alpomish then spent the night on her mat,  
But at dawn beside Barchin still sat...  
Since then, each eve, as soon as twilight falls,  
The maiden group on Alpomish then calls,  
And takes him to their yurta's velvet walls...

So maidens came from Barchin to Alpomish,  
To her and back again took him, at her wish.  
Meanwhile, the riders and racers went on their way,  
And Kalmak knights made ready for victory day...

They had very swift-hooved smart steeds,  
Shoulder-muscles to suit their needs.  
They had also such sharp-set eyes.  
Energetic racers likewise.  
Five-hundred riders to their starting place,  
Bold, brash Kalmaks, at a steady pace.  
Follow the paths which to Bobokhan lead.  
Give their horses small rest, indeed!  
Spur them, whip them, lash them along,  
Try to shorten their paths, so long,  
Which must be traveled in forty days.  
Paths which lead them to Mount Bobokhan .  
And among them was one special man –  
Qorajon, mounted on swift Chibor.  
Days and nights, "mid the rest so far,  
Quietly rides, not raising his eyes.  
Only hears lashing of whips, and cries,  
As among them he steadily slips.  
Laughter and joking he hears too,  
Eyes are seen flashing like sword anew.  
Qorajon still stern silence keeps,  
As his steed still onward sweeps.  
There, along with the others, he strides  
Reins and bells ringing, his master rides.  
Bolder still, with each passing day,  
The pacer, the racer, moves on his way.  
Never overheated is he.

Like a starling, he goes soaring free.  
Other Kalmaks start to notice him then,  
And he fires those jealous men;  
"Hey, he's cunning, he's cunning and sly,  
Just crack your whip, and off he'll fly!  
Fire and water he'll sweep through,  
Swifter than other horses do!  
He has no fear of a dangerous track.  
Faithful remains to the man on his back!  
All evil-doers will he overtake!  
These Kalmiks had no reason to laugh –  
They had reached Zil Mount, full of chaff,  
Arguments, quarrels, and tiffs had they:  
"How shall we get to Bobokhan , say?  
Shall we go over the crossing here,  
Or proceed on the slopes? It's not clear.  
So they decided to go all around,  
By the foothills of Zil Mount found.  
There they made their horses stride.  
But Qorajon with them did not ride.  
Took the pass on the other side.  
From Zil Mount Qorajon looked out  
Saw some dust-clouds blowing about:  
"Is that Kalmaks, or is it not?"  
They were lagging behind, eh, eh!  
If I overtake them this way  
Only curses will darken my day.  
Down in the dumps for long will they lay!"

Then having reached the foot of Mount Bobokhan ,  
Resting his steed, he waited, our Qorajon.  
Some thought that he was somewhere lagging behind.  
In the dust of horses they hardly him would find.  
But, on the fourth day, surprised, those Kalmak men  
Saw him waiting by the roadside for them.  
Then Kukaldash told his brother, Qorajon:  
"So you're no heathen now. but a Mussulman,  
And you've become a wonder-maker too.  
Or otherwise how did you then get through.  
On such a lean steed? Beware, or you may fall!"  
Qorajon replied: "I got here before you all.

My steed was tired, so I strapped him on my pack.  
And over the pass I went, on my own track!  
Kukaldash to Qorajon then answered back:

"You, Qorajon, make fun of your deeds.  
Better slay Chibor for our needs.  
We shall be fed, and give you the head.  
We shall get fat on ribs instead.  
Fancy getting mixed with Uzbeks!  
You are only risking our necks.  
Give us that horse, we'll hack it to bits.  
One Uzbek maid alone us befits.  
We are five-hundred Kalmaks, with one aim.  
We all suffer through her, all the same!  
If you are seeking to make her your bride,  
That means we others must all step aside!  
How to deal with you, we do not know –

3IWe are Kalmaks, like you, and so.  
Who is your visitor, we'd like to know?  
He who has come from so far, please say.  
Well, let's feed on his steed, anyway!  
We shall all have a share to eat  
-Wish you the best, and no defeat!

To Kukaldash, Qorajon paid heed:  
"Why do you look on Chibor with such greed?  
What a commotion you make, indeed!  
What's wrong with Kokdonan, I don't know.  
Better slay him, and take his meat so!  
I can find some salt, so make haste.  
My Chibor wouldn't suit your taste -  
Your Kokdonan would be sweeter meat.  
And I'd just love his fat to eat!  
Believe me, brother Katmik, I say.  
I'm used to horse-meat, anyway,  
And an experienced butcher am I.  
I'll chop him down in the wink of an eye!"  
Kalmaks soon lose their tempers, they say.  
Qorajon was one - five hundred were they.  
If he really should slay that horse.

They would all turn on him, of course!  
Bravery would not save him then...  
Eh, you've argued 'gainst all us men!  
So they took him, and bound him fast.  
Hand and foot he was tied at last.  
What could he do 'gainst the guilty foe?  
There he lay, a-thinking, what woe!  
"Poor Chibor! He will suffer now.  
They will decide his fate, anyhow!  
Yes, they all surrounded Chibor,  
Hitting, and spitting, and going so far -  
Tying him up with their lassoes.  
Thrown to the ground, he scarcely moves.  
Into his hooves they hammered long nails,  
Into his pasterns - poor devil, he pales!  
Presses his ears back against his neck.  
Trembles in pain, which he cannot check.  
Tries to lick, or nibble his feet,  
But, alas, he is lost complete!  
When their nails at last gave out,  
Then they start waving daggers about.  
Thinking they would have done with him,  
A lesson for Qorajon too, how grim!  
He would remember Mount Bobokhan 's din!  
"If from lassoes Chibor broke away.  
He'd be no hindrance now", they say.  
"He'd not run far with long nails in his shoes!..  
The sign to start set the others loose  
A drum beat sloud then, rat-a-tat-tat!  
Still tied with straps Qorajon lay flat.  
And without him, the race began...  
And poor Chibor missed his master's hand!  
How could he race, without Qorajon?

Qorajon lay with Chibor on the mountain slope.  
Competiters have set off, side by side, full of hope.  
The signal was given, and they all galloped away.  
Alone, not moving there, did Qorajon lay.  
The marshals then four legs of Chibor untied.  
They freed Qorajon, who'd not been allowed to ride.  
He went to Chibor, and in the saddle he sat.



And gave the usual tug at the reins, at that!  
"It's all in vain!" he thought, "I joined the race –  
My steed is stuck, and can't move from his place!  
The others have gone, and I am left behind!  
How in the front a place can I ever find?  
If another passed the post first, I shall die!  
How can I then look Alpomish in the eye?"

The knight then started to beat his horse.  
He could not move, nor gallop his course.  
What could the knight do? He deeply sighed,  
Then flayed both flanks his heels astride.  
At this Chibor could stand no more,  
He spread his wings, and began to soar.  
Each wing was three yards long, to the tip.  
Yes, three-and-a-half, when he gave it a flip!  
If Qorajon thus wielded his whip.  
How could his steed away not slip?  
Like lightning, 'neath the clouds he sped.  
With Qorajon forward bending his head.  
Through the heavens he sailed like a swan.  
Qorajon, eyes closed, just hanging on!  
He feared to open them and look,  
What a lightning path his bold steed took,  
As though no longer Chibor at all...  
The knight was fearful that he might fell:  
"With my head I'll pay for this!" thought he.  
Can I ride the sky? An angel - me?!  
I'd rather gallop across the plain.  
Only there, it seems, I shan't be again!  
I shan't return to beloved Earth -  
Qorajon, the knight, to his place of birth!  
I shan't return below from above,  
Once more to see the folk I love!  
My heart grows cold, my eyes grow dark.  
What is my fate? Shall I miss me mark?"  
Fear filled his head, and longing, likewise.  
Qorajon then opened his eyes -  
O'er the face of earth Chibor now flies,  
And from his flanks the sweat now drips.  
Then Qorajon compresses his lips:

He sees the racers, just on ahead -  
An orderless mob, and widely spread.  
And some are in a sorry state.  
Here one steed limps - hell be too late.  
There one is hardly hobbling along,  
But Qorajon now feels more strong.  
He waves his whip, and cries aloud,  
And this surprises some of the crowd -  
"Qorajon! How did he get here?"  
They were upset, and that was clear.  
"Well, now we'll beat our steeds in vain -  
Our Kokdonan will win again!  
Don't think, Qorajon, to overtake him.  
Don't beat Chibor - he'll never win!  
Well, just remember what we say -  
Your efforts are wasted, anyway!  
No, Kokoldash will come home first,  
And your proud, jealous heart will burst!  
But Qorajon sees their cunning guile.  
And gallops up closer yet, meanwhile.  
Like lightning Chibor goes flashing by.  
And longer, and stronger his paces fly!  
Then all are tired, but Chibor sweeps on -  
He's one alone! Where are five-hundred gone?

So Qorajon whips his whizzer yet  
And day and night, he forges ahead.  
Across ravines and abysses he leaps,  
Ahead of four-hundred steeds he sweeps,  
And then another sixty-odd too.  
He's abreast of the rest, the failing few.  
For they can no longer keep up with him.  
Chibor fled on, like a whirlwind grim,  
Like lightning he flashes, o'er stones and sand.  
And now he has passed the first of that band,  
Just clinging on, with weakening hand.

The Sun overhead more bright does shine,  
No stopping now, thought its dinner-time!  
But Qorajon still flies on ahead -  
The others behind he counts instead -

Four horses short! Where can they be?  
They must be ahead. A riddle, you see!  
He'd like to ask, but who would reply?  
He looks all around - no more meet his eye!  
He starts to look worried. Still some to o'ertake.  
He gallops ahead, his attack to make.  
And yet alarm grows deep in his soul.  
He just can't stand these doubts of his goal!  
He suddenly sees a dark spot ahead –  
It seems, raising dust, has someone sped.  
Just be prepared - a racer, maybe.  
Qorajon in his soul was disturbed, you see.  
Then to Chibor "Gee-up!" he cried.  
Lightly flicked with his whip his side,  
And like lightning, again he sped,  
While Qorajon guessed "Who's on ahead?"  
Soon he saw the Khan's steed on its way  
That Kalmak sat on the famed dapple-grey,  
That marvellous mare, the best of her day.

Well Qorajon knew the Khan's fine steed,  
But she had one small fault, indeed.  
When Qorajon overtook, like a blast  
She turned around, and on four feet held fast,  
Made not a single step more, anyway -  
A restless steed was that dapple-grey.  
Knight Qorajon her habit knew,  
So to her rider he sped and said:  
"How many more have gone ahead?"  
A sharp reply was all he got.  
So "Gee-up!" he cried, growing hot  
Then Chibor just gnawed at his bit,  
Off he flew, like the wind, in a fit.  
That fool Kalmak had spoken sly wit.  
But his mare remained frozen stiff,  
Couldn't he move, though he gave her a biff?  
Only looked at him, rolled her ayes.  
Stood and pawed at the ground likewise –  
Fell with her rider - that's no surprise!  
The day passed on, and noon-time came.  
Qorajon went on his way, eyes aflame.

Again he saw a rider ahead.  
Again to overtake, forward sped.  
But, when not quite beside the man.  
Recognized one more steed of the Khan.  
From the Khan's stable, that was a steed,  
Which could not race facing sunlight, indeed.  
Qorajon then drew level beside,  
But to o'ertake – Chibor had not tried.  
Muzzle to muzzle, together they ran.  
Till he was whipped up by Qorajon.  
All the same, he could not get ahead –  
Muzzle to muzzle they raced instead.  
"Here's a misfortune!" thought Qorajon.  
"Excellent steed, though!" thought Qorajon.  
"Overtook many!" thought Qorajon.  
"Legs a bit skinny!" thought Qorajon.  
"Maybe ifs ailing!" thought Qorajon.  
"Maybe ifs failing!" thought Qorajon.  
"Sunlight evading!" thought Qorajon.  
"May you .soon die, and your cunning old Khan!"  
"Here's one more danger!" thought Qorajon.  
At him Chibor as well took a sniff.  
But Qorajon pulled him off, very stiff.  
So they went on, till well past midday.  
Then bold Chibor went a little ahead,  
With Qorajon to one side quickly sped.  
Forced the Sun-hater to face the Sun,  
And in a moment victory was won.  
As Qorajon slipped speedily on.  
Another shortcoming the Kalmak steed had –  
If he heard not hooves behind, that was bad.  
He then eased his pace, and lost his go.  
And this happened now, undoubtedly so,  
And more and more his pace grew slow.  
This Kalmak rider gave him the whip,  
And shouted at him - but that was a slip –  
Because, on hearing no hoof-beats behind,  
His pace immediately declined.  
Bey Qorajon again looked round,  
Another rider ahead he found.  
He closer drew, his opponent knew –

That was the Khan's new racer too.  
An eleven-thousand light bay mare,  
An Arabic steed on the wide steppe there.  
From head to heels like gold she shone,  
But bold Chibor went galloping on.  
His head grew level with her tail –  
He gnawed and gnawed, and could not fail.  
He gnawed until her buttocks he reached,  
And so the pace between them was breeched.  
Although! They ran as fast as they could.  
The Arabic mare could stand it for good.  
The rider knew he would pass him too  
And sore from shouting his rough throat grew.  
Tear-drops fell from his almond eyes.  
Chibor forced them onto the stones likewise,  
And hoped the mare's hooves on the stones would get split,  
But knew that his own would not suffer from it.  
With outstretched neck, he sped on a bit-  
He galloped by night, he galloped by day  
On sand or stones, both bold and gay.  
He galloped, hoping his goal to find.  
The Khan's bay steed in speed declined,  
And from Chibor fell far behind.

Qorajon rode on - all praise to him, praise!  
He showed faithful friendship in all its ways.  
He galloped, his saddle he never quit.  
"Where's Kukaldash?" That question was fit.  
Where was his last opponent now?  
"I've passed all opponents, save him, I vow!  
I fear that he first may pass the post.  
And that's the thought that troubles me most!  
If only his steed its legs would break!  
I otherwise woe for my friend shall make!  
I pity not myself, nor his steed -  
I gallop away, uneasy indeed...  
Then, suddenly, crossing an open plain,  
He catches a glance of a rider again!  
If that were a shade, and would fade away quick!  
Before him remains just one Kalmak!  
Qorajon gallops on to overtake.

He knows what a whoop Kukaldash will make.  
In Kokdonan's track, with tongue sticking out,  
Chibor knows how to bring this about.  
Kukaldash the knight may be proud and bold,  
Having now outridden opponents untold -  
He thinks: "I shall pass the winning-post first,  
And taking that Uzbek maid, slake my thirst!  
He suddenly hears hot hoof-beats behind.  
He looks around, and what does he find?  
Qorajon the knight, like an arrow flies,  
Kukaldash with whoops and cries replies;  
He lashes at Kokdonan with his whip,  
And thinks: "They've both given me the slip!  
Whoever untied them, I'd like to know -  
As soon as I do, he will lose his head so!  
Like lightning sped Kukdunon the bold.  
But Kukaldash felt a draught of cold.  
Threatening was Qorajons' brave look,  
Like whistling wind Chibor the road took.  
That Kukaldash at once could see,  
When back over his shoulder glanced he.  
Now Chibor on a level drew,  
Bit his horse's buttocks too.  
Butted him brutally on one side.  
Left him behind, with a swift bold stride.  
Far behind he left him now...  
Forty thousand strides, I vow...  
But he caught up with Chibor again,  
And inflicted on him great pain.  
Bit his buttocks, until he whined,  
Bit to the bone, and threw him behind.  
A hundred thousand paces he flew -  
Poor Chibor fell, and Qorajon too...  
Kukaldosh thus regained the lead,  
Dreamed again of Barchin, indeed!  
Thought his opponent was finished now,  
That he was left flat, anyhow!  
Seemed he was sleeping his last deep sleep...  
Suddenly he heard hoof-beats sweep!..

He turned and looked - Chibor came flying on,

And Qorajon from the saddle had not gone!  
Kukaldosh was dismayed and angry too.  
Beat his steed, and spurred him sharp anew!  
Nearer and nearer Chibor came on - what sport!  
Now flew level with Kukdunan, with a snort!  
The racers eyed each other, pacing the road.  
Qorajon eyed Kukaldosh as on they strode,  
And he managed to speak with him somehow:  
"Have you not been my elder brother till now?  
But you have become hostile and sly, I vow!  
You have set traps for me, and planned my shame,  
You have had me bound, to spoil my game.  
You have done more ill to me than a foe,  
You have forgotten honour, and worked me woe!  
Listen now, and answer, and do not lie –  
How many days do you drive your horse, forby?  
How was it, that you didn't see me before?  
Do you treat your steed well, or make him sore?  
Now he can't justify his fodder, your steed.  
Uzbek Barchin has guessed his sort, indeed.  
Gallops for many a day, but the road can't keep –  
Thus you make your best friends start to weep!"  
Qorajon ceased. "Don't boast!" said Kukaldash,  
"You'll fall to nothing, just become dust and ash!  
For all the same the first I shall come in -  
For all the same that Uzbek maid I'll win!"  
But Qorajon was really not such a fool -  
He wasn't doing to let his brother rule!  
"At this moment I'm riding level with you.  
But do not think to first place you'll burst through!  
Who'll win the race, and the maid as wife, we'll see.  
The one who ends the race in shame won't be me!  
So who'll win the game, and fame, and people's praise.  
We shall see, Kukaldash, at the ending of our ways!"  
So they galloped the steppe road, side by side,  
Angrily argued together, full of pride.  
Not only started cursing, with heated tongue.  
But their knightly fists they raised and swung.  
Each one threatened, and started to shout anew.  
Like a rumbling landslide the echoes flew...  
Soon, in their fist each one then took his lash.

Almost went as far as with swords to slash!  
Quarrels were heated, and their steeds grew hot -  
Gallop still with all the strength they'd got.  
Trying to beat each other, not fall beneath.  
Blinding each other with dust, and grinding their teeth...

"Counting it time for Qorajon to return,  
Alpomish, all disturbed, began to burn...  
Out he went on the hill, with spy-glass there.  
Looked all round and about with greatest care.  
There he saw two horses disputing the way.  
One Kokdonan, the other all dusty and grey.  
Alpomish did not recognize his own steed-  
Thought he had lost his bride and her hand indeed  
Barchin saw this, and to him she quickly ran.  
Put his head on her knees, to console him began:

"Why have your feelings fallen in dusty fears?  
Why are the eyes of my dearest full of tears?  
Why do you suffer so, my splendid Shah?  
Why do sprites confuse you, and lead you afar?  
Why have you fallen, to calling deaf and dumb?  
Why drive the light from my eyes, when to you I come?  
My Qunghirat hawk, my falcon, flying high -  
Why are you sad, and look so bad dear, why?"  
Alpomish gave a sigh, and opened his eyes,  
On Barchin he gazed, and answered likewise:  
"Is my heart not precious to my Barchin?  
Do I not know that first this race I must win?  
On my steed, Qorajon joined in that race -  
Has he not died on the way, and lost his place?  
If my friend Qorajon has fallen somewhere,  
That means my steed Chibor ties with him there.  
If he has suffered catastrophe with Qorajon,  
That means victory will fall to another man.  
He then will have the right to you, not I!  
If another should come, what could you say?  
Could you refuse, and legal rights not obey?  
If you're unwilling, on force he may rely -  
How that lasso of his can you untie?  
How can Barchin with a proud Kalmak then live?"



How to another, unshamed, my dear can I give?  
What would the value of life then be for me?  
Better to hang myself, or jump in the sea!  
In my own land, I am an important Bey -  
Here, a great blow has fallen on me, I'd say.  
How shall I quench the fires of passion within.  
If he has died, my steed Chibor – that's grim!  
If I go to seek him out afar,  
I may find my death instead, ah, ah!  
If I stay right here, I still may die!  
Quite unarmed without my steed am I!..

Barchin then took the spy-glass from Alpomish,  
Then, seeing the steeds approaching began like this:

"Come to me, Chibor, come to me, this way!  
Come galloping gladly, and do not stop, I pray.  
For you there waits a mountain-pasture, and rest –  
Here wait my virgin nipples, and pallid breast!  
I shall let down, like a brush, my bonny hair,  
Which will clean you hide, so dusty there!  
I shall be your groom in future days,  
If you come home safely, first in the race!  
Diamond-footed steed, as the first gallop in!  
My snowy breasts will welcome you, if you win.  
Only do not divide me from my dear friend –  
Look at me, Barchin, so poor in the end!  
Come to me, Chibor, come to me, this way –  
The tent of my heart is pure, and bright as day.  
Only if s empty, Chibor, while you are away.  
Let it not bum, while still you are not here,  
My heart's pure yurta, waiting, till you appear!  
My flesh, my face are just like flowers too,  
No woes, no sorrows in earlier days I knew.  
Must I now really become a Kalmak's wife?  
Oh, understand, Chibor, my senseless life!  
On your breast Qaldirghoch did a talisman place.  
So that you would take first prize in the race.  
Boybury cherished and tended you each day –  
Come to me, Chibor, come to me, this way!"

On the hill stood Barchin, and gazed at the view.  
She was sorry for Alpomish, herself too.  
All impatient she waited, and tasted woe -  
What kind of fate would the racing bring her so?  
Barchin still intently gazed through the glass,  
Then she saw some dust rise over the pass.  
Not on the steppe, but far, far away where hills meet...  
Barchin's heart with yearning still stronger did beat  
Horses are racing! The spy-glass serves your need -  
One can even distinguish a special steed.  
There was Chibor - she gave a wave, and fanned -  
Come to me Chibor, my star, come to hand!  
And her welcome flew to Chibor's keen ears,  
And they stood up more sharply, it appears.  
He turned his head toward that tender voice,  
Pulled sharply on the reins, made his own choice.  
So hard he tugged, the reins then snapped in two,  
So now, what could Qorajon the Kalmak do?  
Just catch the ends, and tie them short again.  
That's what he did, but it was all in vain:  
Only later he saw what a blunder he'd made.  
Nevertheless, he didn't begin to fade...  
One hand on the high pommel then he placed,  
"Gee-up!" he cried, and thundering on he raced.  
The heavens trembled, hearing his threatening cries.  
Kukaldash fell behind, in shame he closed his eyes.  
But Qorajon's horse, like a hurricane, flew on.  
And Kukaldash, still behind, half-mad had gone:  
"You have plunged a dagger straight in your brother's heart.  
May you both fall in one grave, and never part!  
There better, Qorajon, to listen to me.  
You didn't die young, but you'll die now, you'll see!  
Say, why do you wish to steal your brother's wife?  
If you urge your steed along, you'll break my life!  
Kalmaks and Uzbeks are not on a level, no!  
But you chose an Uzbek, and faithfully serve him so.  
Do not deprive your brother thus of his mate.  
Save your own life too, before it is too late!  
Hold back your horse, and speak to me, be wise!  
Then you will thank me for my good advice.  
But don't play false with me, Qorajon, my Bey,

Or as I said, you'll die, not young, but today!  
Don't keep your speed up, beating up your steed.  
I beg you help me thus, that's what I need!"  
"You're very offensive, brother Kukaldash.  
I'd be a madman, listening to your trash!  
Of course, I should be glad to help you too!  
But you must see, there's nothing I can do!  
I know that I may fall in trouble, aha!  
I know that I may be led astray by Chibor.  
You see yourself, I scarce in the saddle can sit,  
But by the will of God I do, that's it!  
I am offended to hear those words you say -  
You know yourself, I'm no weakling, anyway.  
You tied me up, but I released the lasso.  
But does the Devil not drive Chibor on, too?  
Chibor was taught to race by the Boysun Khan.  
He hurls me along, like a stormy hurricane.  
I draw the reins, like any strong-man, like you.  
But to control him is more than I can do!  
I pull on the bit, his mouth I almost tear.  
But still, like mad, he flies with me through the air.  
Oh yes, he somewhere likely will break my neck -  
But do I make him do all this, by heck?  
Do you really think that I should welcome death?  
You may be sure I don't! I seek more breath!  
So stop your tricks! Yes "Stop!" he suddenly cried.  
But quietly whispered "Gee-up! on the other side,  
And quietly for Chibor, gave a dig on the sly.  
"Eh, brave Chibor, brave steed of mine, how sly!  
Soon you will rest, but now, like an arrow fly!  
We'll save our friend and his mistress, you and I,  
We'll keep him safe for her, as the hours go by!"  
But Kukaldash the knight, just trembled with ire -  
How shamefully he burned again like fire!  
"May you perish, Qorajon!" he angrily cried,  
And with his curse, then drew away from his side.  
Chibor, however, then sped on ahead.  
The feast of victory onwards, onwards led,  
And though from lengthy gallops he was tired,  
He gaily neighed, by the nearing goal now fired...  
To the race-course came the folk from a thousand tents,

The crowd of Kalmaks and Uzbeks was immense...

Squabbles and quarrels - time for the finish now shows.  
Then suddenly, like a breeze which in gardens blows,  
Through the mass of folk, what aspiration clears!  
"Horses, horses are coming! The rides are here!  
One horse, however, everyone wished to see.  
All wished to guess just who the steed's owner would be.  
Ah, what a steed is this! It seems that it flies:  
"Ah, thafs Chibor!" the Uzbek section cried mad.  
For Qorajon was everybody then glad!  
"Here's Kokdonan!" the Kalmak section scream.  
For Kokdonan so heartily pleased they seem.  
"No, thafs not Kukdunon, too brown is he!.."   
Then all, at last, Chibor as victor see!..

Chibor, who galloped home first, then did not stop,  
Around Barchin's velvet tent, went hop, hop, hop!  
And then Qorajon drew rein, and stopped his steed.  
Barchin then ran, and helped him dismount, indeed.  
Then took him into the vehet yurta sky-high.  
The serving-maids to Chibor then walk nearby –  
He needed, first, to lose a little heat.  
And then to rest his tired and tortured feet.  
And so they tied him to a post, in a froth,  
Barchin came out, wiped his eyes with a silken cloth  
And then she brushed away the sweat and the dust.  
Then poor Chibor, who suffered long nails and rust,  
Could stand no more, and to the floor he fell.  
Barchin saw the nails protruding and then did tell:

"I reproach myself for all, as it is –  
Don't let Alpomish get to know about this.  
Where will one find such another steed –  
Young and old marvel at his great deed!  
How did Chibor that torment withstand –  
No healthy feet, all tortured, as planned!  
How could he run to the finishing post?  
False-hearted foes - you should weep the most!  
Maiden's sorrow would melt ice or steel –  
Barchin in tears - what woe did she feel!

Looked at Chibor's poor hooves, gave a squeal!  
How could she pull these nails from his hooves?  
How prevent other nails filling those grooves?  
At least she must get a few of them out!  
So she bound nail-heads on hooves about.  
With her beautiful silken shawl,  
Then with her teeth, she tugged one and all.  
Freed him from torment that made him fall...

Then those Kalmaks who had come to see the race  
Began to look around for another place.  
Ninety-but-one their knights together came.  
All agitated, and seeking another game.  
Uzbeks and Kalmaks, the knights and archer-men,  
All decided upon a contest of bow-drawing then.

Maidens and youths then sat round in rows,  
Guessing Chibor's future fate and woes.  
Kalmak knights came burning by,  
Gallop in, bent forward, and why?  
Wanted to catch, maybe, Barchin's eye?  
Maidens looked up at them with scorn.  
Meanwhile the targets for shooting were borne.  
Archer-knights lined up in a row –  
All were longing to hit targets so.  
All were hoping to thus win a bride,  
Each one thinking of Barchin beside.  
Each one stood, awaiting his turn.  
Each one with bow and arrows did yearn.  
On bows the arrows with sharp heads were placed,  
Strings were drawn back, and tightly braced.  
Wartime bows bent, till they could no more.  
Arrows went whistling, sped by the score.  
Just like lightning they went flashing by,  
Knights were burning to have their try.  
One would bend his bow till it broke -  
Then he would screech and curse, and croak!  
He then would leave the row in shame...  
Eighty were shooting, all the same.  
Then Kukaldash at last took his turn,  
Arrow on string he placed, eyes a-bum.

On the target he fixed hot eyes.  
Drew back the arrow, and off it flies!..  
A hit! Hurrah! With joy he cries!  
But he does not hear cries of the crowd!  
He looks at them - broken shaft! Not allowed!  
Straightway he smashed his bow in shame!..  
Alpomish's turn then came.  
Calmly his bow and his arrows he took -  
No wooden bow, but a bronze one, look!  
Over a hundred-weight, in one hand.  
Chased and engraved, with that did he stand.  
Gave the target one last long look,  
Then the arrow he carefully took,  
Pointed it at the target, not near -  
Stretched the bow till the string reached his ear.  
Can a man then bend such a bow?  
Yes, he can, and now he's done so...  
Off flies the arrow, the target it hits.  
Praised to him, praise - he uses his wits!  
The bow is whole, the arrow is too.  
Kalmak archers feel spiteful anew.  
Archery gave them small pleasure, it's true!

A third condition remained, to boot:  
With a musket they a small coin must shoot.  
The bullet must strike it, conditions said  
One thousand paces on ahead!..  
Taking his musket, then Alpomish cried:  
"Hey, let's begin -and don't shoot wide!"  
With their guns the Kalmaks then came,  
Took their turn in the shooting game,  
Shot at the coin from far away,  
A hundred paces they might, let's say.  
But not twenty paces more -  
Kukaldosh wanted to try, felt sore -  
That small coin he wished to hit  
But in reality, things don't fit -  
He had no luck, the coin couldn't reach.  
Five hundred paces - then came a breach.  
No Kalmaks the target could strike.  
Alpomish-looked pleased then, belike.

He took his musket and powder too,  
And at the target, left eye ascrew.  
Aimed at its centre, and struck it straightway!  
A thousand paces - the small coin he grooved,  
Thus the weakness of others he proved...

The shooting ended, the wrestling began.  
Each competitor - one huge strong-man.  
If his opponent he overthrew.  
Then Barchin would be his, he knew.  
All the spectators, mainly Kalmak,  
And ten thousand Boysuns came quick  
Sat on the wasteland of Chilbir,  
Packed side by side, like sardines, it's clear.  
The circle centre was there left free...  
On one side Kukaldash we see.  
Opposite him, Alpomish, Qorajon...  
Soon the contests there began...  
Water was, sprinkled on the sand.  
Qorajon stood up, close at hand.  
Took off his clothes, donned a wrestling vest.  
Entered the ring, to prove who was best.  
That same morning, suitably dressed,  
Alpomish went to stand the test.  
There he challenged the huge Kokoldash.  
He, in reply, cried out: "Don't be rash!  
You, Uzbek, may here meet defeat,  
And for such, death you know, is sweet!"  
You will then cede to me Barchin –  
You see, Uzbek, what a fix you're in!  
I'll take Boysary's fair maid by my side!"

**Having heard these words, Alpomish was said to be replying:**

"Have you ever seen such a Biy or Shah  
Who, burnt up with love for a maid thus far,  
Would then cede his bride-to-be to the foe.  
If he had not died then, loving her so?  
You'd better go into the ring, you fool!  
Kukaldash, hearing that, could not remain cool.  
He tore off his turban, and on it did tread,

Crying: "If that" s so, you can give me your head!  
He whipped off his clothes, and stood in his vest,  
Like a great minaret, his strength went to test.  
He waved both arms, and like a lion he roared.  
He strode in the ring, the dust around him soared.  
Alpomish on him in alarm did look:  
"Say, can a bold Kalmak close an Uzbek's book?  
Kukaldash was really so spiteful to view.  
The crowd around them spoke about him too:  
"You'd better grab hold of the waistline of your foe.  
And men who is the stronger, you soon will know!

So Kukaldash grabbed Alpomish by the loins.  
And Alpomish just grappled his huge fat groins.  
Again the noise of the crowd around was heard:  
"Alpomish!" cried Uzbeks, "don't give way to that turd!  
"Kukaldash!" cried Kalmaks, "be bold, be brave!  
Your strength don't begrudge, But have done with that slave!"  
Kukaldash became more fierce in the fray,  
Kukaldash couldn't o'ertum Alpomish, anyway!  
And Alpomish could not hurl Kukaldash down.  
Uzbek or Kalmak - well which one wears the crown?  
Well, bend his back, or send him down to squirm.  
The victory goes to him who stays more firm.  
Upon the circle of the trampled sand,  
Wrestling and tussling there, opponents stand,  
Neither can make the other loose his hand.  
None in the crowd knows who'll come out on top,  
Shouting, mounting, the racket does not stop.

Counting on the contest her fate to decide,  
Barchin saw herself as Alpomish's bride...

"Roses smell sweet in the garden in Spring.  
Drunken with love do nightingales sing.  
You are no eunuch, my uncle's dear son.  
Surely your rival no victory has won?  
Have you not yet come out on the top?  
Say, dear Hakim, when will scrapping stop?  
If you're unable to deal with your foe.  
Then I myself to the struggle must go,



And must continue the bitter fray.  
I am no weaker in will, I must say.  
I have more strength of a moral kind,  
Which in weak men, one often won't find.  
I shall put on a masculine vest –  
Enter the ring - you can guess the rest!  
That Kalmak I shall tear in two.  
Eh, my beloved, I'll bite him right through!  
Why don't you answer, my darling Khan?  
I have since youth loved you, as a man!  
Maidens have scared you, Hakim-Khan.  
They call you eunuch, no longer a man.  
Maidens have teased me, and laughed at me too!  
People expect hero's action from you!  
People will later then sing your praise,  
But they will laugh, if you take weak ways.  
Gather your straight of soul, like a man,  
Then you can hurl down the Kalmak-Khan.  
If you don't do so, yourself you've to blame –  
Then do not speak of love for my name!"  
Such were the words which Barchin said.  
Some of them pierced his heart, some his head.  
And his soul was enshrouded in flame,  
Bitter tears to his eye-comers came.  
From his dearest such words to hear –  
Could a Kalmak, then, drive him to fear?  
Should he not fight, and defend his name?  
All of a sudden the lion-strength came.  
Ten times over, and tiger-strength too.  
Alpomish then knew what to do...  
With heart and soul, and with panther's skill too,  
Alpomish full of wild fierceness grew –  
Then that Kalmak he quite overpowered,  
On that Kalmak, so fiercely he glowered.  
And from the land he lifted him high.  
Twirled him, and hurled him up in the sky,  
Lifted his head, and watched him fly,  
Arms and legs stretched, as he swept down,  
Headlong he plunged then, deep in the ground.  
Alpomish smiled – 'twas the end of the game –  
Kukaldash died - he had won, all the same!

This is how his death Kalmak<sup>3</sup> lad had,  
How Barchin's wedding party was held.  
To marry bek<sup>4</sup> guy intended,  
A hundred warriors circled.  
The horse racing was in full swing,  
Only the rich guys were interacting.  
For many days the party would last,  
Goats and rugs were put as prizes fast.  
Sheep and bulls were slain more,  
People enjoyed eating tasty plow.  
Every day horse racing was held,  
The participants got prizes in gold.  
Much profit race riders would make,  
Forty days the race was without break.  
Dances, singers, jokers showed their skills,  
The Uzbek poets and barns recited drills.  
Those who came enjoyed and got awards,  
All and each one received many rewards.  
The party came to the end after forty days,  
Many people would leave for their homes.  
The rich guys surrounded the bek, fine,  
Groom's friends there stood in line.  
The Uzbek's custom would be as follows:  
All lads and maidens would come in rows.  
Their women come with meals of nine dishes,  
To the groom they visit with these wishes.  
The warriors would enjoy eating the meals,  
They threw into their dishes gold and coins.  
Women ladies would take pleasure with pride,  
They enjoyed the party and made profit from aside.  
In the center the maids stood round the fire,  
Greeting their bek they would lead with desire.  
At that moment they came close to the room,  
In the room would be elder people in bloom.  
All maiden would gather there with charm,  
They encircle Barchinoy holding by her arm.  
They would perform their old ritual with joy,  
Applying the moot girl-kidnapping to Barchinoy.

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<sup>3</sup> Kalmak - name of a country

<sup>4</sup> Bek - a ruler, a leader.

What not maidens would come seeking the girl,  
In her hiding place they would find wearing pearl.

Two maidens would come representing a Muslim cleric.  
Entering they would ask the girl's consent for the wedlock.

She would not at once accept the proposal by shame,  
So, they perform the ritual for the girl to utter her fame.  
Those who make her speak will receive much money,  
So at last she yields in her consent with high honor.  
So, here as her bridegroom Barchin accepts Hakimbek,  
In the presence of people as witnesses of their wedlock.  
The witnesses' confirmation the Imam<sup>5</sup> asked again,  
These witnesses confirmed by sounding in refrain.

**The Imam recited the ritual prayers for the wedlock of Barichin with Hakimbek in the presence of witnesses and left with gifts. After receiving their gifts the witnesses and other women went out too. In the velvet tent such national wedlock rituals were followed as “an old woman died”, “the dog barked”, “smoothing the hair”, “holding hands”. The bride's honor maidens left the tent joking: “whatever you do now you are welcome, she is under your will”. Thus, they were left alone in the tent. Now Barchinoy was said to be telling her wedlock words to Alpomish:**

Listen, Beks, to the grieves and vows,  
Of those many dead friends and foes.  
He married me by national wedlock,  
Freed his soul from sorrows, quiet dark.  
Playing, enjoying and victory winning  
Gained the heart of his beloved by battling.  
He had his beks enjoy feast and race site  
He won the heart of his beloved with might.  
Man would obey to God's deed,  
On that very night he paid a visit.  
Caressing, embracing and making love,  
They time passed from midnight to dawn.  
Bek Hakim had his flower open her bud,  
By dawn praying call the pleasure they had.  
After sunrise they both got up, pleased,

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<sup>5</sup> Imam – a leader of muslim religion.

Out to stay in separate tents they were led.

Bek Hakim's tent was in an open pasture,  
From time to time maidens visited him, be sure.  
To pay a visit the bride's honor maidens gather,  
Some of them bring "a bowl for the groom" rather.  
And the bowl would be returned with gold coins,  
This is how the Uzbeks exercise their traditions:  
By dust the lads pay a visit to the groom,  
They would ask "a groom goat" for feasting.  
Those who asked were not left unsatisfied,  
"A ram" was presented to them to feast fried.  
Happily and merrily they were leaving,  
To share their joy Qorajon was also visiting.  
Qorajon was shown good respect and devotion,  
To please him everybody paid him his attention.  
He was staying there as a support to Alpomish,  
Qorajon was shown courtesy and served dish.  
Everyday they enjoyed and took pleasure so high,  
Without noticing how their days came and went by.  
The maidens' of Hakimbek paid visits to him,  
To date with Barchinoy they would lead at dim.  
All girls and maidens came by to gather there,  
They would keep servicing to Qorajon near.  
Several days went by like this for pleasure,  
To reside this place Hakim came, measure,  
The hearsay had already reached to Boysary,  
The notice had at last arrived for Boysary.  
His tribes and folks, big or little, visited him,  
He made counsel with them and decided ,  
To visit, have Barchin marry and return home,  
Boysaryboy stood saying he would not go, nope,  
He intended to leave for other land, to escape,  
All his folks tried to persuade him to keep.  
They gave much advice and council to him,  
Several people spoke, patience to the brim:  
- Your daughter would leave, sad you stay,  
Much suffering you would bear from Kalmaks.  
Is it little what you have suffered from them,  
What you would do in the land of Kalmak then.  
You would stay, but you folks would leave this land,

To fly you would lack your wings, what you would do.  
Hadn't ten thousand families of Qunghirat<sup>6</sup> been your power,  
Being in fury you would stay here alone and desolate ever.  
Staying alone you would be sorry and pity yourself,  
For sure if we go together you would be happy yourself.  
Before you had moved here for a known reason,  
You sought refuge and shelter in Toychikhan's land.  
Having moved here you have stayed several years,  
Your daughter was competed by knights for marriage.  
You were discredited and ashamed of your honor,  
You hadn't seen any goodness from Kalmak.  
You are our eldest, do not stay here alone, no,  
No matter what happens, don't stay alone, no.  
Being separated from your daughter, don't woe,  
Then to see your folks would be difficult, woe.  
We came here together, together we would leave,  
This respond we would give to Hakimbek, believe.  
When we arrive we will reside in Kukqamish,  
Moving to Boysun we would realize our wish.  
Be cursed, Kalmak land, what we would do here?  
What are we going to respond to Hakimbek, dear.  
Your daughter would be off, why you need to stay,  
There is no need for you alone in this land to stay.  
Don't cherish in Kalmak land, to stay and reside,  
The alien land you must leave, live in our side.

**Having heard those words of his relatives Boysary was said to be looking and speaking to them too:**

In Boysun land my brother ashamed me, snake  
I could no longer stay on the Kukqamich lake.  
He urges me pay tax, duties of fourteen types,  
Of these his messenger informed, gave notice.  
Of such words my soul had become dark,  
I recalled and foresaw life would be hard.  
My own brother's words injured me too,  
I was also arrogant and obstinate, it's true.  
Fourteen of his servicemen I seized to kill,  
I expressed my wish to move to Kashal hill.

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<sup>6</sup> Qunghirat – name of an epic country.

You were with me those days as my companions,  
For several days to Kashal we made our journeys.  
Passed Kashal, arrived and stopped on Oykul lake,  
Kalmaki braves shied and ashamed me for their sake.  
Whatever happened, happened, it is my own lot,  
My kith and kin, listen to my words, I hide not.  
If they need, let them take and make my daughter bride,  
I'd rather be killed by Kalmaks being on their side.  
Than to go back and be reproached by my brother,  
If you want to know I will not go to Qunghirat, either.  
If, by any chance, I went I would never be as before,  
I won't go, may my brother's face be cursed, be sore.  
My heart was broken, in my state he had no interest,  
On my land my brother showed to me no respect.  
He used to insist on collecting taxes and duties,  
Because of my brother we had become wanderers.  
I had come here, separated from my own folk,  
If you ask I am dead, not alive, of his yoke.  
My kith and kin I have no more words to say,  
If Barchin wanted to leave I'd let her go her way.  
In these alien lands I'd better find my death,  
By and by go and ask my daughter's health.

**Boysary gave this answer to his relatives. They tried hard to persuade him to go but he would not agree. Thus, forty days passed. They had made councils for forty days and arrived at a decision that Boysary would stay. Hakimbek and Barchin with ten thousand families were leaving for Qunghirat land. As an engagement ritual and custom "Showing of Barchin to the groom" was arranged, a sheep was slain and a feast was served where Hakimbek was dressed with the best robe and clothes, along with Hakimbek Qorajon was also presented with clothes. To see off her daughter, Barchin Boysary was saying:**

Good orators make a good speech, best,  
At that time five hundred camels down sat.  
On them Barchin's belongings were loaded,  
Barchinoy was weeping and grieving, boarded.  
at her father and mother she looks broken heartily,  
She watches sadly her folks moving back unhappily.  
She had no support as he parents would stay,  
She was weeping and crying for them to pray.

“What’s the matter”, - father made her say,  
Not listening Boysary stood by his own way.  
On a speedy steed Barchin mounted,  
So, the beauty Barchin would it tread.  
Her soul grieves, her lung swells out,  
Touched heartily she weeps, no doubt.  
The folk of tent thousand are moving,  
Her poor father and mother are staying.  
My poor father was left helpless, says she  
By making cries what she could do, see.  
Her dowry loaded she was off, straddled,  
For Hakimbek Borchibor was saddled.  
Qoranjon, Hakimkhan mounted on steeds,  
Arranged and prepared were the best breeds.  
Those who had come now took their journey back,  
The shepherds pushed sheep in flock and stack.  
Those who are rich their wealth they displayed,  
Their sheep and rams the shepherds ahead moved.  
From Kashal to Boysun<sup>7</sup> they were riding forward,  
The folks who had come were moving backward.

**Seeing off her daughter, with a broken heart, Boysary was said to be speaking to calm down Barchin:**

My soul, dearest child, Barchin, grieve not,  
That your father was left, don’t be upset.  
Live a long life, die not for long years,  
See goodness, don’t experience badness.  
To join your relatives you are leaving, dear,  
Don’t cry, my babe, you won’t be alone, hear.  
I shall enjoy my life and gain wealth here,  
Whatever happens, say, it is my lot, dear.  
If chance permits we’ll meet, its due,  
Till I die I’ll keep praying for you.  
Our folks, old and young, you’ll go and see,  
I feel you are sad because I’m left, not free.  
You go looking back, weeping mild,  
Keep my word, what I say, my child.

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<sup>7</sup> Boysun – a town on the territory of Uzbekistan

What could I do, I sent my daughter away,  
Don't fill your starry eyes with tear anyway.  
I have made you very sad, my dear daughter,  
Don't weep, my dear, my heart can't bear after.  
Seeing you leave, my soul broke to pieces,  
How I have made you, such a beauty distress.  
Don't leave me you sorrows and wows,  
I have you joined your equal, God knows.  
Having come to this land you enjoyed life not,  
You lived you live not freely from Kalmaki sort.  
Thanks God, in Kalmak's land you did not stay,  
My dear child, you left to join your relatives, play.  
There would be many problems over your head,  
My dear child, you are aware of you father's bread.  
To your father you used to be kind,  
You alone rivaled against ninety braves.  
You are my child who is well aware of Boysary,  
A hawk sits on the bush's branches, try to hurry.  
What you have seen and what not in the world,  
Though you are a girl you have done a ten fold.  
You display work like Rustam, believe me,  
When you miss your father, him you will see.  
You are going together with your folks, harlot,  
You will enjoy life in Boysun and Qunghirat.  
From time to time you will remember me,  
I know you well that you get offended, see.  
When you reach, go and see your big granddad,  
Let him be aware of the matters you've encountered.  
My crown and power slipped from my head,  
My folks were left only to Boybury's fate.  
Though a girl, you are my only child, my support,  
In my heart there is much grieve and suffering apart.  
Now I had to talk to Kalmak companions, to praise,  
Not knowing their language made the matter worse.  
May you be healthy, my dear child, apple of my eyes!

**Having seen off her daughter together with ten thousand families of Qunghirat folk, Boysary came back and entered his house. He felt alone, deprived of both homeland and his daughter, his head started fizzing, and that he is alien there affected him.**



**Being aware of all this Qorajon's mother came to the braves' land, saw the death of bold Kalmaks, she felt deprived of her son Qorajon though alive, separated from other dead sons, felt a heart broken, began saying the following:**

In his homeland my sons had been powerful,  
In Kalmak's land they were rebellious fool.  
In a company they were like jumping camels,  
Each was said to be equal to a thousand devils.  
Seven sons I used to have among our folk,  
Each was stronger than the other in yoke.  
I am unaware what misfortune on me fell,  
It taught me a lesson I had much pity felt.  
Without a dagger they filled my soul with blood,  
An Uzbek<sup>8</sup> came and killed my sons in the mud.  
The braves' head were cut off, it is a misfortune,  
Into pieces were cut their bodies like mutton.  
Seeing all this tears keep pouring from my eyes,  
The lads used to share with Surkhayil their secrets.  
I remained here weeping and bending down,  
I was deprived of Qorajon, my dear loved one.  
I had been a swift flyer, now lost my wings,  
I had been a quick runner, now lost my legs.  
Sorrowfully I was deprived of my bold sons,  
I weep and cry, alone, yellowed fallen leaves.  
I lost my bold braves, cry spreading my hairs,  
Splitting my breast whom shall I tell my woes.  
Where shall I go to look for my dear son?!  
This is the doom caused by my luckless lot.  
Let me go, be off, my Shah,  
Let me make my story short.

**Feeling mad Surkhayil visited Kalmak Shah and began to complain:**

I have an appearance like an apple flower, dried,  
Toychikhan, I have complaints to tell you, she cried.  
My Shah, you are unaware of what happened here,  
The Uzbaks came and destroyed your power, hear.  
How should a Shah like you bear it being a ruler?

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<sup>8</sup> Uzbek – dialectical version of an ancient Uzbek folk

How could a sole Uzbek have done this, an intruder?  
Was there any time when such event had happened?  
Could a lonely Uzbek manage the battle with this end?  
How could such braves be gone without consideration?  
Could a careless Shah like you stay here for generation?  
If you be like this, my Shah, don't rule folks simply,  
Had you had a soul you'd not have treated them dimly?  
I'm well aware if Uzbaks leave your land and field,  
Out of your palace and castle you will never go shield.  
Haven't you known that Uzbek's clean affairs?  
He has cut off the heads of your strongest braves.  
How should a shah be not aware of these procedures?  
Didn't he know he would from folk get warriors?  
Wouldn't he bring to the Uzbaks a doomsday?  
Wouldn't Shah know shame, honor and his way?  
Wouldn't he go and demonstrate his power?  
Wouldn't he defeat, seize all wealth ever?  
Wouldn't lads and maids be trampled under horse?  
Wouldn't he go and get revenge in this cause?  
You knew that such a best brave in it had died  
Being aware you would pretend unaware of it.  
Lacking shame, how could you be a ruler?  
Keep my words in your ears, forget never.  
What would you answer my words?  
If you don't go, let me give notice.  
Let me gather warriors from this folk,  
In haste I shall go behind to cause yoke.  
Let me see Qorajan, the devil cursed sun.  
Let me fight with him one by one?  
I'll either die or find my death there.  
Answer my words, my Shah, hear.  
I am determined to depart at once,  
Here I cut my story short, by chance.

**Having heard these words from Surkhayil, the Kalmakshah was said to be telling his words too:**

He calls all officials to his palace at once,  
With leading warriors he counsels, thus.  
All are aware of what Surkhayil has said,  
To each official his questions he has made.

Against Uzbaks he battled with shout,  
Trumpets and drums were plaid aloud.  
Troops with flags were gathered,  
With barley battle-horses were fed.  
When it snows the caravan leaves tracks,  
To his soldiers the Kalmak shah gave orders.  
“Surkhayils words were confirmed”,- said he,  
“She was right what the Uzbeks had performed”, said he.

“She came here having suffered and tortured”, said he,  
“The alps being the wellbeing of the land died”, said he.

“Our brave Qorajon has been captured alive”, said he,  
“By tricks he was made to them a fellow”, said he.

Not waiting here I'll go with pleasure,  
When I reach the Uzbeks I'll capture.  
Many heads I cut off clean in rapture,  
Their maids and wives I shall drive here,  
I shall take revenge for our alps, I'm sure.  
Gathering all warriors off went,  
Under flags the troops were sent.  
On their steeds the braves mounted,  
The banners they raised and galloped.  
By squads and horde their ways rooted,  
The orders of their shah they executed.  
People filled vales, hills by informtion,  
Went off crossing in opposite direction.  
The banners holders led their way ahead,  
Obeying, doing what Toychikhan ordered.  
They left looking for Uzbaks for awards,  
Many soldiers left the city in squads.  
They have passed Tuqayiston, tired,  
Reached the location where alps died.  
Several of them their regrets made,  
Soon they arrived the Oynali lake.  
From here the troops marched swift,  
Making directions to Chilbir steppe.  
They all wanted the battle with wows,  
Holding their bows and arrows.  
Ready to shoot swiftly at once  
They marched and said hence:

“We’ll go to Eliboy, hey, said they,  
Seize many spoils, prey, said they,  
Our powers we’ll display, said they.  
The Uzbaks lack weapons, made,  
A lot of them we’ll slain, said.  
Their cattle we’ll seize, said,  
Today blood we’ll breeze, said.  
Soon we’ll reach, said muttering,  
We’ll come to do much battling.  
Saying the Uzbaks we’ll see,  
When we mount our horses.  
Elboy will lose, of course,  
They are not aware of those.  
Kalmaks who have seen wars”  
Saying these words they did boast.  
Their Qorajon remembered they,  
To each other they had to say:  
There is a dangerous warrior,  
With the name Qorajon, sure.  
He left us, joined our foe, did wrong,  
The alp Qorajon was said so strong.  
Many warriors he alone can kill,  
He is like a dragon in the battle.  
Remembering Qorajon’s name, hear,  
The Kalmaks began to fall in fear.  
“Unfavorable our marching seems”,  
Qorajon is on the side of Uzbaks.  
If he sees us around here,  
Anyone he will not spare.  
Much suffering he’ll cause,  
Qorajon is an alp, of course.  
Nothing for him these hordes can do,  
Once faced all he will defeat so”.  
Having come this Kalmak,  
Will regret on his way back.  
“To alps Qorajon belongs”,  
To speak to each he longs.  
On the road they are marching:  
“Bold braves we have, matching”.  
The Uzbeks can’t resist to the few.  
March ahead, hordes, doubt not, due.

What will a lonely warrior do?  
It is strange, don't say so and so,  
They are not many, not flee,  
Qorajon is alone, lonely, see.  
Not hesitating we'll go, rise,  
We'll defeat them at surprise.  
Once alp Qorajon his horse rides,  
We'll shoot him from all sides.  
With many we'll encircle him soon,  
No matter what he is a man alone.  
We'll do his deeds thus,  
Kalmakshah ordered us.  
Traitors' words never say,  
These words utter they.  
The horses Kalmaks whipped,  
Chilbir steppe they stormed.  
Like lions they were behaving,  
Their horses Kalmaks were racing.  
The gap between the riches was near,  
The moving sign was seen, don't fear.  
That who was urging ahead,  
Was Kalmak's leader, see it.  
So, we had arrived, said,  
The Uzbaks we observed, said.  
Many folks were marching on the road fast,  
What if we loosened our horses rein most.  
How would they fight, mock?!  
They were in a dead lock.  
Those riches who pushed their cattle,  
Of us they were not aware how to settle".  
Encouraging each other with fun,  
Kalmaks were going drunken.  
"Horse riding warriors not be off,  
Under horse the heads were left.  
The Uzbaks confused their minds,  
Not fighting they gave up their spoils",  
The Kalmaks were saying these words,  
Among them were going many fools.

**Seeing that Kalmaks were coming, the rich screamed, disturbed, gathered their cattle, each was at a shock. Alpomish saw it and said: - The**

**Kalmaks seemed to have made a plan, as a revenge they sent troops to attack us. It means that the troops were coming, said he. Hearing these words looking at Alpomish Qorajon was said to be telling the following words:**

Let Kalmaks come, said,  
If they come, get blow, said.  
Loss and death they'll find, said,  
They will be severely firmed, said,  
Off Kalmaks' heads will be chopped, said,  
All will be captured, he hopped and said.  
Seize their horses and spoils, said,  
Coming they will face us, said.  
Do beat, not cease it, said,  
Let's walk through the blood, said.  
For nothing they will die,  
Of war they dream, dry.  
These Kalmaks will die,  
The death drives them high,  
Not one, but all who wrote,  
Would be fools, not proud.  
See what is in their fate,  
Will be ashamed, great,  
Who wrote for nothing,  
Would come to fighting.  
Qorajon is the bravest guy,  
Couldn't they be his equal, why?!  
If I come into a battle field,  
Their flesh I'll mix with salt.  
Many of them'll pass away,  
Howling like a foal, no way.

**Having heard these words from Qorajon Alpomish was said to be telling the following words:**

May other words not come to your mind,  
May my words not discredit your might.  
No revenge, no death to them, my bek dear mate,  
The Kalmaks are coming unaware of their state.  
They should not find their death, pity them,  
We have many careless wealthy people, then.  
Qorajon, take care and watch the rich, be kind,

For slow sheep they should not lag behind.  
May they not be seized by Kalmaks,  
For Kalmaks let them not be preys.  
Demonstrate your policy, they should not die,  
May their sons and daughters not be orphans, try.  
May their land be not left without owners,  
They are not to blame for coming to us, yes.  
Kalmakshah's order was obeyed by many soldiers,  
They are servicemen they must listen to shah's orders.  
They will leave If an order is given,  
What would those do who have written?  
If you kill they will die for nothing worth,  
With hope they energetically come forth.  
Of you and me they are well aware,  
What would this troop do with us here?  
Such is the order Kalmakshah has issued,  
To fulfill shah's words troubles has caused.  
These words they both were saying now,  
They were left far behind the caravan.  
Turning eyes they looked left and right,  
The rich passed pushing their cattle tight.  
The Kalmaks troops came close,  
All the rich folks had passed those,  
They saw Alpomish and Qorajon,  
Kalmaks troops stopped, looked on.

**They both stood on two places, looked at each, gathered the rich folks, led the ahead. Qorajon and Alpomish arranged their swords and spears. Kalmaks troops came very close. Separating alone from the folks, facing the troops Qorajon was said to be telling his words:**

I am named Qorajon,  
Who made you a mad one?  
The war-field is erected,  
Kalmaks blood'll be shed.  
Your soul would go to hell, bless,  
Go back who came senseless!  
Listen, the word , spoken, hey,  
Qorajon is standing on your way.  
Like a foe you will be slain,  
Kalmak like you came in vain.

To you this is my kindness,  
Know what is your rightness.  
It is Qorajon who has said it,  
I'll turn it into a bloody field.  
For me you are also a foe, give no rest,  
I'll have numberless bodies collapse.  
You will be sorry too much, perhaps!  
In the field my soul I'll spare,  
Make your shroud I dare,  
From sword blood I spray, sure.  
When we come in the field, pet,  
You will never leave alive yet,  
I'll show you a doomsday, fret.

Coming here you'll never return,  
You will never survive, retain,  
Your land you'll not see again.  
Your state you shall not know, if not flee,  
Your children, wealth you shall not see,  
To your homeland you shall not go free.

**Having heard these words Qalomq's braves looking at Qorajon were said to be telling the following words:**

I am called a brave with honored name,  
He will have his field on this path of fame.  
Behind us stands Kalmak khan,  
You are senseless, Qorajon, man.  
Don't worry about our death, no help,  
Don't consider us worse than yourself.  
We have come here laboring hard,  
These deeds the Uzbek have made.  
What not braves and alps have died,  
We'll not go back without a battle field.  
We'll come into attack,  
Till we die we'll stay, luck.  
We'll seize their spoils,  
Make Uzbeks our preys.  
Then we will go to our land,  
There will be Kalmaki affair,  
Today beating is severe, mess.



Alp's blood price we'll get, fair,  
Our healing is Uzbeks' flesh.  
Boast not, we'll do beating,  
I'll kill the alp like you, brave.  
I'll cause you a doomsday,  
I'll seize whatever you have.  
I don't consider you a man,  
On a war day I don't grieve,  
I'll not be as fool as you are,  
I'll not enter Uzbeks belief.  
From folks I'll not part a pace,  
Like you I'll not wander,  
Till I die I'll not give peace,  
I'll fight till I defeat Uzbeks,  
I'll not call back my troops.

**Having heard these words Qorajon and Alpomish burned like a fire, prayed and asked God's support by saying "Ablohu Akbar", and started attacking Kalmak troops on horse back:**

Not looking up and down,  
On Kalmaks horses ran.  
Mounting on a swift steed near,  
Spurred the steed a warrior.  
From one part Kalmaks ran the horse.  
That was an amazing war, of course.  
With Kalmaks got mixed,  
Nonstop beating Kalmaks had.  
Slashed each other with swords,  
Kalmakshah's famous warriors.  
Ran horses from all parts,  
Hid from the sword blows.  
Off Qorajon cut the heads,  
Like river flooded braves,  
In a shock there lost traitors.  
Several on horseback fainted,  
Their punishment they received.  
Down fell several from horses,  
The earth they bit with curses,  
From Kalmaks a lot died,  
Feared from the mess, lost senses.

The strongest were the two braves,  
Many of the troops they slashed,  
Made Kalmaks weep and cry,  
To send warriors again they wished.  
Sent a notice to Kalmak land,  
By these beks they were tortured,  
Coming their endurance ended.  
The heaven their woes reached,  
These were the deeds of beks, bad.  
Kalmaks' bodies weakened, hurt,  
Off Kalmaks heads were cut.  
To seize preys they came for,  
Got tortured by these beks so far.  
Both rode the steeds along,  
Kalmaks they encircled headlong,  
Many Kalmaks died,  
They had Kalmaks gathered long.  
Had Qorajon bek returned,  
- Take care of folks, said.  
In war Hakimbek remained,  
He alone was straddling here,  
Many Kalmaks he would kill,  
Struck his sword and spear.  
This did not affect the alp,  
What Kalmak said didn't happen,  
Kalmaks thought of an opinion,  
Tortured their souls in vain,  
To flee they intended, often.  
The diamond edge would not cut,  
Those who fought'd return safe not.  
What wicked these Uzbeks are,  
Or they are Kashmir's swindle star.  
To compete nobody could do,  
If you beat to squeeze it wouldn't do".  
Famous braves Kalmaks have,  
Encountered Alpomish, crave.  
He who told Qorajon the word,  
The blood stained was his sword,  
See the brave Oygashqa, who,  
Battled with Hakimbek, fought.  
Seizing minds of each other,

Hit spear and sword one another.  
He was defeated by Hakim,  
Like a lion treaded on him.  
Hit sword with threats,  
Cut Oygashqa into two parts.  
Now the Kalmaks who remained,  
To take flee they intended.  
Had the Kalmaks gathered,  
In this field they had battled.  
From their eyes tears shed, sad,  
The head was left on the steed,  
That was how Hakimbek did beat.  
You came demanding war,  
Not assessing your power so far.  
In vain many of you died,  
Toychikalmak, what you did?  
A bek Alpomish I am named,  
If see I'll kill you, be not kind.  
Many men you urged in vain,  
All were killed, fooled disdain.  
I am Boysun's Khan if you're aware,  
I will not return from my way, hear.  
I will not have you survived,  
I will capture your mind.  
With red blood the land I'll stain,  
I will murder all leaving none.  
If I don't slay I'll be a traitor,  
Saying this he led the road,  
Each kalmak took a flee,  
A few people seemed a crowd,  
Those who fled Alpomish noticed,  
After them roaring he treaded,  
Reaching all he slashed,  
Shouting at them he threatened.  
Under him galloped the steed.  
That was how bek threatened.  
These were Qunghirat's braves,  
Kalmaks took flee like foxes.

**The Kalmaks came, then warriors made an attack, some died, some fled saving their life, Hakimbek came back, walked up to Qorajon. Looking at Alpomish Qorajon was said to be telling the following words:**

Did you stay with Kalmaks after I returned?  
Let me know, bek friend, if you killed to the end,  
Not listening to me, they had fought a piece war ,  
Didn't you give hard time to devil's children?  
Death reaching their sorrow filled not?  
Wasn't Kalmak's shah killed by you hot?  
Or Kalmakshah wasn't killed, survived,  
Lagging behind to fight war he revived.  
You are aware you have done a lot,  
You would come safe, thanks to God.  
You're bold to have shown bravery,  
How you punished your foes, every.  
Coming here you meet me, my friend,  
What happened? Inform of your deed.  
Hold the diamond sword in your hand,  
Cause Kalmaks deeply comprehend.  
Having killed so many you came here,  
Then go back to you own country, there.  
When see enemies you beat them hard,  
What deed you showed here, again start.  
How your deed was there if I may ask,  
Those Kalmaks became foes, if I dare ask.  
If Kalmakshah dies, happy I'll be,  
How long is to your land I ask, see.  
Let me go and see your land,  
Let me with your folks befriend.  
I shall not go to Kalmak's land, god save,  
Now I'll not return to the devil's faith.  
May I spend my life in Muslims land,  
I'll dwell in my friend's settlement.  
Passing many mounts we are going here,  
We'll be friends for Elboy's folks, near.  
We'll find some settlements in your land,  
We'll keep asking you of what has happened.

**Hearing these words from Qorajon Alpomish was also said to be telling of what had happened:**

I fought a little after you left,  
I stayed roaring in that field.  
Into the field one came on horse,  
Threatening me boasted hoarse.  
This brave died in my hand too,  
Those remained a flee they took.  
Then a Kalmak found death,  
Roaring I came without breath.  
To their land all Kalmak fled,  
Playing gaily you I reached.  
With these riches we'll be together,  
Walking we'll arrive our land to gather.  
The folks were moving with loads,  
They walked day and night on roads.  
They raised breed steeds on wealth soils,  
In steppe they shot bows, threw coins.  
Happy shepherds pushed their sheep,  
The sheep and lambs went with sweep.  
Passing several hills and Asqar ranges,  
Beks came up these wealthy to reach.  
They were going with many folks,  
Sheep stretches the road with legs.  
Barchinoy the bek Alpomish saw,  
With many folks she went sore.  
She was trodding on sheep's track,  
All came and stopped on Achchiq lake.  
Saying hala<sup>9</sup>, hala, they pushed the cattle,  
The wealthy came along the lake to settle.  
Walking along the lake the riches dismounted.  
On Achchiqkul<sup>10</sup> lake they stared at folks, stopped,  
On the road several days they had walked,  
The folks were going tired and exhausted yet.

**For several days Barchin's forty maidens rode on horseback, tired and exhausted, became weak. They arrived at Achchiq kul lake, erected their tents. They dismounted the bride Barchin from her horse, her dowry loaded on five hundred camels, they had camels down and dismounted their loads, women erected velvet tents, forty maidens led Barchin into the velvet tent, laid**

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<sup>9</sup> Hala- an onomatopoeia to push camels

<sup>10</sup> Achchiqkul – name of a n epic lake

**clean sheets and clothes in the room, each was busy with her own affairs, all were boiling kettles and pots, made tea, the servants laid clothes and served meals.**

**Tired on the road several of them lay weak on the ground, there came a dust storm, three four days they rested. They entertained Barchin:**

Forty girls seized minds with charms,  
Maids were serving well with alarms.  
Barichin's soul felt satisfied,  
Their time the rich enjoyed.  
To rest they'd stay three days,  
Again they'd start their ways.  
Gave a notice to each other and,  
Took direction to their land.  
Moving from Achchiqkul lake,  
Loading goods on camels back,  
They started for journey's sake.

**Saddling their horses, arranging, getting ready the beks started their journey. Looking at Barchin Alpomish was said to be telling the following words:**

Hear my words, the moonfaced,  
You are with us, charming, graced.  
Accompanied you are with many maids,  
A bek guy is telling you his few words.  
Perceive alp's words, dear lovely,  
Troops tracking after us slowly.  
Till Kalmak they followed us,  
A lot of Kalmaks died thus.  
Many people became victimized,  
Kalmaks I punished, not amazed.  
With you talks I enjoyed,  
Together we all journeyed.  
You hair charms your face,  
Meeting, disputing with us,  
You'll go on mounts to pass.  
Khans joined, helped one other,  
Spurs making jingles together.  
Riding horses galloping,  
They are going joking.

Slashing steeds with whips across,  
Many sloping roads they'll pass.  
Make Qalmolq folks weep,  
Going is the obstinate to lead.  
Among them is the charming Barchin,  
From time to time she smiles, fortune.  
By and by her father she recalls,  
Barchin's soul weeps, she sobs.  
She has much to say in her heart,  
Saying there remained my parent.  
In Kalmak's land how they were doing.  
In the foes hand how were they surviving?  
Did foes torture my father, sad?  
Was he made poor in foe's land.  
Did they capture his spoils?  
Was his state become worse?  
These words she recalled,  
Of this Hakim was informed.  
Don't weep, my curly haired,  
This sweep of yours'd be paid.  
Did Kalmaks dare to kill father?!  
If we went home safe and sound rather,  
If we go we'll visit our biy,  
Persuading we'll bring, hey.  
We'll have a walk, we'll see,  
Together you'll enjoy with me.  
In Gunghiro't's land we'll game merrily,  
In such a way we'll live on happily.  
The beks have said these words,  
The riches were going all worlds.  
Torture's dagger reached the heart,  
Torn the breast of separation in result.  
On roads we suffered yokes, said,  
Where are you, my Boysun folks, said.  
My well-flourished land, my home,  
Many lakes and fields populated dome.  
Families of ten thousand Qunghirati riches,  
Were thinking of the journey's hardships.  
Many sheep have exhausted, it counts,  
They came passing several mounts.  
Walking on the road continuously,

Neared Kukqamish lake cautiously.  
On the mount climbed to look,  
Qunghirat's ruler on the brook.  
Would see the Kukqamish lake,  
This was the place left for her sake.  
Where all the rich enjoyed their lives.  
Trailing the road they suffered loves.  
Since they left Kalmak they've walked,  
They saw folks wandering, and talked.  
Journeying the world they walked on roads,  
They came home to Kukqamish with loads.  
The land they had left before where,  
They became happy, my land, here,  
Going along Kukqamish they stopped,  
As before the folks found settlement, hoped.  
Those who died not, see world's toil,  
People around themselves gather all.  
They left saying good-bye to this rich,  
He will be together with Qorajon, such.  
Forty maids are around Barchin,  
They are accompanying the fortune.  
The land she is going to is Qunghirat land,  
He who is going is Qunghirat's leader, and.  
As a messenger a horse rider was sent.  
Bek's Boysun land is quite near, hint.  
The messenger whips his horse.  
Whom he meets he informs, of course.  
Coming he went through Qunghirat,  
The cowed asked what happened, a lot.  
He answered those who asked him,  
He saw Boybury's settlement, dim.  
On behalf of Alpomish he gave notice,  
Coming out Boybury biy asked his news.

**Informing of Alpomish's arrival the message carrier was said to be telling the following words:**

Listen to my message, Khan Boyburi,  
This is the servant's address, hurry,  
It is the dear soul of the bek, be merry.  
In your garden your flower bud arrived,



In the garden your nightingale had arrived,  
Your son, Alpomish bek lad arrived.  
Who without permission sent hunting?  
Who for religion is fiercely fighting?  
Who of his homeland was thinking?  
Who made Kalmak folks weep?  
Who made enemies take flee, in heap?  
Your obstinate Hakimbek had arrived.  
You vows to god have reached,  
Your families and land'd be flourished,  
For Kalmak your only child had left, said,  
In your land safe and sound arrived.  
The riches who had left with came,  
They settled on Kukqamish, same  
Taking Barcninoy together with them  
Accompanying bek Qorajon arrived,  
Your dear soul and heart arrived,  
Taking from Kalmak land his beloved,  
Gaining your honor, and dignity showed,  
Like a lion he is coming, in truth.  
The foe was left like a black earth,  
If you don't believe, come and see,  
They came close to us as one, gee.  
This land was filled with news soon.  
Barchin looked like a full moon.  
Encircled by her maidens,  
She looked like black birds,  
Coming on covering the long road,  
Her dowry on camels of five hundred,  
Don't stay here without being aware,  
The land the beks almost reached, near.  
Boybury is aware of these deeds' essence.  
He'll give good clothes as presents,  
The gifts were presented to the servant,  
The notice was spread in Qunghirat land,  
Many officials were riding their horses,  
To meet them off set heads of troops.  
The country was full of confusion,  
Each road was filled with folks' infusion.  
Girls and women gather there,  
Her forty maidens joined here.

Oy Qaldirghoch treaded foward,  
Now she walked towards the road.  
Maidens, lets go, together, said she,  
Let's see my bek brother, said she.  
Let's hug, said she him embracing,  
Girls and women came tracing.  
Let's block the road with rope, said she,  
Let's get duppi<sup>11</sup> and rumol<sup>12</sup>, said she,  
Thus, people had gone by crowds,  
To the land beks're coming with loads.  
They were going, making noise,  
To Oqsuv the beks reached to pause.

They made pilgrimage of the Khan,  
To see one another they were glad, did fan.  
Mounting horses they went on ahead,  
With many maids Qaldirghoch neared.  
She kept greeting her brother,  
The girls encircled the bride together.  
They wouldn't have them pass, nope.  
They blocked the road with the rope.  
Them duppi and rumol a maiden presented,  
All came together to Qunghirat land.  
Several of them passed away not reaching them,  
They stayed on a slope not housing the roads, then.  
Climbing on the roof some looked,  
Among the folks it would be talked.  
Sixteen tribal folks 'd be informed,  
Their kiths and kin'd visit formed.  
So, they would see each other,  
All would play, be gay together.  
As the moon the beauty Barchin went,  
She would see Boybury's settlement.  
See Alpomish bek and Qorajon bek,  
Gave his steed to the servant 's sake.  
His child Khan Boybury had seen,  
He treated both as his own children.  
Being glad he lost his mind, seek,  
Being at a loss he couldn't speak,

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<sup>11</sup> Duppi - a head wear, scull cup

<sup>12</sup> Rumol - a fabric head wear for women

Pressing Hakimbek against his breast,  
Greeted Qorajon with love abreast.  
May my God always help all and other.  
Nothing is done without God's order.  
Hakimjan, I saw you safe and sound,  
Hundred luckless dreams left my heart,  
Qorajon was said to be my son's friend,  
Again greeted him with hugs for a second.  
He was sorry for being unaware,  
Treated both equally at that time, fair.  
Who brought Barchin home were folks' bek  
There came mother who fed with white milk.  
Both Qorajon and Barchin she greeted,  
Going round with prayers mother treated.  
The officials encircled the bek,  
They led them to the Crown deck.  
They stayed in the crown palace,  
The officials, heads rendered service.  
They kept entertaining the bek, nice,  
They led Barchinoy to the palace.  
And she was dismounted from the horse,  
Girls and women filled the palace, of course.  
They stood in one line with maiden,  
Many girls saw Barchin, intelligent.  
All smiled at her conduct and behavior,  
The Uzbeks custom was like this clear:  
They made fire in the center and greeted,  
They don't wait they came tired, and said.  
They don't let their girls to sit, no way.  
Saying "hello", in come they.  
Women and girls observe all customs,  
Till dawn they walk happily with show,  
Those who didn't, they dream to see,  
Those who saw would be pleased more.  
To homeland Oybarchin'd come,  
Who sees her she'd enchant some.  
He is such a rich's maiden, noon,  
She is as beautiful as a full moon.  
Many girls would serve, watch,  
Close came there Qaldirghoch.  
She asked her biy brother,

Replied Barchinoy with bother.  
- It is the fate that happened, said,  
All rich people arrived, ended, said.  
Landed on Kukaqmish, said,  
My father being an alien,  
Remained in Kalmak land, said  
Qaldirghoch was also upset,  
Hearing she regretted, beset.  
What happened to that rich,  
What happened to that biy, jokes,  
Till dawn they shared secrets much,  
They laughed without informing folks.  
That night they spent in whispers,  
The notice reached all corners.  
They came to congratulate, simple,  
From each folks came such people.  
Boybury was very glad to enjoy,  
Young and old began parties so,  
Cooking plow they started,  
All and each merrily departed.  
Hakimbek, leader who came his land,  
Served plow slaying many cattle, grand.  
What he would do with endless wealth,  
Would not finish even nobley spent forth.  
Each day went out to racing forwards,  
Each day gave presents and awards.  
All this was done by Boysun's brave,  
His land prospered enormously, bravo.  
All these deeds Qunghirat's bek did,  
The brave's son came from Kalmak land.  
Many days for the folks he served feasts,  
Since then many days passed with beasts.  
The parties ended, and off all set,  
Their homes on the road each went.  
So, the folks he'd grown he saw,  
Thus, he finally reached his goal.

## PART II

Enjoying leadership Bek Alpomish led life along with Qorajon, prospered many lands, merrily spent her days with Barchin, possessed his homeland, and lived life there. Now listen to what Kalmaks have to say. The Kalmaks who fled came back homeland, gathered before Kalmakshah, had councils with him, Qorajon's mother Surkhayi sorcerer came too, she sat and joined the council.

Meanwhile Kalmakshah was said to be speaking to the young and old officials:

On this day I say my woes, grieves here,  
Young and old, community standing, hear.  
Let's think over, give me advice,  
Boysary caused me evil vice.  
Of his bad luck many braves died,  
Young and old, give advice, sighed.  
With banners of lines warriors stepped,  
In the middle of desert Uzbeks they spotted.  
They fought not retreating afar,  
Many passed away in this war.  
Many came wounded, injured, dead,  
Think who suffered misfortune, how bad.  
I am a ruler of this land and folks,  
Boysary is to blame for this.  
What shall I do with Boysary's sin?  
Give advice, old and young kin,  
Whatever wealth he has I'll capture,  
I'll make him lack his own riches.  
I think to do this deed, as due,  
Give advice, beks, I'm asking you.  
Whatever you say I'll have it done,  
Think well over my words, no fun.  
Kith and kin, give a good advice,  
If you like, set off, not stay, be wise.  
Whatever spoils they have, seize them,  
Listen to the words of the shah, then.  
He could not leave this Kalmak land,  
Boysary can not do anything off hand.  
These words I'm telling as your shah, go,  
If we capture Boysary, what will he do?

We'll torture Boysary severely with fervent,  
We'll make him our slave and servant.  
We'll capture his big wealth,  
Thinking we'll provide him peace.  
Many of my wisest men have passed away,  
When I think I'll lose my patience, my way.  
Before I have gained much respect,  
Now I'll come threatening him, expect.  
How do you like it, it is my advice,  
Answer me, my old and young wise.

**All those Kalmaks who gathered there for this council. Kalmakshah told the truth. If it were not for Boysary all this would have not happened. Many people would not have died. Saying these words he sent many people to seize Boysary's wealth. Now people were said to be going and saying the following words:**

Many governed as officials,  
Kalmak's shah gave orders.  
To go to Chilbir steppe, he,  
Allowed many Kalmaks, see.  
To seize Boysary's spoils,  
To bend and bring him like foals.  
Hundred fools were sent with bows,  
Those who heard Shah's vows.  
Mounted on their horse back,  
Set off from city to steppe to hack.  
Some walked on foot, do chase,  
Saying five- ten spoils we'll seize.  
Putting sticks under their arm,  
No-one can oppose them, do harm.  
They might go to Oyna-lake rout,  
Some on horseback and on foot.  
They reached Chilbir steppe, guess,  
They looked Boysary was helpless.  
There were coming Kalmaks, a lot,  
Mare herds were in ninety bushes spot.  
Gather all of them rounding then,  
Collecting they'll count them.  
Have mates do register each stable,  
To Kalmakshah make accountable.

Boysary had been also shah of a land,  
What sin he had made he would stand.  
Unaware of what Kalmaks thought,  
He had ninety sheep flocks, nought.  
All shepherds he gathered thrived,  
Of all his sheep Boysary was deprived.  
Who walks on deserts sees such weeds,  
They registered forty thousand camels.  
Herds of camels to Shah were passed,  
All gold spoils by Padishah were seized.  
Whatever was found was inscribed,  
Of all his wealth Boysary was deprived.  
Having registered all they returned,  
They terrified Boysary, threatened.  
What god does man consents, bless,  
He is touched by his own loneliness.  
He regretted for remaining there,  
His obstinacy benefited him never.  
This poor is alone what he can do,  
What can this man do himself, who?  
Of all his wealth he was deprived,  
Before the Shah Boysary was led.  
Now he was being led to hells,  
No one listens when he yells.  
From his eyes tears were running,  
Facing each he seemed repenting.  
Boysary was pushed ahead,  
If angry him they whipped.  
Fate's deed torn his poor breast,  
They led Boysary on foot abreast.  
With Boysary if no one concerned,  
If no kin, no son or daughter he had.  
If no one him assistance rendered,  
He is led by terror and threat.  
Displaying their powers Kalmaks were,  
Persuading him with force and power.  
Gallop horses many Kalmaks went,  
He'd see what was written in his fate.  
Right to Kalmak shah him they submitted,  
To Kalmakshah the letter was presented,  
Boysary was put several questions,

He couldn't reply from consternations.  
Kalmakshah him much threatened,  
Boysary, you made sins, a lot, said.  
I'll show Boysary my "respect, good",  
We'll hang him, cutting off his head.  
What troubles he had caused our land,  
My mind as of the Shah he captured.  
He did evil a lot having come here,  
He had not known who was the ruler.  
The death punishment he'd deserved,  
I'll torture Boysary so severely, it is sad.  
To deal with him I'll have butches,  
I'll decree him for the death sentence.  
Your houses here belongs to Kalmaks,  
Like shah I am telling all these words.  
Where official in line with bows stand,  
Kalmaks are tricky, line by line bend.  
Boysary agreed whatever was said,  
He can't do without giving consent.  
Now Kalmaks presented a great foe,  
They kept tormenting Baoyari so.  
What happened to Khan Boysary was unaware,  
He was in no condition even to ask with fear.  
Staring his tears ran falling sweeply,  
Looking up Boysary wept deeply,  
Baoyary was shocked much,  
All his wealth he lost such.  
All Kalmaks had done their yolks,  
Qalmolq people presented such folks.  
Being one of the Uzbek tribes pride,  
Boysary was inquired as in trial,  
At the Shah helplessly Boysary glared.

**Looking at Kasmakshah Boysary was said to be asking what he was charged with:**

In hardship I led my life as a deal,  
My Kalmakshah, to you I appeal.  
What is the reason of my sin, charge?  
I am an alien, moved your land, large.  
I have tortured my soul myself, who helps?



Who shall complain of my state of health?  
All my wealth registering they seized,  
No one asked my condition, nor visited,  
On me tortures your people have still set.  
They seized all leaving nothing,  
If I speak they threatened lot cursing.  
I was led before you like a horse,  
For it is you who decreed such course.  
What I did as humble as I am in health,  
You seized all and each of my wealth.  
Calling butches you had me inquired,  
How did you know my sins as required?  
The grieves yellowed my blooming face,  
I am quite unaware of all these in case.  
Why was I accused, my dear Shah?  
You tortured me unfairly, ha-ha!  
All my wealth you captured,  
So, in the end you tortured.  
With hatred you called your butchers,  
Kalmakshah, you gave me severe punches.  
You didn't ask me my human fears?  
You did not pity my bloody tears.  
On the head of an aged man you whipped,  
I couldn't reach my kin who had slipped?  
I was brought before you so tortured,  
I had been degraded in an alien land.  
If butchers cut my head off and hanged,  
Why I was charged, said Boysary, yelled.

**Having heard these words Kalmakshah was said to be telling the following words:**

Qorajon left, he was my support, my friend,  
Ninety alps<sup>13</sup> had been a sultan in my land.  
Such strong men were crushed to the earth,  
I blame you for all this misfortune, its truth.  
You are sinful, listen to my word.  
I have your both eyes pricked out, hurt.  
Your daughter Barchin is between us,

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<sup>13</sup> Alp- a strong, brave man

I've much favors for you too, even foes.  
Ruling with settlement I provided,  
Alas, of my alps I was deprived.  
For all this I lay blame on you,  
It is me who has charge too.  
I annoy and blacken you, rascal,  
I revenge you for my alps, first of all.  
Whatever might happen I'll do my will,  
Cutting off your head, I hang you still.  
You are a man, don't die for nothing,  
I'll do my favor, don't forget anything.  
Arrogance again you'll never allow,  
I'll not kill you, the right way I show.  
I'll make you a head of all your cattle,  
Let me be kind to you, do the best, settle.  
You weep much with wows, here cry,  
You are a man, if I'm angry you'll die.  
For all shepherds you will be a head,  
You will see what is in your fate.  
You'll welcome the ghost if your days end,  
You have sent your girl who was competed,  
To kill you I have no intent,  
Your soul is dear, you wept.  
For your deeds you deserve death,  
However, I'll release you on earth.  
Your leadership is needed for cattle breeders.

**Having heard these words Boysary's soul calmed down. Thanked God that he lost his wealth, not his soul. Boysary consented that he would own his cattle and would be a head of cattle breeders. Kalmakshah giving such orders he had him returned home. Thus, he took care of the cattle, Surkhayil, a strange women interfered this affair. Seeing what decision Kalmakshah had made, she got angry and said that Boysary's cattle were seized, but gave the ownership right to him and he was appointed head of the cattle breeders.**

**- "Is this the deed to suit Shah", - said she and standing up she was said to be telling the following:**

Didn't flowers in the garden dry like a fall leave,  
Didn't a nightingale sit on the dry flower to live?  
With what you have done I am not pleased,  
What you did is not like a real affair, indeed.

You are a great ruler to govern the land,  
Boysary's all wealth you have captured.  
To meet your greed you seize his wealth,  
You let him go home safe, in good health.  
Do you seem to have done the right deed?  
Can the wealth cover the blood price for the dead?  
Endless wealth yourself you possess,  
How can you cover the blood price?  
Possessing the wealth you become arrogant,  
You make an owner of the wealth an orphan.  
If I require blood what will you answer me?  
You are well aware my children were killed, see.  
With the name Surkhayil I'll begin a case,  
I keep telling you what I have in my sense.  
Let me know your good deeds, I require,  
The masters and workers for me to hire.  
My intention is to go to Murot tepa site,  
Let me build a castle in Chilbir steppe, right.  
Let me try to blockade the Uzbeks' road,  
I've nothing to do with Boysary or his load.  
I'll be dealing with Alpomish till I die,  
If I capture Boysun's khan, I'll satisfy.  
If I kill him it will buy my son's blood,  
Uzbek's wealth I don't need let it flood.  
This is the question Surkhayilo asks, see,  
Tears fill the eyes of the poor like me.  
How do you like Surkhayilo's words?  
From Shah you all receive awards.  
What will you answer to my words?

**Having heard these words from Surkhayilo Kalmakshah was said to be telling the following word, looking at her:**

Let me know what you hardly say,  
I'll perform whatever you want, hey.  
First, if you ask me servants, indeed,  
I must provide as many as you need.  
Aks more masters, brick-layers, come,  
If you build a town, you are welcome.  
I'll come to the steppe if you civilize,  
In addition I'll provide several officials.

Don't do all on your own account,  
You'll supervise the work around.  
Whatever you need I must ensure,  
More people you ask I'll give, be sure.  
Where you make orders I shall find,  
I'll keep my respect as before, be kind.  
Listen to my words of the Khan, so mould,  
I'm expecting Qorajon my eyes on the road.  
Your son would know you settlement by hand,  
Some day your son'll come from Uzbek's land.  
All your children would seem to return alive,  
In your soul grieves would not survive.  
Don't hesitate to survive your shah we'll render,  
In this land your sons have been indeed a leader.  
Each one seemed to have dragon's way,  
Such strong braves of ours passed away.  
To come here dare not enemies,  
If I think my heart is full of pains.  
Surkhayil, I'll give servants you craved,  
Tell me as before, don't be reserved.  
If you ask soldiers I'll provide,  
How much wealth you need I'll grant,  
I'll serve you as prior I've done round.

**Having heard these words Surkhayil sorcerer was very glad and asked masters, workmen and stamp owners and officials to make them work. Surkhayilo was coming with forty maidens whom once you saw you would feel dizzy. She was said to be telling the following words:**

What I said would be fulfilled,  
Took men from the palace, hilled.  
Officials managed them,  
Several led the road, then.  
Did want Surkhayil, said,  
Off many vans set.  
Loaded with dishes and food,  
Off masters and servants went.  
Off Surkhayil sorcerer was gone hop,  
Many girls had their making up.  
Served for Surkhayil's duties,  
Going were the maid beauties.

Shah liked woman's words,  
Surrounded by forty maidens.  
Dressed in red clothes, grand,  
The bellies of Kalmaks land.  
They enchanted those they saw,  
Their beauties are competing so.  
Surkhayil they accompanied,  
Music dancing many plaid.  
Chilbir steppe they sought to make,  
They had left for Tuqayiston lake.  
Murod hill those in front reached,  
On that hill the night they spent.

**Having arrived Murdo hill, they selected a place for settlement in Chilbir steppe. For several days they had masters and labor men work. They began building the castle. The gates were gilded. The buildings were decorated with marble, precious and half precious stones. Kalmakshah visited and saw these constructions and was pleased with the work of masters and let the masters go home. From time to time Kalmakshah visited this castle and was interested in soldiers and warriors life and war trainings. He thought if Uzbek beks found out how Boysary was treated they would come. Each day the old woman looked right and left thought the spy-glass. They both thought that if the Uzbeks came they would capture them. When Boysary's pasturing a herd of the cattle he saw a caravan passing by. He left the cattle and came up to the caravan. He was said to be telling the following words:**

This is the order given me by God,  
The caravans journeyed the world.  
Good luck, caravans, where are you going?  
Inform me from what land are you coming?  
Of the destination land you are going, do say,  
Torture's sharp blade'd enter the soul some day.  
To this misfortune lead me the fate would,  
The caravans would pass this great road.  
The caravans would stop the camels too,  
They would tell all their grieves from due.  
My being alien crushed my all bones, moaning,  
Good lucky, caravans, where are you going?  
My god made four of my two eyes,  
In my old age I am treated with vicious.  
You sensed me like a dried flower,

Stopped, listen to my complaints, ever.  
Inform from what land are you coming?  
Tell the truth what city are you going?  
I'd been brave, became weak, helpless,  
In this steppe I was humiliated, selfless.  
From my folk separated a wanderer I was,  
Do, answer my words, journey caravans.  
I dare ask you some questions,  
Let me know your destinations.  
To reveal for you I have a pain,  
I have grief for you to complain.  
Good luck! Caravans! Good luck!  
Where are you going? Stop, pack!

**Having heard these words the caravans were said to be telling Boysary the following words:**

From city to city I would stroll,  
Toychikhan's country I marvel.  
Roaming myself I do commerce,  
Out Kalmaks town I come hence.  
By origin to Qanjighali I belong,  
To Boysun town now I am straddling along.  
From this town many goods I buy,  
Loads of fabrics, velvet to sell I try.  
In Boysun's bazaar I put them for sale,  
God bless, I profit much from this deal.  
Prosperous my family I make,  
To god's bestows I have to stake.  
In these deserts I stroll day and night,  
Qunghirat and Boysun are my trade site.  
You know from Qunghirat land I'm too,  
I'm a trader who trips to these lands, due.  
From Kashal to Qunghirat I am heading on,  
If you ask me I'll answer excluding none.  
If you want to know a true Uzbek I am,  
How long will it take to go unaware I'm?  
Among these folks of lands I am a trader,  
My camels are under weight, I must start,  
Listening to your words I'll be late for mart,  
If you have more words, say, delay me not,

I'm a caravan, I must keep moving ahead.  
 To Qunghirat land I'll also reach soon,  
 When I get there I'll see all my folks' men.  
 If I take this road I'll see my folks,  
 Without delay I'll have to start, no jokes.  
 Whatever you say I'll pass to your land,  
 You asked a lot. What is your main errand?  
 I see humiliated you were much, indeed,  
 Does anybody in Qunghirat land you need?  
 Of your state your condition tells me, lad,  
 Does anyone hear your grieves in that land?  
 Staring, the caravans asked him a lot?  
 In your time you flood like a river's slot.  
 You seem to have lost your way?  
 You talked much, your mind is in sway.  
 You have come close, do believe.

**Having heard these words from Caravans and looking at them Boysary was said to be telling the following words:**

You are my relative, let me pray to your steps,  
 You have answered my questions, helps.  
 I've an errand for you to say as a favor,  
 I'm a wandering alien in Kalmak land, no savor.  
 I won't tell my words to anybody,  
 I'd left my land upset by my brother.  
 Now Kalmaks are on my side,  
 Kalmaks taught me what I knew not.  
 They persuaded me what they said,  
 Caravans, do listen to this my word.  
 Kalmaks imposed on me severe tortures,  
 They captured all my wealth and spoils.  
 No one listens or asks my poor state,  
 Though I yell no one hears my word.  
 I have faced hardships in all my days,  
 No one is aware of my secrets, states.  
 I can not see my Boysun Qunghirat land.  
 "Kalimai Shahodat"<sup>14</sup> is on Muslim's lip.  
 I'm suffering from all separation types,

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<sup>14</sup> Kalimai Shahodat – a surra from Quran to believe in the uniqueness of Allah

I am ashamed and discredited by Kalmaks.  
Who worries about Boysary's condition?  
With Boysun-Qunghirat shah I'll file application.  
Submit it to Boybury, my kindhearted shah,  
Pity and be kind to the humble man, do show.  
Be aware he is alien to his own wealth,  
To tell you I have secrets and states.  
I have a girl, Barchin who's gone from here,  
The notice I gave, pass it to Barchin there.  
My daughter Barchin is missing me much,  
I remained here being humiliated, no match.  
For sure pass my words to my daughter,  
Don't consider my words as a joke, never.  
See always goodness but not badness,  
Live long and die not for many years.  
Don't think that I have simply said then,  
To have told my words I was mistaken.  
Of my daughter Barchin I haven't reaminded,  
If you are late don't be too much offended.  
Give it to my daughter, not to Boybury,  
Going you come in you folks' land, hurry.  
You must go right to Barchin's place,  
Write application, hand it to Barchinoy, please.  
Though a girl, let her be safe and sound,  
I am an alien, a wanderer on the desert sand.  
The cloud did not leave from my head,  
My lonely daughter was kind to me, said.  
This is all what Boysary has told,  
You are my kin, serve me well, behold.  
Reaching, go and see Barchinoy, help,  
Give the application I've written myself.  
No matter what it costs do me this favor,  
Now you are witnessing my state, no savor.  
What you saw, go and tell Barchin,  
Carrying it my heart you'll gain.  
Of other things don't think at all,  
Give the letter to no one but Barchin, still.  
Listen to the helpless, poor's matter,  
If you reach Boysun safe, better,  
Surely give Barchinoy the letter,



**Hearing these words from Baysary, Caravans wrote an application on what Boysary informed, told, his secrets, his requests, complaints and regards. Saying good-bye they started their journey:**

Boysary remained, sad in heart,  
Getting the letter the caravan departed.  
The camels were treading slowly,  
Being aware of Boysary's origin, solely.  
Telling on a long road each other:  
"Before he had been Qunghirat's ruler.  
He arrived here because of one cause,  
At the end he faced misfortune, of course.  
Several came inquired, and annoyed,  
In the beginning the life he enjoyed.  
He did not pay the tax, ignored it,  
What hell he is doing here, shit?  
At the end he would die forgotten,  
Taking a lesson he appealed rotten.  
To each other they are telling smart,  
Praying to Allah the caravans start.  
On the road they pull the reins,  
The caravans are going in lines.  
Hurrah, it is filled with many insects,  
Approving each other's words, affects.  
The caravans are going, raising dust,  
By and by they stop to rest the beast.  
Walking on and on day and night,  
The caravans pass many peaks site.  
When caravans march, match the roads,  
At some nights they lose their roads.  
The nap seizes their mind in haste,  
They march calling each other, best.  
By night they walk close to each other,  
To make income the caravans go further.  
They go looking at right and left,  
They are counting much, no profit.  
They go disputing on each sight,  
They tread like this on daylight.  
They are united tight at night,  
They take care try as they might.  
At nights they keep hold the arm,

After dawn they take a rest, warm.  
What they suffer they do on the way off,  
As soon as they see water they'll stop.  
Grazing their camels they keep going,  
Laboring thus they make profit enjoining.  
To reach the caravans keep going scurry,  
From here the caravans left in a hurry.  
Many days and months have passed,  
Eyeing around they saw the land.  
Now the region like Boysun they have seen,  
Among numberless folks they have been.  
Making their way straight to Boysun city,  
Seeing the folks they became very happy.  
Set the camels right on the road,  
They arrive at Boysun with load.  
There is left not long but short distance,  
How much fabric they have for sales.  
The caravans there see the crowd.  
People are saying "Caravans arrived".  
Many asked several questions,  
Acquaintances say welcomes!  
Many asked riding on horseback,  
Many others asked passing the pack.  
Their coming is announced,  
The city they have reached.  
At one station the caravans landed.  
It is a bazaar day of Boysun folks,  
Young and old come saying bazaar.  
All come and see the caravans, thanks.  
The chief remembers at once.  
Boysary's message he takes,  
To give it to Barchin he goes  
Boybury's address he asks.  
A great official sits in a certain place,  
To bek's government office he goes stiff,  
To the caravan-saray straight he faces,  
The officials came up the caravan's chief.  
The caravan's chief the officials saw,  
The contacts visited them more,  
Greeting the officials asked him,  
Saying: I must see Barchinoy, no others

Tell your errand we'll give a notice,  
We'll tell Barchinoy if you've words,

**Thus, looking at the officials the caravan's chief was said to be telling the following words:**

To do my trade I went to Kalmak land,  
I came from there my good loaded,  
Boysary's state I saw with care,  
Staying long with him I talked,  
For this reason I came here.  
I am a trader I have a complaint,  
No need to tell others, in vain,  
For Barchinoy I have a word,  
I'll see Barchinoy if informed.  
I give her father's words to her,  
I don't need other people, never.  
I am asking the beauty Barchin, seek,  
The caravan chief's words are not joke.  
The Boysary Khan asked his girl,  
I'll pass father's indebted goal.  
So, let me see Barchinoy herself,  
Don't take caravan chief's time, help.  
Inform her without delay, hurry up,  
I have a complaint to the top.  
My Barchinoy is not aware of me still,  
I'm a caravan, I do business in the city.  
To Barchin, send a servant,  
It is what the caravan chief said:  
In that saray I have a lot of goods,  
There are waiting me, my friends.  
You must inform Barchinoy,  
Here a long time I'm delayed.  
When delayed I lose my trade,  
If humble Barchin came not late.  
I inform her of father's letter,  
Biy father has been a wanderer,  
No one could see or him visit  
Of him Barchin to inform I let.

**Hearing these words the officials sent a servant to Barchin. The servant visited and informed Barchin of it. Barchin came out and saw the caravan chief. He said Barchin to come nearer: “We went to Kalmak land and saw your father. He was interest in you very much and gave his best regards in this lette”. Giving her this letter he left. Taking the letter Barchin went back too. She read the letter. Having read it she was said to be telling in her honor the following words:**

Layli and Majnun were world’s mentors,  
Because of fate’s game I make woes.  
There my Biy father a doomsday had,  
Much misfortune he had on his head.  
By a caravan a message letter he sent,  
Seeing this letter my patience ended.  
“Oh my father”, I wow, said  
May this unfair world be doomed?  
From world’s grieves he was not freed.  
By Kalmaks he was not released.  
The fear of doomsday my father had,  
There my sultan father was destroyed.  
He had written of his bitty experience,  
They had capture his world of wealth.  
In Qalmolq’s hands he was humiliated.  
To me, his kind daughter a message he sent,  
What was my father’s condition, sad?  
Seeing this the beautiful Barchin wept.  
What can she do by weeping?  
Barchin stared around hoping.  
Should my father be tramped to revive?  
I’m not aware how he could survive.  
“My father” she helplessly sighed.  
Disclosing what is written she cried,  
The creator’s help she pleaded wished.  
From the door in comes Alpomish.  
Barchinoy was crying when he looked,  
Seeing her the brave became sad.  
He asked Barchin: what happened?  
To him the letter Barchinoy handed.  
He read too what it is in the letter?  
Having read it he grew sadder.  
He calmed down Barchinoy here:

- "Don't cry, my flower, I'll go there.  
Don't worry, I'll make you happy.  
I'd visit Kalmaks, riding my steed rapidly.  
Don't weep, your father I'll get,  
Your ruler like me off he would set.  
Coming he will chop the Kalmaks' head,  
Don't worry your father will come, said.  
What is in his lot now he'll see,  
For the respect of you I'll serve.  
I'm a ruler to govern this land.  
Sharpening I take my diamond sword,  
God blessing I'll go to Kalmak land,  
I take revenge for all these deeds, end.  
On him I'll impose hard days, I'll shout,  
I'll bring your father safe and sound.  
Your father might be now in sad state,  
When we left he was very obstinate.  
Now the poor might be regretting,  
In his work he might be belittling.

From crying you are much suffering,  
Here the Sultan Boysary let me bring.  
You look too sad looking at the letter,  
Don't weep, you'll see your biy father.  
You will be as happy as before, rather,  
You'll be merry if you see your father,  
In the land of Qunghirat enjoy life further.

**By saying these words Alpomish calmed down Barchin, went up his father for permission and he was said to be telling the following words:**

To tell you, father I have a word,  
Let me go to Kalmaks land.  
Father, from you permission I pray,  
From Kashal land I'll bring the biy.  
The Kalmaks had tortured him much,  
The caravans brought a message such.  
Be aware, your son is going to Kashal,  
Be aware, your bek's deed is a shall.  
I'll go and cut off Kalmakshah's head,  
Allow your Alpomish and him send.

How could Kalmak do when we are alive?  
Could he of his own wealth be deprived?  
We, being alive, do it how would he dare?  
To such a shame how could we endure?  
Hearing it I could not tolerate, be mad,  
Seeing it your son has grown very sad.  
Let me ride off my Boychibor horse,  
Your kin Baysari was suffering remorse.  
On a battle day my energy boils up,  
Allow, to Kashal your son starts off.  
I'll see Kalmaks when from here I'm gone,  
I'll slash too many Kalmaks if I go alone.  
I'll bring the big Boysary, my mission,  
Father, I'm asking your permission.  
Allow me, I shall go to Kalmak land,  
I'll see what I am subjected by my fate.  
To charm horse's mane I'll plait,  
If I go against enemies I'll fight.  
I'll bring Boysary to our land.

Coming back I'll prosper my Boysun land,  
Allow me, the son of yours, do send.

**Having heard these words, looking at his son Boybury was said to be telling the following words:**

Apple of my eye, listen to my word,  
Enjoy your life in Boysun land.  
You just came back from Kalmak land,  
Don't ask to go to the enemy's settlement.  
I grew old, where you set off, my son,  
You are lonely, why do you go alone.  
In those lands what will you do?  
Coming up you ask me to allow you.  
I don't allow, why do you leave for, so,  
Don't be a lionhearted by saying to go.  
To make an attempt is guy's valor,  
To yourself, my boy, don't buy failure.  
Once you had visited Kalmak land,  
Don't ask me any more, do forget.  
Don't make me aflame in the hell fire,

Don't go to Kalmak land, apple of my eye.  
Listen to my words and vows, my son,  
I'm not going to send, my only fun.  
In my old age, don't make me sad.  
My dear son, you I shall not send.  
Again you're asking to Kalmak land,  
You enjoy your life among folks, grand.  
Don't dare to remember Kalmak again,  
When we quieted some evil you'll begin.  
Boysary might blame his fate, don't try,  
If his days are over, one day he will die.  
If doesn't die he will come some day,  
All deed is done for men by God, say.  
What God does, people must consent.  
Don't go to Kalmak, my son, forget it  
I'll never be happy for your deed,  
As soon as I am alive I shall not let.  
Having let you, I shan't be destituted.  
My dear son, never go to Kalmak land.

**Having heard these words Alpomish was also said to be telling his father the following words:**

How can't I go, my father?  
How can stay weeping blood your brother?  
How can't I go, my dear father?  
I'll wear helmet, gold shield and other.  
In my wrist all my strength I'll gather, said,  
With my diamond saber red blood I'll shed.  
Enemies' bodies I'll tear off into piece,  
A falcon I'm, enemy's head I won't miss.  
If they enchant my mind, I'll grunt like a foal,  
If I see the enemy I'll split and salt his soul.  
By sire I'm a lion, a tiger I'm seeking farther,  
Don't take my word close to your heart, father.  
Saying, you are alone, don't treat me a traitor,  
In any case don't persuade me even later.  
Ask god's blessing, support bek father,  
If I am off, don't make panic, father.  
Listen and hear my words, wowing,  
In turn death takes a Pauper and king.

Entrust me to Mighty God do rather,  
Don't be upset to let me, my bek father,  
I know your state, my father, the same,  
Don't persuade me to ignore my aim.  
Ask god's blessing, open your hand to pray,  
Wish me good luck, send your son to his way.  
Without being sad permission give me,  
Asking permission I am standing sad, see.  
You are my father, I respect you very much,  
I am disappointed with Kalmaks deeds, such.  
If I don't go I'll die from disappointment,  
Ask god's blessing, let me go, father, sent,  
Pray for me, I'll go and return from Kalmak land.

**Alpomish said these words. Boybury heard it. He was persistent that he would not allow unless I'm alive.**

**He says You brought Boysary's daughter. Why do you need him? When Alpomish came home Barchin was trembling. They say that "Sultan will not leave his bones uncared".**

**While you are alive how could my father be suffering in Kalmak's land:**

What can I do I am a made, helpless?  
If you don't go, let me go myself.  
Let me see father's whereabouts, safe,  
Let me spend my remaining life.  
Why should I need shah's honor and power?  
How could I wait saying I 'm a woman, lover?  
A decision I made, let me go myself.  
Let me destruct Kalmaks once, help.  
I can't endure, I'll depart, if allow,  
Let me sit on horse back alone.  
Let wear man's clothes, arms in hand,  
Let me go alone to Kalmaks land.  
No longer I can endure,  
This is my will here.  
I'll sacrifice myself to my father,  
If you go not, let me go, khan, or other.  
From here to Kalmak I'll depart,  
Let me come up to biy Grandpa, apart.  
I'll ask my grandpa, him facing,  
Let me go seeking my father.



If fall comes garden flowers dry not,  
It wouldn't help how hard I tried.  
My dear bek, you remain kindhearted still,  
You live on a life here as you like real.  
In each deed you feel weak and shame,  
I'll be gone, you yourself will remain.

**Having heard these words Alpomish became very sad, walked around thinking, asked permission from his father too. Alpomish had a sister named Qaldirghoch. Her husband was called Bektimir Bovachcha. He was a lawful bek of Qunghirat. Alpomish Qanjighali was a bek of Qunghirat. Alpomish grew sadder and came up to Bektimir boyvachcha and they both were making councils. Looking at him Alpomish was said to be telling the following words:**

Bek Alpomish came losing peace,  
What would you do, Bektimir, give advice?  
You sister-in-law made me very sad,  
From her father a notice she received.  
A message was delivered by a trader.  
Since then she had been impatient fader.  
The letter received she also read.  
Her father was very ashamed.  
What advice did follow then?  
I went asking my father's consent.  
Several times his permission I begged,  
I came home unable his permission to get.  
I've no peace at home, I feel regretful,  
How can I deal with my father like fool?  
I would like to go myself, indeed,  
My father won't allow, so he decreed.  
I came to counsel with you, sorry,  
My flower, my beauty is in worry.  
I can't endure any more, patience no,  
What would be the advice to go?  
Please, give me an advice, it's your will,  
Let's make council and think it over well.  
Don't stay and wait in this land, so,  
In any case, to Kalmak land we must go.  
Let's bring father of your sister-in-law,  
Thus, the decision I am asking you to draw.

**Both made council, agreed on a point, intended to seek for Boysary: - In any case Boybury will not allow. If Boybury finds out he will not permit, if finds out he will not let us make a step. So, without letting him know we'll leave at night, - such council they had arrived. In addition forty lads joined them to go to the journey. Forty two intended to go, in the evening they had supper, made arrangements for the trip, saddled forty two steeds, when the folks were sleeping soundly, they took their bows, swords and were to leave. At that time Boybury was walking in the field, saw them. Facing them he was said to be telling the following words:**

Let their be tong to speak till we die,  
Let you have robes, long, short, trie.  
Sitting on horseback late at night,  
Where do my forty two leaders aim, quiet?  
My words you haven't taken in your ear,  
No I said, to leave Qunghirat how you dare.  
As your father you have no respect to me,  
You have not taken my consent, you see.  
I am asking, why you don't answer me by halves,  
Where are you going, beks born by themselves.  
Around your waist you tied gold belts,  
May my Allah forgive your mistakes?  
Upsetting your father you've left, sad,  
Steeds and arms you have arranged.  
Late at night you all are sitting on horse,  
Where are you riding, beks, looking coarse?  
You are my lonesome son in this world,  
You want to fight against Kalmak land.  
My child, I lost my respect towards you,  
Your ambition is to seek Boysary, as due.  
You are all going for Boysary's sake,  
You must answer my words, think.  
Not listening, where you aim, my child,  
Don't reproach, answer me, and be so mild.  
Why don't you stop, pulling the horse rein?  
Answer my word, my babe, reply, not strain.  
Taking journey late at night, give up, beks,  
The beks like you are needed as rulers next.  
If you return, your father'll be happy grand,  
If not, he is quite displeased with your errand.  
Of your journey your father is asking you,

I've my wealth; I've been wearing all new.  
Helplessly as a dry flower I am gazing at you,  
Late at night I'm asking you, my son, screw.  
Where are you going, my child, my only one,  
Behaving so, don't leave, be not forever gone.  
For this journey your objective, dissolve,  
Before it is too late, give up, my dear soul.  
That is end of my advice, I've told much,  
The steed's hoof nail is made of silver such.  
My child, you are owner of my wealth, grand,  
Give up, my lamb; don't go to Kalmak's land.  
Before a judge, clerks feel weak,  
A lame horse fails the brave at peak.  
A successor of my wealth you will be at hand,  
The joy of my eye, don't go to Kalmak's land.  
With ill will Kalmaks might be scouting you,  
May they not enchant your mind by tricks, anew?  
Were it not be swindling by the enemy, mad?  
Weren't your father be left then weeping blood.  
Give up, my child; don't go to enemy's land,  
Not taking my advice, beks, you risk an attempt.  
Not taking lucky prayers, you are all leaving,  
Not hearing my words, you keep whipping.  
Your journey seems evil, what'll become of it,  
Like lion each of you gallop towards some hit.  
Give it up; what will you do when you reach it?!

**No matter how hard Boybury asked to get answer to his words, he failed. “ this old man who has already lost his mind, he is mad, we had addressed him several times before but he did not allow, where he found out our departure at night, moreover, he came out at night to meet us on the road, if you answer he will seize your rein, will stick with us badly”. Thinking of these words he would not listen to Boybury’s words, he would keep going his way. He would not give his ear to Boybury’s advice. Boybury went back. “Their departing is bad, they seem not to return from Kalmak land”, though he. This is what Alpomish was said to be telling on the road:**

Whipping wild steeds,  
At night going dimly on.  
Forty two leaders set off,  
Each is like a dragon.

They go straddling on the road,  
Whipping wild steeds.  
Seeking Kalmaki land,  
Breathing freely these beks,  
Out splashing foams from wings,  
Under them the wild steeds,  
Jogging by and by on the road,  
They went to attack Kalmaks,  
For the respect of Boysary, forward.  
In the land remained happy,  
Her daughter Barchin named,  
Honored beks are going with fame,  
Saying, where is Kalmak's land?  
To reach Kalmak land, says,  
To see Boysari around, says,  
To know his state, says,  
Ask his whereabouts, says.  
To torture Kalmaks, says,  
To slash the rascals, says,  
To them the dead end,  
They are also such braves.  
Staring at each side,  
They go passing by,  
Such roads and lands,  
Many waterfall lakes try.  
No crow flying fields,  
Many sliding roads,  
Slopes, hills and mounts,  
A lake full of reeds,  
All they have all passed.  
Cutting roads so short, indeed  
Kalmak land finally reached.

**They were going forward without being aware of any enemy. Now listen to what Surkhayil sorcerer was doing. She stood on their road, watching all sides through a spy glass, she stood alert about. One of those days she stared and saw that forty two braves were coming, each was like a dragon, seeing she made her hoaxing, spread her hair down, scratched her face, and encountered them. Thus, seeing the old woman the beks pulled the reins, stopped the horses, and looking at the woman they were said to be speaking to her:**

On the deserts as a widow you're crying,  
Why do you cry, mum, your hair spreading?  
On these deserts being helpless, wailing,  
Are you seeking for anybody round calling?  
Burning your souls in a flaming fire,  
You grieve, cry hardly breathing here.  
I see you have faced some misfortune,  
You also cry frowning your brows, then.  
You wear black splitting your hair, mum,  
I ask why you are wandering here, mum.  
Let us know, mum, who causes you suffering,  
Why are you wowing and grieving?  
Where is your settlement, you walk here?  
Should you ask us we are coming far away,  
Urging we've suffered the road hardship,  
Seeing you we are shocked very deep.  
We are also beks of Qunghirat land,  
Why are you wandering light head?  
Have you made yourself mad as this?  
Do you like such wandering of yours?  
Did you lose your son wowing for dear one,  
Why are you behaving like this, mom?  
Let me ask the grief you've undergone.  
Let me know what happened, you burn?  
I am asking you, mom, being on the desert,  
Why are you wandering in this state?  
From what folk are you or what land?  
Walking you seem to be so mad.  
Why are you crying and weeping often?  
Let us know who makes you suffer.

**Having heard these words the old woman was said to be telling the following words:**

I have grieves, let me tell you my vows  
It is the Kalmak khan to blame for woes.  
May leaves and flowers dry in the garden,  
May my prayers be accepted by Allah then!  
May I pray for the death of Kalmakshah.  
May he be as wanderer as me cursed by Allah.

Kalmakshah came with the troop to attack,  
Sad days he imposed on me endless, black.  
From Kalmakshah's ego my son had died.  
My Kalmakshah tortured much she cried.  
Seven brave sons I had among folk.  
They were galloping like camels, look.  
Each one was equal to a thousand men,  
Without mercy he killed my sons, seven.  
The cursed enemy taught me what I knew not,  
Kalmakshah made me a wanderer of the desert.  
Under you the steed gallops in a hundred colors.  
On your waist your sharp steel brightly sparkles.  
Where is your homeland, my son, you grew up?  
From Kalmakshah I suffered torture in his camp.  
Seeing my appearance you have asked my state,  
From the horseback at me you've looked.  
What is your goal for coming here?  
You've asked my state of affairs, dear,

From Kalmaks I have suffered much loss,  
From what land you came galloping horse,  
What garden's nightingale, whose son are you?  
Seeing my state of affairs you lead my course.  
You are also somebody's dear soul, loved one,  
If I tell my secret and state you find out, sure,  
You will tell me from what land are you coming,  
Forty two famous warriors at your face I stare.  
In your land you have a recognized worthy position,  
From what city are you coming, knights as an official.  
I'm a poor mother who suffered from Kalmakshah,  
Of Kalmakshah's ego I'm crying, begging to Allah,  
Being sad and grieved what can I do?  
Spreading my hair I'll go mad too.  
Under Kalmaks yoke I burn and aflame.  
On the road I am crying from shame.  
Feeling support I'll treat you as my sons,  
I am crying from sorrow for my dear ones,  
What God had done I got used to it thus,  
Poor mother like I'm, seven sons I lost.  
The Kalmaks made me grieve and fall,  
Saying my sons I am waiting, missing all.

I have a revenge to take from Kalmakshah,  
Let me know of your journey, you, beks,  
Being a poor mother I said all my distress,  
In what land you grew up, such bolshies.

**Having heard these words Alpomish was said to be telling the mom the following words:**

If you know I'm coming from Qunghirat land,  
The ram of Qunghirat I am, so grand.  
Accompanied by leaders I am coming,  
To attack on Kalmakshah I am going.  
I want to fight with Kalmakshah once,  
I shall see what Kalmaks power is worth.  
I came seeking Kalmaks from Qunghirat land,  
Who was sought I 'm, whom you ask I am that man.  
For you I'll revenge Kalmakshah, take care,  
Mom, you know in the steppe your state is poor.  
If Kalmaks killed your son, in that case,  
Kalmakshah should pay the blood price.  
You won't be able to see your dear souls,  
You have become old keep praying for those.  
See what deed on Kalmaks I shall cause,  
I'm myself called bek Alpomish, of course.

I'll make your son's blood price be paid,  
With Kalmaks the blood is to be shed.  
I am going to attack on Kalmakshah,  
I'll have warfare with him, help Allah.  
I have a man here made a poor alien,  
Kalmaks inflicted him much pain.  
His name is Boysary, famous in his land,  
Being an obstinate I came seeking this man,  
Kalmaks will suffer for this unfair treatment,  
Gallop my steed I'll come in Kalmak land.  
Onto Kalmakshah I'll go straight.  
Wherever he is I'll find him right.  
I'll cause him the days he's never seen,  
I'll make you happy on that very scene.  
Don't cry, I am going Shah to seek,  
All your revenge I shall surely take.

**Having heard these words the old woman I was said to be telling the following words:**

On these deserts you've been kind to me rather,  
You've encouraged my soul, a poor mother.  
I've a complain to say from the start,  
Let me be your servant for a night.  
I've a right to serve you meals for a day,  
You are coming laboring from a long way.  
In my family today you will be a guest,  
Your mother I am, you will be my son, best.  
How I serve you will see, witness,  
Suffering there passed away my sons,  
Now I've no son, but forty daughters,  
All my daughters will be at your service.  
My daughters will replace my sons  
All will be happy with you as their brother,  
All are mature aged, fully grown angels.  
Seeing you all will be glad with pleasure,  
From their service you'll be pleased, see,  
Whatever you say they will consent, agree,  
All of my daughters are of average height,  
With girls as mother I would stay at night,  
They'll serve you till morn without break,  
When it is dawn, they'll let you leave to take.  
With Kalmaks your mom finds common word,  
She'll manage, she'll guide to a good road.  
She'll lead you to Kalmaks too,  
All Kalmaks 'll die from you.  
I saw to fight with you, who would dare,  
If you do so, your mom'd be pleased, dear.  
Having said this word she seizes bek's mind,  
All of a sudden, her offer is liked by all kind.  
To promise to a Kalmak the sorcery is a master,  
The beks express their consent to her offer.  
Having said this she enchants all their minds,  
She starts off leading the beks along roads.  
With her off the stupid Uzbeks set,  
This woman remains glad to do it.  
Now she journeyed the beks leading,  
All are going with her following.



Being so happy she says her pray,  
Stepping in front she leads the way.  
They say mom going talking to her right away,  
She is going talking, making them happy, gay.  
The woman is treading jogging along with horses,  
She is going speaking to each of them in her course.  
She is speaking elated, merry and gay,  
Glances to the left and right she'll pay.  
Saying she is poor the beks don't mind,  
Of this woman no suspicion they have made.  
What is in her heart they knew not, instead,  
Saying mom they are going together ahead.  
They see that this settlement is shining bright,  
They think that these have been made in sight.  
"When she had her children she was said wealthy,  
This was made for beks a good settlement, worthy".  
Opening the gate into the castle they came,  
Seeing this settlement a smile they've made.  
"Her children were said to have opposed the shah,  
To have built it they were not worse than the shah.  
Having opposed the shah her sons their death found,  
Now this place is used for living by girls all around".  
Seeing such a wonderful settlement, designed well,  
Such words started coming to her mind, quite a novel.  
The moment the woman enters the gate,  
With a loud voice the girls she calls straight:  
- Your brothers seem as if to have reborn again,  
Your brothers' blood price would be paid in stain.  
Hearing these words their glances the girls turned,  
Handsome and powerful beks the girls've glimpsed.  
Of woman's cunning the girls are well aware,  
Her cunning is well known among the folks here.  
The worthiness of her conduct she knows as well,  
Using her crafts she leads them to this castle.  
Having arrived the beks need to staying,  
The girls came running, their waists swaying.  
To the girls giving her advice the woman started:  
"For your brothers all of them would stand".  
Running up the girls showed their fun,  
They caught hold of horses one by one.  
From the horses the beks would dismount,

Girding the horses follow them the girls would.  
Leading the beks the girls are going ahead,  
Carrying beddings under the beks to spread.  
Bringing the beks into the counseling area,  
After the beks they were taking a good care.  
The girls would bow and bend smiling,  
They were made happy by well behaving.  
Their beauty enchanted their minds, pulling,  
They served well, their shawls puffing.  
They lay the cloth having them wash hands,  
They put nuts, seeds, sweets and almonds.  
The girls were serving them in full swing,  
The beks were happy, pleased with drink.  
Meals after meals the girls brought them,  
The roasted lamb they served in the dim.  
The good service done the beks perceived,  
Tea in a red teapot they were being served.  
Drinks of vodka and wines are offered a lot,  
All what is needed for the talk is brought,  
For service the forty girls are wrought,  
Saying "Kalmak' girls are beautiful, good.  
At their faces the beks glanced at night,  
Their faces shining enchant their mind,  
They dream of pleasant talks, go blind,  
Read the thoughts coming to their mind:  
"Whatever you say these girls will consent,  
What one thinks will be realized, they meant.  
Hadn't they agreed they wouldn't have come.  
"What would they do in the company of men?!"  
These beks are highly pleased here,  
What is necessary is provided near,  
The day itself is drawing to the night,  
Such words come to the beks in sight:  
"If we stay at night evil will be done,  
These girls will be divided one by one,  
Two girls will be scarce for the men".  
To their mind such thoughts have come,  
It is over midday, time for a midday pray,  
The beks come out to see horses stay,  
Opening the gate they just look out,  
The beks unaware, the woman informed,

Kalmakshah's troops have just arrived.  
They seized right and left, with horns, wail,  
The Kalmakshah has come, said Surkhayil.  
This guest gives the beks of it a notice,  
Out he comes, himself the troops sees.  
Near are drawing Kalmaks' troops, hived,  
The woman's truth they have believed.  
As their mom the woman the beks accepted,  
The both sides the woman to inform directed.  
"If she did not inform we would be captured"  
Finding out, for us much favor she has made".  
With old woman they were much pleased,  
Their horses and arms were arranged, released.  
In this settlement their over-loads they left,  
Now out of the gate the horses they spurred.  
Coming out the stubborn stared,  
Kalmaki troops were coming, neared.  
These words Uzbek beks said.  
When a brave lover encountered,  
His steps and dust are healing for eyes,  
We are of Qunghirat bek's breed.  
Those who don't chop traitors they are,  
If a faithful lover is always beside,  
He will keep his word on the ride,  
On a battling day have a sword right.  
Those who carry it not are traitor still,  
A guy's spiritual teacher is hazrat David<sup>15</sup>,  
Those are traitors who don't wear,  
A white helmet and a gold shield.  
It is Hakimhkan who says much,  
Nearing is the enemy, watch.  
Much regret the Kalmaks make,  
By lines and lines, saw the bek.  
Nearing is Hakimkhan, see him rise,  
Caught the battle field in surprise.  
You are also Qunghirat's khan,  
Today is a war, a blood field, ran.  
Many people's blood will spray,  
Run your horse, Boysuns' khan pray.

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<sup>15</sup> Hazrat David – Honorable David, one of the prophets

On each side run horses a lot,  
From this field turn faces not.  
On the enemy run horses,  
Listen to bek's words.  
Taking the diamond in his hand,  
In Chilber steppe shed blood.  
This word the brave says,  
The brave guys are like lions.  
Run horses "Ablohu Akbar",  
Each is like a brave around.  
His shoulder is like a hill,  
Like a lion roaring on a mount,  
The enemy remains like an ground.  
On Kalmaks run horses swift,  
All being together like a team,  
Screaming Kalmaks run horses,  
Like a flying star on the sky, beam.  
Like a caravan making a move,  
Mixed and confused so,  
Dust covering the Chilbir steppe,  
Interacting is the battle, up step.  
The braves sighed oh-h in the field,  
Rattling like a dragon on a hill.  
Men filling up and down, scream,  
Of the field the braves dream.  
The people are squads-like,  
In the field the traitors are sick.  
Ride horses slowly and slowly,  
Being a master to battle lonely,  
Slashing swords clash-clash!  
If God from above blesses, dash  
Mighty the brave becomes,  
Having such qualities Hakimkhan,  
Is shedding blood in the field for fun,  
The scared are at a loss, gone.  
Tears run down from his eyes,  
The foe's head is under the horse,  
This is how beks do lashing at sight,  
The fog covers a mount at night.  
Not giving peace to the enemies,  
Bek Hakimkhan had such qualities.

He is cutting heads off in the field,  
At each other swords they slashed,  
Many Kalmaks scared to death,  
Got their punishment, no breath.  
On the ground they fell,  
The clean sand sipped hell,  
Sounding there came Kalmaks  
Slash steel spears and swords,  
There increased the wounded,  
Their souls the braves lost, ended.  
Splashing blood in the field,  
The scared ran hiding, yielded.  
The braves open their breasts,  
Thrashing spears at the beasts.  
It was a miraculous battle, slashed  
On Chilbir steppe blood was shed,  
There the beks all fought,  
To beat Kalmaks they ought.  
In this field they stayed,  
Many from Kalmaks died.  
With cunning they came,  
Faced these beks claim.  
A Kalmak coming this time,  
To his land took flee, shame.  
If we stay we'll die, so said,  
To hell we'll all go, said.  
See our punishment, alive said,  
If we flee, we'll survive, said.  
The Kalmaks mind was captured,  
In some places the dead were left.  
Several of them got wounded,  
Many of them escaped, fled.  
Gathered Kalmaks, rushed,  
Reaching the spears thrashed.  
Kalmaks they threatened,  
Tracked them to the end.  
To their land the Kalmaks fled,  
Now there the beks returned, and.  
It was a dust of the day, pace.  
Saying let's go to this place.  
Saying lets stay at this night,

In any case the evening is nigh.  
Saying let's have a welfare so,  
Saying to Kalmakshah let's go.  
By midday tomorrow, main,  
Saying let's see him again.  
Saying all Kalmaks let's slash,  
Saying its Padshah let's crush.  
Saying let's cause a hard day,  
The beks are coming their way.  
Saying let's stay here today,  
Saying with mom, let's stay.  
Saying let's make talks today,  
Saying let's see she treat the biy.

**Having said these words, having returned from the war, reaching Sughayil sorcerer, tying their horses, the girls and beks started their feasting party to make beks happy: "We shall stay here today, when it becomes dawn we shall go up to Kalmak shoh", said they sitting and talking, while the girls were holding the gold bowls in their hands, singing folk-competing songs, handing bowls to beks. The girls were said to be telling the following words:**

The Khan who from Qunghirat came,  
Like a season your field became.  
Let my soul be sacrificed to you,  
Dear guest who came here few.  
For what was done never make regret,  
Your enemy would be destructed.  
Let all your dreams come true, boy,  
Today bowl emptying you will enjoy.  
Take, drink all, bottoms up, all pour,  
My dear Khan, Allayor, Allayor.  
What I am wearing is a red flower,  
This woman's girls we all are, lover.  
The drum players of Qunghirat,  
Kalmaks beauties we are all hot.  
Girl's words what the bek likes,  
Full of wisdom are charming eyes.  
A bowl of wine you I offered,  
Take it quick, my hands tired.  
With each other the girls competed,  
The bowls they offered, repeated.

Being pleased by feasting, allayor,  
Please, take, allayor, senior.  
Yet young, has a future, promising.  
On her head the shawl is blazing.  
Her face is shining like the moon,  
Drinking is Qunghirat's khan, goes on.  
Pleased, girls company enjoying,  
A charming beauty serves rejoicing.  
Still stiffly the beks are sitting,  
With a Mashriqi shirt, a sleeve, narrow  
If see his face, all sins will leave,  
He has Angel's face, Angel, no sorrow.  
Let me' adore you, handsome bodies, beks,  
Take, when is offered, allayor, allayor.  
Like, diamonds, pearls his teeth are,  
Like the angels in the paradise,  
All are offering such bowls, no size,  
All forty girls are offering surprise.  
Sitting in the back rows are drinking,  
The brave guys like a lion are taking,  
What is offered without refusing,  
These beks there entertaining.  
They are dancing shaking their plaits,  
Several of them are handing bowls,  
Holding their waists enchantments,  
This is the way how beks are treated,  
They used to respect the beks at sights.  
Adding quiescent pills on top,  
The girls poured them nonstop.  
Look and see the beauties,  
They're pleased with these girls.  
Beks' souls enjoyed rather,  
Not complaining each other.  
The girl's words delighted,  
Their allayor songs brightened.  
Of this trick the khan is unaware,  
The girls poured nonstop bowls there.  
On their head is a woman, sly,  
The beks heated up, it's not lie.  
Drunken some of them slept,  
Some of them drank, denied not.

Like dawn there came dust, on spot,  
The girls offered bowls nonstop.  
Forty two braves fell drunk, hot,  
Even so much affect would not.  
The brave Hakim became too hot,  
Forty girls pouring wine nonstop.  
Would be offering him top on top,  
He was drinking alone like a dog.  
Poor Hakim was not aware of his fate,  
To mock him the slier wanted.  
The ruler was drinking still, regret.  
By cunning his mind would she get.  
No matter how much it wasn't enough, care,  
Of such a traitor they weren't aware.  
Forty one warriors were lying,  
Many jugs of vodka they were having,  
Now he became drunken, obstinate.  
To the end the feast reached,  
The bowls the girls have seized.  
The beks there remained unaware,  
Her masks the sorcerer did wear.  
Forty two traitors fell drunken,  
A notice to Kalmakshah was given.  
See how this sorcerer woman acted,  
With such misfortune the beks faced.  
This sorcerer gathered all needed,  
On the rest she has put fire, indeed.  
Seeing the fire flaming at night,  
The troops with shah got in sight.  
Coming they saw with their eyes,  
All forty traitors burned in fires.  
The job worse the woman did,  
Forty two men had died.  
No hurt Alpomish received,  
Only he remained burned not,  
Kalmakshah came and saw,  
Into ashes forty one burned.  
Only bek Alpomish survived,  
All Kalmaks were slashing,  
Alpomish lay as drunken bards,  
Sharp swords were thrashing.



Not a single sword could harm,  
The swords all turned back,  
Still unconscious Alpomish lay,  
The Kalmaks fired balls in pack.  
Their arrows would not do any stain,  
All Kalmaks wander around in vain.  
Surkhayil they all reproached:  
- You are a sorcerer, very bad.  
Why did you put on fire, scoundrel?  
Have forty one men burned, shred,  
A cursed sorcerer, be sent to hell,  
You've done the worst deed.  
The sharp sword can cut no fred,  
Now we've found he would not die,  
Being dizzy, five, ten days would lie,  
He would regain his sense one day.  
Our land he would all destroy,  
If his men had not passed away,  
By dawn he would go his way.  
Now cry on, weep, poor sly,  
The Kalmaks city would be ruined,  
Not leaving any being alive,  
He would kill no soul leaving,  
Of his job you are unaware,  
You, old mare, would better be killed,  
The Kalmaks city would be ruined,  
Better find a house than be screwed.

**Standing up the Kalmakshah told Surghayil: You did not make Alpomish drunken, you have drunken a devil, because of the blood price of forty one warriors he would slash every living being not leaving a soul in the city.**

**When Alpomish was born from his mother who visited Shohimardon's spiritual teacher, who put him in his shirt, gave the name Hakimbek, pressed his five fingers on his right breast, due to the education and bringing up by Shaohimardon's spiritual teacher he would not burn in the fire, sword could not cut, if shot by a gun the bullet would not enter him, of these reasons the Kalmaks were not aware, they were astonished saying what a devil they have encountered.**

**Standing up Surkhayil sorcerer said: - you are a padshah, what yo do you have enough power. If you dig a dungeon on the hill Muna Murod, and if you take and put him in the dungeon, in the wet earth, he will survive five days,**

**ten days, one month, one year and will die corrupting. The Kalmak folks like this idea. They were digging the dungeon shouting and were said to be telling the following words:**

Fall not coming the flowers dry not,  
His dizziness passing, he may get.  
Quick, the dungeon should not be late,  
Whatever I say you, be aware, be quiet.  
Not resting an hour serve well, go on,  
Finish digging forty meters of dungeon.  
Old and young, all make an attempt,  
Don't take my words as a joke yet.  
Pull clay up, don't stay looking round,  
None stay as an official on the ground.  
Not saying old and young, try hard,  
His dizziness passing, kill all he might.  
Don't distract you attention to all sides,  
Dig up with faith, don't delay besides.  
Don't look around doing nothing here,  
What Kalmakshah says all are aware.  
With faith serve faithfully today,  
Officials keep pulling up the clay.  
Staring around all day do service,  
In their dreams to appear he seems.  
They keep getting information, get on,  
They'll put Hakimbek in the dungeon.  
They dug up forty meters deep dungeon,  
The clay pulled like a slope has grown.  
The Kalmaks finished digging the dungeon,  
The Kalmaks keep coming, grouping began.  
The Kalmakshah is standing with his troop,  
Before Alpomish they will come hoop.  
They were not able to move Alpomish,  
The Kalmaks made attempts not to miss.  
They were not strong enough, fools, folks,  
What would happen now, say the Kalmaks.  
Thus, the Kalmaks stood doubted,  
No matter how hard they tried they failed.  
How hard they tried move the Khan could not,  
Five - ten horses they brought.  
They harnessed the animals to each other

The Kalmaks thought them to drag farthe.  
They harnessed him to the horses,  
They whipped horses bitterly, yes.  
These horses made attempts hard,  
To drag no enough power they had.  
Pulling animals couldn't move him,  
Many Kalmaks stayed thinking dim.  
All preparations Kalmaks have made,  
Though hard they tried the horses failed.  
Many Kalmaks worried from fall,  
His drunkenness passing he'd kill all.  
What they did they kept speeding,  
To finish early they kept not sitting.  
Now a dead, who drunken lay is a devil,  
If he gets up who will survive from evil.  
Boychibor horse he rode was brought,  
Boychobor's tail was tied wrought.  
Around him the Kalmaks encircled,  
A bird called falcon sits on the weed,  
Boychibor as breed animal is clever,  
It's mind is much better than man's head.  
Seeing the situation of his owner,  
When he makes neighs its tears flood,  
God's will presents itself as such,  
Kalmaks blow whips raging blood.  
This creature started pulling off now,  
The dungeon is near, it has just done,  
The man consents what God does,  
The horse came, reached the dungeon.  
Seeing it the creature begins trembling,  
Many Kalmaks keep them encircling, bump,  
Holding swords they stand at the dungeon,  
They hit Chibor over the dungeon to jump.  
Bending dear creature threw itself,  
Pulling legs over the dungeon it passed,  
They slashed the tail of the horse,  
Cutting swiftly off the tail the sword slashed.  
Moving into the dungeon Alpomish fell,  
Drunken the dungeon bottom he reached, hell.  
Like dead he lay unconscious,  
He lost his mind and senses.

The Kalmaks put Alpomish in the dungeon,  
They caught Chibor as a captive, behold on.  
This Boychibor has done a good job,  
On another horse a servant mounted,  
As a captive they brought it to Kalmakshah,  
To see Boychibor the Kalmaks went.  
Encircling the horse a captive they made,  
It fell captive in Toychikhan's hand.  
Of his imprisoned bek the creature is aware,  
The horse bowed its neck down with fear.  
Though given grass, feeding it never ate,  
Boychibor the Kalmaks had tortured.  
They brought ninety botman<sup>16</sup> of chuyan log,  
Hang it on the neck of Boychjibor long.  
Gathering sixty botman metal, of course,  
They chained the legs of the horse.

Unable to go the creature remained,  
Now not moving the Kalmaks did it.  
This torture Chibor suffered, undergone,  
It is an animal got used to what was done.  
If not accustomed do what it could?  
It remained captive in such a state.  
This is how captive Boychibor was made.  
As a captive, still drunken he remained.  
The guards kept watching him, and,  
Their job Kalmaks'd finished.  
For some days he stayed in such a state,  
The bek's drunkenness passed late.  
He opened his eyes and stared a round,  
Himself in the dungeon he found.  
My fate is this, said tears on the ground.

**Having said these words on his state, crying in the dungeon, regretting what deeds he had done, seeing himself in the dungeon, Alpomish was said to be telling the following words:**

Allah made me a wanderer, I cry,  
I can't see either land nor sky.

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<sup>16</sup>Botman /botmon – a unit of weight measure equal from 2 to 12 pood. One pood is equal to 16 kg.

My dwelling was a dark dungeon,  
For long time I was Qunghirat's sultan.  
God created water and the world,  
Those happy days were gone, so was work.  
I doubt to get out the dungeon, so sorrow,  
Helpless I will die in a dungeon narrow.  
No one comes to visit me here,  
Am I dead or alive my kin unaware?  
I dwell under the earth they don't see,  
From Qunghirat no one comes me to see.  
No one asks "how are you?"  
My parents are unaware of my state,  
I'm dead or alive they are unaware,  
If I want to fly out I've no wings, bad,  
To get out my God allows not,  
I'm helpless nobody has known me yet.  
With luckless fate the Kalmaks I faced,  
These Kalmaks made me suffer a lot,  
Being drunk I deserved the dungeon,  
Of my state my country is aware not.  
My sweet soul suffers in this body, why?  
I was ashamed being god's man to pray,  
I would die in the dungeon with luckless fate,  
Being unaware I had feasted in this land.  
Over-boasting arrogant I had been,  
I had encountered a rascal magician.  
Whatever she said I consented,  
To her settlement together I went.  
Of her cunning unaware I lost my senses, then,  
Having drunk vodka and wine I fell drunken.  
These accursed did what they wanted,  
They had given me sleeping pills, hid it.  
The Kalmaks might have killed my warriors,  
They might have done me many worries,  
Unable to kill they might have chocked, did wrong,  
At last they had me brought, put in this dungeon.  
My dwelling was this dark cell, I remorse,  
The Kalmaks made my state worse.  
Thus, they killed the sultan like me,  
My power could fit nobody, so pity.  
My throne and crown were left ownerless,

The land I grew was destructed, powerless.  
My troops might be scorpions-snakes,  
The food I ate became poisonous cakes.  
That was the fate of mine, no pleasure.  
My labor was beyond measure,  
I have not companion to talk, see,  
Hadn't my talk I made destroyed me?  
In this dungeon my body will be distorted,  
In the dungeon, poor me, I'd be tortured.  
My relatives are yearning for me, right,  
This deed was ruled by Almighty god,  
Bek Alpomish remained in the narrow dungeon, dim,  
From time to time the dungeon guard visited him.  
In any case the Kalmaks would be happy,  
This Surkhayil was a master of her job, pretty,  
Now all Kalmaks'd become quieted,  
Of his death all folks were acquainted.  
Among folks he was announced dead,  
The gossip would reach Qunghirat land.  
In each place people would talk anew,  
Whether it is right or wrong no one knew.  
There was nobody who might be asked,  
The news of misfortune would be reached.  
Those who heard would be in doubt,  
We don't know what would turn out.  
This gossip went around, disappeared not,  
Each other the relatives were asking a lot.  
Though asked they didn't know the truth,  
This would reach to Boybury's ears.  
He would go, run asking on the spot,  
The folks answered they knew not.  
He got shocked and was at a loss,  
He told the secret to Boybucha first.  
It became known among the folks,  
Boybucha woke up, wept from shocks.  
He wanted Barchinoy not to know it,  
I don't know what would become of it.  
Each night both think of it tried,  
Who knew they had died.  
Nobody knew it had spread among folks,  
This word would live on folks' lips.

Barchin found out this news some day,  
Of her secrets to Qaldirghoch she'd say.  
Barchin kept asking women, near  
When asked his death became clear.

**Having heard of him to have died Barchin was not aware of it, she asked nobody for the truth, did not let others know her secrets, all wept over their conditions. Barchin was said to be telling the following words:**

Heating my soul in separation's fire,  
I can't go asking about my brave entire.  
Of separation I am weeping blood,  
The news came he had died.  
To Kashal land after my father he went,  
I knew not clearly that my sultan had left,  
He was spoken by people among folks now,  
The gossip was disseminated among folks, so.  
Initially my brave had passed away,  
He might be spoken by folks in this way.  
In what state he is I'm not aware.  
I am weeping, sadly saying my knight,  
He was gone alive in this journey's sight.  
Day and night I am weeping helpless,  
His wealth and power are ownerless.  
His parents left here yelling wow,  
Nobody could go seeking the bek, so.  
My knight might have died there, poor,  
Who should I cry revealing my grieves, more.  
Bek Alpomish died, all became unfortunate,  
He was in the farthest land, can't reach on foot.  
Who goes to find out what really happened,  
Paying no attention we have merrily played.  
We have fallen in the mud of grief,  
Many might be happy and gay.  
A lot have their queue come near,  
Of his death the slaves clearly knew.  
For this reason they became arrogant,  
Having arrived Kashal such a brave died,  
His wealth might be lost, they have cried.

Not knowing the truth, Barichinoy said those words, several months, long time had passed. It was rumored several times that they had gone to Kashal land and had died there. Finally the relatives clearly found out his death, no longer hoped for his return, wept, wore black, and started mourning. A year had gone with mourn, a year plow offering was held, then their mourning ended.

Boybury had a son named Ultontoz from the servant maiden named Bodom. While Alpomish was here nobody treated him with respect saying that he was borne from a slave maiden. He resided with slaves. He would make orders and boast sometimes for taking care of herds of thin mares. Even though he was not treated well the servants would respect him saying that he was Boybury's son.

Having gone to Kashal Alpomish passed away. The next turn reached to Ultontoz. Ultontoz was said to make an official service when Alpomish was alive. Seeing Qorajon it was said: "if such a gigantic man resides among folks he will step on and trample people under his feet". So he was ousted from the town, separated from folks, sent to the settlement called Alatogh. Qorajon also submitted to his fate and lived on Olatogh. It was rumored that Bektemir boyvachcha (richman) had gone with Alpomish and forty lads and had passed away too and now all became subordinated to Ultontoz. Qaldirghochoyim was also left in the hand of Ultontoz. Ultontoz ordered Qldirghochoyim to go to the Bobir lake and to shepherd camels there. He was thinking that "now Barchin also belongs to your humble man, both will marry me to".

Long time passed after Alpomish had gone, he was forgotten by everybody. Even he was said alive no one would believe. When Alpomish left Barchin was suspected pregnant and she gave birth to a son, he was named Yodgor (memory) to replace Alpomish. Thus, a long time was gone. Having her son seated in her hands Barchin was said to be telling these words to calm down herself:

If dies not my Yodgor son grows man,  
If healthily my son became a man.  
Of Boybury's heart the greaves be gone,  
His father's position takes Yodgorjon.  
His father's land my lamb Yodgor'll man,  
Foes who are opposing he will torture, then.  
His father'd been a brave man, bold,  
He would be a brave man too, untold.  
He would manage father's land thus,  
Then from my soul gone be grieves.  
Today's leaders are servants and slaves,



Today the will is yielded in the breadless.  
Should the best beauties be treated poorly?  
In the land officials suffer from salves feebly.  
He has the power, what he says it's his will,  
This villain dares to do anything with his will.  
Though a slave the accursed owns ruler's stamp,  
No one can compete with his evil needs, hump.  
The beauties are made servants and slaves,  
On the Bobir lake the moon Qaldirghoch grieves.  
By shepherding camels she might be suffering,  
When I recall tears from my eyes run flooding.  
By grieving she has become helpless, poor,  
Yet the orphan Yodgor is still young, my dear.  
I wish my dear son Yodgor grew a well matured man,  
When he sees foe slaves he'll have them suffering stand.  
He knows what his mother has in her soul and mind,  
Those who are foes here will find their death, remind.  
Barchin has encouraged her soul thus,  
She has said much her soul to smooth.  
What god does man consents, says hi,  
The beauty weeps and laughs by and by.  
Yodgor also seemed to have learnt walking,  
From Bobir lake Qaldirghoch comes striding.  
Arriving she goes straight to see Yodgor,  
Going round Yodgor, caressing him more:  
- My heart, suffered much, was alienated,  
My lamp who to replaced my brother remained.  
These words Qaldirghochoy is saying,  
She embraces Yodgor, caressing.  
More happy Qaldirghochoy is becoming,  
On camel back Qaldirghochoy left riding.  
On steppe by and by on camel, they walk,  
She was treading towards the Bobir lake.  
Saying God she was sobbing to the creator,  
Her wishes only from Allah she asked, better.  
It seems as if bek Alpomish is coming,  
This calms and soothes Yodgor by naming.  
On the Bobir lake camels she is shepherding,  
With Yodgor they will be together dwelling.  
From time to time she makes him try talking,  
Yodgor is a child who started just speaking,

Seeing him speak happier she is making.

**Meanwhile they were leading their life. So much time, some years had passed by. Alpomish was still staying in the dungeon. When he stared up a duck was flying over the dungeon hole. Looking at the duck Alpomish is telling the following words:**

Hey, creature, did you come from Qunghirat land,  
Like Humo bird on me you are making a shade.  
You visited to see me in the dungeon, narrow,  
From the relatives you came as an envoy.  
In the dungeon this bek's head was lost,  
If I sigh tears of my eyes would pour most.  
May Podishah's affairs be cursed, god!  
Upside down turned the tricky world.  
Round the dungeon heaven's bird encircled,  
Nobody has been aware of my inquiry yet.  
In the dungeon I was alienated, poor,  
In my body my sweet soul would suffer.  
In the past I had enjoyed living a life, free,  
The brave like me in the dungeon you'll see.  
Over the dungeon you encircle the same,  
I'm unaware from what land you came.  
Why you encircled you know yourself,  
Many long periods passed by me, help.  
For the past deeds regret I'm feeling,  
Regretting would not help me, I think.  
Like Josef I was not saved from dungeon,  
Round the dungeon you are flying, go on.  
Are you healthy or wounded by evil, came back?  
Several words he asked from the young duck,  
To speak the duck had no tongue,  
The wealthy khan stared so long.  
He saw alone duck on the dungeon, luck'  
Encircling near came the duck.  
Seeing this Hakim became glad, came back,  
Coming up in threw itself the duck,

**Then he held the duck to examine, one leg of the duck was broken, one of its wings was wounded; it was shot, became weak and fell in the dungeon.**

**Standing up Hakinbek said: When I was in my own land, was walking on the Bobir lake this duck encountered me safe and sound. Since I am in the dungeon being a half man, this duck encountered me in this state. For several days he had talks with this duck, the duck wounds healed, it could fly up, he said: you would take a notice about my deadness and aliveness to my land so I scribed a letter of my state of affairs and tied the letter to around the wing of the duck, and looking at the duck he is instructing it the following words and deeds:**

I have a gold belt tied around my waist,  
May my god forgive my mistake, haste.  
In Qunghirat land I have a father Boybury,  
For sure, my message to my father carry.  
I have grieves in my heart I'm weeping,  
In the destructed land I have a dwelling.  
In Qunghirat land I've mother who fed me,  
For sure, carry my message to my mother, see.  
For several years I'd played a drum in my land,  
A beauty like Barchinoy became a widow, sad.  
Take my letter to my beloved, lonely duck,  
When one sighs oh-h tears run flood-like.  
With an oppressor, don't make a friend,  
I have a sister who breast milk shared.  
She cries saying "hala" on the Bobir lake,  
Take my message to my sister, lonely duck.  
I've a lot of words to tell you, said,  
A sad sky oppresses on my head.  
Wherever I went, death I met,  
Drying I've a flower bloomed red.  
I've a son orphan named Yodgor, born,  
Doubtless, take my message to my son.  
Of grieves my flowering face paled,  
A lot are unaware of their states, yelled.  
On Olatogh I've a friend, bold Qorajon,  
Certainly, take my message to my friend now.  
What I can do my heart and soul ruined,  
Being unable to carry my head broke, sinned.  
First to Ulton who is the owner of the land,  
Of course, take my message to my brother, send.  
Listen to my woes, my dear creature, support,  
The sad fate added poison in food.

To my kith and kin in Qunghirat land,  
For sure, take my message to my kin, send.  
These words the brave like me is telling,  
It is a pity in this dungeon I am suffering.  
Sleep days and fly at nights, dear creature,  
Take my message safely to Boysun, measure.  
May a falcon not see you on the way,  
May a falcon claw you not, seeing, hey.  
May hunter birds not see you walk too?  
Walk at night for a falcon not to see you.  
May bek's letter be not written in vain,  
Be careful, birds gathering cause you no pain.  
Do service, take my letter to Boysun,  
These words he tells to the duck, soon.  
Only the duck knows bek's words might,  
This creature stands up, takes a flight.  
It's leave took Alpomish's postman, trained,  
In the dungeon the bek Alpomish remained.  
This lonely duck flew to the sky high,  
Staying in the narrow dungeon he'd pray.  
This is how Alpomish treats the bird,  
It carries bek's message flying stirred.  
It departed to Qunghirat land,  
Sleeping on days, it flew at night.  
On days it speeded, at nights it rested,  
Several mountains the bird had passed,  
For fourteen days it had flown,  
To Shakaman mount neared down.  
Hurrying duck's wings were tired,  
Watching right and left it flied.  
This lonely duck was careful, hasted,  
Sat on Shakaman mount exhausted,  
Quack-quacking the duck started it.

**Looking at his mom the hunter boy was said to be telling the following words:**

From this land my image would not pass,  
Much regret I would have in my soul, mass.  
To Shakaman mount came my foe,  
Mom, give me my bow and arrow.

Let me go to Shakamant mount alone, sick.  
The duck's meat heals the stomach ache.  
While I'm alive let me make an attempt,  
Let me go to Shakamant mount alone, tempted.  
Let me shoot a lonely duck too,  
Mom, give me my bow and arrow.  
I would suffer much from this foe,  
If I'm late I would be left unaware.  
If I miss the duck I am sure to die,  
If I go now to shoot it I shall try.  
I shouldn't be late to go to the mount alone,  
May God this lonely duck me bestow on.  
Let me go and bring it killed alone,  
Mom, give me my bow and arrow.  
Don't upset your grieving son like me,  
This lonely duck dried up my sole flower.  
Be not late, get up my dear mom, do,  
Mom, give me my bow and arrow.  
Were you late the duck takes flight,  
May death reach and seize it.  
May your son not die with this plight?  
Be not late, the duck may take flight.  
Let me go hiding, it shouldn't see my trick,  
In any case it shouldn't notice my track.  
May this duck not survive, passed,  
The day early should not be missed,  
Mom, give me my bow and arrow.

**Having heard these words the old woman was said to be telling also the following words:**

The podisha's messengers go here and there,  
The messengers are said to have interpreters, sure.  
This lonely duck is Alpomish's postman,  
Let it go, the postman is free from death, my son.  
Till death an alive slave would not rest,  
The bek who was captured she respected.  
Such a bek this duck would respect,  
It carries the letter to the Bobir lake.  
May your flower not dry up of cursing?  
May bek's messenger not die of seizing.

May bek's message be not carried in vain,  
 Let it go, don't kill the messenger, my child.  
 My dear, don't let it know what we are unaware,  
 Don't make my friends weep, my foes laugh, hear.  
 It is carrying the letter to Qldirghoch, luck,  
 In any case don't kill the lonely duck.  
 You are a Muslim, don't act in such a way,  
 Don't be a foe to bek's messenger, aware.  
 The duck carrying the letter, don't pain,  
 Don't be a fool for nothing, in vain.  
 From there the flying bird had flown back,  
 Coming in the narrow dungeon saw the bek.  
 His kith and kin the bek might include the letter,  
 Many words he might have in the message, better.  
 It sat flying here its wings being exhausted,  
 What would happen when you had shot it.  
 Saying these word the woman persuaded her son,  
 Several words she might say from supposition.  
 May you live long, not die, my dear son,  
 Give up your idea, don't kill it, come on.  
 Don't shoot the postman, my dear child,  
 You shouldn't consider your effort kind.  
 Don't be sick too much for duck meat,  
 Don't take this word close to your heart.  
 Do goodness, give up evildoing, for luck,  
 Give it up, don't go to a lonely duck.

**Havinbg heard these words and looking at the woman her son was said to be telling the following words:**

You cause doubt to your son like me,  
 You defend the lonely duck, see,  
 You will die without faith, if so.  
 If you sigh it is the tear you shed,  
 Should you enjoy, when met?  
 Is this lonely duck your lovely friend?  
 Cause suspicion to your son like me,  
 In the fire of separation you put me,  
 The donkey baying at their back,  
 Saying these words he becomes angry.  
 From his place woman's son'd stand,

Holds the bow and feathered arrow,  
Off towards duck woman's son'd depart,  
Along the path he goes and walks hiding,  
The duck is too clever and tricky apart.  
My coming it should not know,  
My going it should see never.  
It should die, never survive, hear.  
Thinking of this the duck he comes near,  
Whom the grieved slave tells his grief, here.  
His soul is torn by separation,  
He could go hiding by sensation.  
Suspiciously he watches by and by,  
In any case to aim the duck he'd try.  
Bending, sliding he keeps going reared,  
At that moment to the duck he neared.  
The foe's approach the duck sensed not,  
Being tired no attention it paid on the spot.  
Hiding the duck saw no man around,

**Seeing that his son has left, the woman was said to be telling the duck the following words:**

May mountain snow melt, let it melt,  
Let under the ground foe's body bend.  
Don't quack, be your quacking cursed,  
Don't be late, fly up into the sky, haste!  
Your eyes fell not on the coming foe,  
You don't sense you he would fire.  
Bringing your meat he'll barbecue,  
He came hiding, at once shoot you.  
Now striking he will kill you, fly,  
Don't be late, fly up into the sky.  
Resting there long why do you stay,  
If you stay regretting you'll die.  
You have a duty for the message, hey,  
What will you answer on doomsday?  
You will be sinful for nothing at all,  
In any case don't lose your sense to hell.  
Up fly up, don't delay long, see,  
Don't upset the woman like me.  
Saying to Alpomish a faith I had,

To return my son attempts I made.  
My son would consent never,  
If he fires I will not endure.  
As your foe my son has come,  
For you this is my advice, some.  
These words a sad woman tells,  
Woman's son Qulaygholib reaches.  
So tightly the bow he drew,  
Like a light the arrow flew.  
At that time it almost reached the duck,  
Up the sky the duck took flight, luck.  
By the arrow the duck passed safe,  
There became worse his pain itself.  
Seeing it the woman went back,  
Into the sky the duck flew quack.  
Woman's son might fall ill, poor,  
Shoot this duck he could not, near.  
On the ground he remained ill,  
The duck reached the cloud level.  
It flew targeting Qunghirat's land,  
Flying on the sky high it went.  
Fearing from many swift birds,  
Glanced watching at all sides.  
From feathers sweat was running,  
On the sky it swiftly flew urging.  
To reach Qunghirat land it stared,  
Passing many mounts flying it kept.  
Now almost it reached Qunghirat land,  
It looked down the earth turning round.  
It saw the Bobir lake shining bright,  
Among the camels it sat down right.

**Reaching the pasture where Qaldirghoch was shepherding the camel herds the duck flew down in the herd and was pecking seeds. Unaware of this Qldirghochoyim was leading Yodgor by the hand and pushing the camels back she was said to be telling the following words:**

First we're made happy by creator,  
At the end we became a wanderer.  
I adore your name my Almighty God,  
I'm deprived of father, brother, my lot.



Both of us are alien in the steppe, Yodgor,  
From luckless fate I'm weeping for god, for...  
Qunghirats' shah pine fell down,  
Who asked our state of affairs, moan?  
In the desert two aliens walked weeping,  
My lamp who would my brother be swopping.  
We both are alien in the steppe, Yodgorjon,  
God willed it we had wandered thus.  
Of silver the steed' ring is made,  
Of gold helmets' collar is made.  
Should your father be an owner of the land?  
You would rather be a ruler of the Motherland.  
Here his houses were destroyed,  
Here as an alien resided his child.  
Over my head the dark cloud did go,  
A tricky fate gave us no peace, no,  
We both are alien in the steppe, Yodgorjon  
We both look down with sorrow, my son.  
From this land my brother disappeared alive,  
By and by I recalled him dividing my hair into five.  
On the deserts we both look poor with fears,  
On the desert no one asks my state of affairs.  
In Qunghirat land leadership nobody takes,  
Our where about no Muslim ever asks.  
Is nobody aware of the souls of those poor like us,  
We are weeping being unable to do anything thus.  
Weeping would not help us, do nothing,  
Being a poor woman what I can't do anything.  
Yodgorjon is an orphan what he can do,  
Two aliens weep wandering up and down.  
How they do their living on the desert,  
May a steppe wolf appear, be alert.  
Winding of the path would be dangerous,  
With forty thousand camels he was generous.  
There brave's house had been destroyed,  
Orphan Yodgor, son of a bold man was a child.  
His poor aunt is leading him by hand,  
They would be leaders to each other, grand.  
They asked each others where about,  
Some days they wept on the steppe ou.  
Some days she encouraged Yodgor hardly.

Pushing camels back they'd come sadly.

**Having pushed the camels back Qaldirghochoyim came up to the duck, the duck took flight high into the sky, with God's might the letter fell down tearing out. When she read it turned out to be a letter of his uncle who had been rumored dead several times. The letter reads as such: " In Kashal land, in the dungeon, in loneliness I had nobody to visit me. Seeing this Qaldirghochoyim was said to be telling the following words:**

In this body my sweet soul has suffered,  
I'm a believer I should not be ashamed.  
My kind one was said alive in the dungeon,  
He had not died; alive is my brother, go on.  
He wrote of his loneliness in the letter,  
From gossip he found out about Yodgor.  
A duck came here having visited him,  
Of his loneliness he sent a message dim.  
From the folks he expected help, better,  
Remembering all he wrote in the letter.  
My brother's existence became known,  
She is weeping for Yodgor aware grown.  
What she said she made the pupil of her eyes,  
Those who had died were the warriors.  
In the dungeon of it my brother learned,  
Much torture he alone had suffered.  
My brother did not die, he is safe and sound,  
He learned he had been kept under the ground.  
I'm not aware who would dare so far to go,  
I'm a woman to such a far land I can't go.  
If I think my Yodgor is too young for the job,  
If no one comes like a lion to see us, I'll sob.  
He has no kin brother there him to support,  
If nobody can be strong enough this to afford.  
Saying these words a long thinking she did,  
This is the letter of your father, she said,  
At that time she let Yodgor be aware of it.

**Having Yodgor known it, leaving him near the camels she did thinking. If the distance is sixteen months road, if he is in Kalmak land, if he is in the hand of the foe, if any man can go there, seeking him it would be Qorajon, or**

**else nobody can go seeking him. She took her road towards Olatogh, to Qorajon's residence, on the way she was said to be telling the following words:**

Yodgor, stay here , don't be unhappy,  
Don't weep till I come back, puppy.  
You father has a friend named Qorajon,  
I must go and give him notice of it, son.  
Let these rascal slaves not know my visit,  
Please, stay here till I come back, dearest.  
Qorajon might be also upset from sorrow,  
He must be grieving of his friend's woe.  
He might have suffered from these slaves,  
I'm going to make Qorajon happy of braves.  
In any case I must go and see what's what.  
Saying these words Qaldirghochoy set off.  
She is hurrying up to Olatogh mission,  
She looked around with suspicion.

My departure the slaves should not see, no fun,  
Having seen they should not inform Ultozkhan.  
Of my journey my friends and foes know nothing,  
Saying these words such a poor woman is going.  
If the slaves notice my journey they will kill me,  
Whatever happens the rascals have their will, see.  
I will not be able to be equal to their dealing,  
I must keep going by hiding and concealing.  
Qaldirghochoy is going forward, thus,  
How she knows what palace Qorajon stays.  
To ask from somebody how shy she feels.  
She goes passing following anybody, no break,  
There is Olatogh mount above the Bobir lake.  
She is now reaching the Olatogh mount,  
Qorajon's settlement she sees on the ground.  
Arriving there Qaldirghochoy stopped, sighed.

**Thus, at that moment, coming out of his house, seeing Qaldirghoch, Qorajon was said to be telling the following words:**

Fall not coming yet, garden flowers won't dry,  
May Allah not take my mind and sense, not cry.  
May rascal slaves not know your visit,

If they know they will spread all round it.  
Make friends weep, make foes laugh too,  
If rascal slaves find out they will kill you.  
Why did you come here, humble maiden?  
If you groan no one listens to your moan.  
With oppression both eyes they will tear,  
If rascals find out you they won't spare.  
If they see you they will push you away,  
Slash a bitter whip on your body, no way.  
Cutting your head off, hang you,  
Break your bones into pieces too.  
Such poor as you might pass away,  
Why did you come, humble, this day.  
Listen to what I am saying, friends,  
You can't escape death God sends.  
Don't you fear slaves' oppression?  
You start shedding tears as I mention.  
The slaves would kill you, why you came,  
You make your silly soul care not, no fame.  
You have grieves you do a silly deed,  
Why are you coming to my house lid?  
If slaves see you will die, for sure,  
The cunning fate your problem won't spare.  
To save you no brother you have here  
Qorajon is an alien, he can not help, dear.  
Of your visit these rascals mustn't be aware.  
If your brother Bek Alpomish were here.  
At this moment Ultantoz is cruel for each,  
Nobody can stand against him or preach.  
If you know Ultantoz has a government stamp.  
Though Ultantoz is not your leader, not camp.  
Old and young speak his words and deeds,  
Thus the foes will kill you, that's all he needs.  
You came in vain to this land, poor,  
Listen to my words of Qorajon, sure.  
I'm an alien I can not do anything at hand,  
Don't be separated from your own land.  
You must go back the road you have come,  
You considered me a friend for yourself some.  
As before you came to me as to your brother,  
My sad sister you have been kind to me rather.

You came here to see my brother for survival,  
The rascal slaves should no know your arrival.

**Hearing these words from Qorajon, and weeping she was said to be telling the following words looking at Qorajon:**

Making my body suffer much from foes,  
Alien life has tortured my bones and souls.  
On grievous days my creator has been kind,  
Listen to my words, my brother Qorajon hind  
Being in an alien country my life dried up too,  
My dear brother, I have a message to tell you.  
A letter was brought by a duck, I saw,  
I'm weeping I can't endure any more.  
Father was said alive in Kashal land, go on,  
He might be dwelling safe in the dungeon.  
Remembering he has sent a letter, so,  
He made the duck a messenger to go.  
To see my friend who was left on Olatogh<sup>17</sup>,  
Read this letter, do it thorough,  
To serve as best as he can is his duty,  
My sweet soul is suffering in this body.  
My milk sharer is alive in the dungeon,  
If he came the foes would be ashamed, gone.  
He would cause the doomsday to foes,  
Let me tell you, my brother, a few words.  
The word friend is God's name, Qorajan,  
I want you go seeking your brother, khan.  
If you have him released from the dungeon,  
I wish the foes be destructed to the earth, gone.  
To serve as best as he can, no wordy,  
My sweet soul is suffering in this body.  
My milk sharer is alive in the dungeon,  
If he came the foes would be ashamed on.  
He would cause the doomsday to foes,  
Let me tell you, my brother, a few words.  
The word friend is God's name, Qorajon,  
I want you to go seeking your brother, khan.  
If you have him released from the dungeon,

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<sup>17</sup> Olatogh – the name of an epic mountain

I wish the foes be destructed to the earth, mourn.  
I wish you would do this service, Qorajon,  
You are also my brother, kind, forlorn.  
This job would not be difficult for us,  
Since you are alive, my brother be not left there,  
Utontoz should not know your journey rather,  
The word friend is God's name, my bek brother.  
Why should you ask his blessings to go,  
Why shouldn't you do your best to me, so.  
My dear brother, do your best to serve,  
You'd rather go to Kashal land, move.  
Nobody except you could go there, none,  
He who goes might not see their dungeon.  
He who goes might not know that place,  
Who knows if he asks he won't return safe.  
Anybody can't go and cope with the job well,  
My kind brother, if you go you won't fail.  
My God made me lose my head, be shocked,  
In any case go, bring here my milk sharer, look at.  
You are a ruler of your own land you live in,  
You must fulfill this errand without a pain.  
Whatever happens accept it as God's will,  
In any case you must go to Kashal land still.  
Till we die we will be truthful for our Creator,  
Now we've become less valued worse than predator.  
Promising to God you have become friends, later.

**Having heard these words, Qorajon said that if the letter arrived give it to me and go back, the salves should not know your visit. Qorajon got the letter. Qorajon is an illiterate he can not know what is written in the letter. Saying that it is just a letter that came here, tied it at his waist belt. "If he is in the dungeon I'll take a rope and pull him out of the dungeon, he put on his hat and he started going towards Kalmak land, talking to himself:**

A bird named falcon sits on a weed, no word,  
What exists one sees, bears in this mortal world.  
He had departed walking on foot,  
His anger rising more than ever, moot.  
To Kalmak land Qorajon was going,  
Laboring he grieved much, wowing.  
Whatever God does man agrees,

Saying Allah he was walking to release.  
What might happen relates it to his destiny,  
Bek Qorajon covers the road in a hurry.  
He was going seeking his bek friend anyway,  
Though I suffer I should cover a long way.  
Where he is I must ask to find him,  
He is going to see his friend at dim.  
On the mounts coming across spring,  
Drinking water he was going resting.  
Qorajon was going passing the peaks,  
He was going passing many deserts.  
To reach he was going in a hurry on hill,  
Whatever happens it is creator's will.  
Saying my friend he served on the road,

Saying my friend he served on the road,  
He suffered from going on foot load.

Bek Qorajon was going his soul distracting,  
"To see sites I used to climb the mountain.

Having hounds run I used to look and grip,  
Having a hawk hunt, waved my gold whip.  
With many beks I used to drink wine,  
To award I used to throw a gold-coin.  
Ordering I used to embrace girls,  
I used to have much respect, pearls.  
My fate was a reason, it is my lottery,  
I didn't eat sugar saying it is bitter.  
Saying it is dusty I didn't lay a wool rug,  
My arrogance brought me to the dead hug.  
Now I'm a beggar for a piece of bread dose,  
I'm going for a long distance sighing woes.  
Waking I am going seeking my friend,  
Passing on hills and waterless deserts, alone.  
For the deed of Allah he had assented,  
He was going seeking his bek friend.  
Alp Qorajon many targets had covered,  
To Kalmak land had reached, neared.  
Passing long roads he looked round with fever.  
From a long distance he saw Murod Tapa,

Seeing the places he had grown he passed,  
He saw the places where he had plaid, massed.  
The Tuqayiston lakes he had seen,  
Seeing on the Kashal cave he had been,  
He wasn't aware of Alpomish's dungeon, pity,  
Saying, it must be somewhere in the city.  
Thus, this city of Kalmakshah he entered,  
Nobody knew that Qorajon had centered.  
He could not ask others for it's foe's land,  
With curved qalpoq he looked around.  
On each street he walked out in vain,  
To ask others he felt shy and shame,  
His friend's dungeon he'd never stained.

**Wandering on each street, being shy to ask, unaware of it himself Qorajon walked fearing from everybody. On one street four-five kids are playing knuckle-bones. One of the boys is seizing other's knuckle-bones by force, That boy says: "Loneliness is such a fate that bit and seized my knuckle –bone. For several years Qunghirat's khan has been living in the dungeon. If he has a elder or young brother he would come to visit him even though his head is cut off". These words Qorajon heard from a lad. He got his knuckle – bone from boys and gave him back. He asked the boy:**

**My son, you said Alpomish where his dungeon is. The boy said: granddad, we can not tell Alpomish's dungeon. Our shah Kalmakshah has passed a decree that he who utters Alpomish's dungeon shall be killed, his wealth shall be confiscated. For this reason we can not tell. In that case whisper me slowly. The boy said if I say in a low voice if you go to Chilbir chul, there is a hill called Murod Tapa, when you reach the hill there is another hill like Murod Tapa. If you climb the new hill and look around on the lower part there is a deep dungeon like graveyard. Hearing these words Qorajon left Kalmak city. He went towards Chilbir steppe. He reached Murod Tapa hill he used to climb. When he looked there is a new hill. He climbed up to the top of the hill and looked around. In the lower side there is a deep dungeon. No matter how attentively he looked in he could not see Alpomish. But laying in the dungeon Alpomish noticed Qorajon. He didn't know it was Qorajon. The man who was wearing ninety botman of shield is seen like a crow. This might be Kalmakshoh's spies. Saying he should not think Alpomish had so much low spirited, he was said to be telling the following words to Qorajon:**

The dungeon keepers visit me, save Allah,



My words you will inform to your Shah.  
I'm Alpomish, a brave whom Allah bestowed,  
For boldness to lay in this dungeon I'm doomed.  
If I come out, and saved from this dungeon,  
To Toyshikhan's land I shall cause destruction.  
If you are a spy go and tell your shah, again.  
A man like me was imprisoned in the dungeon.  
Kalmaks imposed their power on us then,  
If Allah saves me from this dungeon,  
I shall chop all Kalmaks leaving none,  
If you are a spy go and tell your shah again.  
You came up the dungeon, shadowing,  
You became aware of my alien doing.  
By and by you visited me going around packs.  
Whatnot deeds you caused me, Kalmaks.  
Now imprisoned I am groaning wows me to free,  
What is written in my fate I'll live up to see?  
What I haven't seen you I'll impose on,  
If I come out saved from this dungeon.  
I shall slash all leaving not a single soul,  
If you are a spy go and tell your shah, mole.  
I am lying in a narrow dungeon suffering,  
Glancing I looked out at you, hampering.  
My fate is tearing my breast out again and again,  
I don't know how my life will pass in the dungeon.  
Whatnot tortures Kalmaks have caused me,  
My settlement is a dark dungeon, you see.  
Allah will save me from this dungeon, finally,  
I've got used to the tortures of Kalmaks daily.  
Not consenting what I could growl,  
I'm telling what I have in my soul.  
If you are a spy go and tell your shah, see.  
Tell him the words of a captive like me.  
With a blow I shall tear both eyes of the elative,  
I shall make his sons and daughters my captive.  
Wherever he escapes him I shall catch,  
I'll fire the elders like cannon balls match.  
I shall leave the city as empty as possible, see,  
Girls and maidens I shall drive out with me.  
Making them slaves to Kazakhs I shall sell,  
If you are a spy go and tell your shah, devil.

**Having heard these words, his soul weeping, tears running from his eyes, his heart breaking into pieces Qorajon thought that my friend is bold, he hasn't been low spirited yet, introducing himself, he was said to be telling the following words:**

The sad slaves are sighing wow,  
Where is a spy in this shadow.  
Promising with Allah's name still,  
He who's befriended on this hill.  
He who won in the horse race hood,  
He who served as best as he could.  
He who punished foes severely, those.  
He who made Olatogh his house,  
He who won the nine prizes at once, grand  
He who caused weeping to Kalmak land,  
I'm Alp Qorajon, your friend myself,  
A duck carried me a message for help.  
Seeing it I could not tolerate, but found,  
In the dungeon, I saw you safe and sound.  
Much misfortune was on my head,  
I was left helpless, my friend,  
He who always served you, due,  
He who walked long seeking you.  
He who experienced road hardships,  
Seeing you haplessness has left, mad-chips.  
Your friend is alp Qorajon myself,  
You said I am a scouting spy, help.  
You might have ashamed me some,  
My bek friend, dungeon is your home.  
Don't be suspicious like stool pigeon,  
He who came seeking is alp Qorajon.  
I'm happy with you, my friend,  
I'll drop rope till the dungeon end.  
Tying round my waist, pull you out,  
Together we'll journey about.  
At you Barchinoy is looking as a dove,  
If you go you'll enjoy life with love.  
To see you all are looking forward,  
Beauty Qaldirghoch's head is bowed.  
The foes are squadron by squadron,  
Your parents grow heart-broken.

If you see, my friend, with your own eyes,  
Seeking you I've covered a long distance.  
For you I've bailed my head still,  
If Kalmaks see me they'll kill.  
Putting my life in jeopardy I came here,  
For I have respected you very much, dear.  
If we go back together, good luck, friend,  
We must go together to Qunghirat land.  
See your land, good or bad, no pain,  
Have you married your beloved again.  
Enjoy your life with your beloved,  
Make your land prosper above it.  
This is what I want to say to you,  
Let your flower blossom too.  
So do your servants and slaves,  
Each your folk who here craves.  
Your Barchin flower makes you know not,  
If you go back you will enjoy life again hot.  
Let's go together with us, my friend,  
Arriving, see your land thus, my friend.  
Let me drop a rope, don't feel suspected,  
Don't remember it as hard as I expected.  
Don't accept me for a traitor or agent,  
Let's go together with us, my friend.  
To Qunghirat if we go together,  
From foes if you gain respect, better.  
For our folks if we be a leader.

**Having heard these words he sensed that this was Qorajon. Alpomish thought why he came, what energy and power had he to pull me out of the dungeon. Qorajon dropped the silk rope into the dungeon, Alpomish tied it around his waist, Qorajon pulled with all his might, when he saw that he had enough energy to pull him. Alpomish stood up and said: Perhaps he may pull me out of the dungeon. He would pull me out of the dungeon and bring home, there might be feasting in the land, when I'd be boasting he would make me a remark saying and laughing at me: "you are a man to corrupt in the dungeon, it is this your humble who had saved you from the misfortune», and turning his back he resisted against the rope, alp Qorajon pulled with all his might, the silk rope ripped off, Alpomish fell back into the dungeon. Qorajon, thinking that the rope has ripped off he tied the rope tips and started**

**dropping it again. Meanwhile, looking at Qorajon, Alpomish was said to be telling the following words:**

Humans in peace Allah saves,  
God is merciful to alien slaves.  
I doubt if I go out or not out of the dungeon,  
Go your way I am pleased with you, Qorajon.  
Almighty god made me a wanderer, see,  
Don't regret for coming to seek me.  
May Kalmak foes not see you in this region.  
Go your way I am pleased with you, Qorajon,  
Don't stay idling round here long,  
May you see goodness, not wrong?  
Live long, not die for a long time,  
My friend, going your way isn't crime.  
If Kalmaks know they'll all come too,  
You are alone, they'll seize, tie you.  
Impose on you hard times ever seen,  
Then your affair would be worse, I mean.  
Kalmaks are a strong foe, a severe evil,  
You are alone, you can't do anything civil.  
Since your horse and arms you lost,  
A bold man is worse than a lass.  
If a troop comes what a man will do,  
You are alone, sadness will seize you.  
Not staying you would rather leave, go a way,  
Somebody from Kalmaks notice you may.  
He will inform Kalmakshah if he scents.  
It is a risky place his troop shah sends,  
They will kill you hewing into pieces,  
My sweet heart in my body deceases,  
Laying in the dungeon the words I'm saying,  
For sure, my bek friend, don't be ashamed being.  
Don't be left here with a luckless lot,  
Go your way, anything expect not,  
The so called Kalmaks are so angry evils,  
They would cause fear to your heart, devils.  
The sorcerers have put me in the dungeon,  
My friend, you would better go, don't hung on.  
Listen to your friend, to the words of mine,  
You've sacrificed yourself to your friend, fine.

Please, go to Boysun-Qunghirat land,  
Don't fall in vicious Kalmaks' hand.  
These Kalmaks teach you to what you're unaware,  
Stabbing they'll fill your heart with blood here.  
They make friends weep, the foes laugh too,  
Go back, if Kalmaks see, they'll kill you.  
In your time you have been a Heracles,  
You are aware these Kalmaks have weapons,  
What strength a man has without a weapon,  
Why need to die being arrogant like a serpent,  
Go back, , it is your will, my bek friend.

**Having heard these words from Alpomish, standing on the dungeon Qorajon was also said to be telling the following words:**

When I sigh woe, my tears will run flooding,  
My bek friend, is this from you I'm expecting?  
I see the bek like you here alive, my friend,  
How shamelessly I go back to Qunghirat land.  
If Oy Qaldirghoch runs up asking me,  
How can I answer, my bek friend, see.  
Is my friend like you a ruler of Qunghirat,  
How such words come to your mind on the spot?  
How could Qorajon discredit your honor, be a traitor?  
How could I make you a laughing stock by my failure?  
You think Qorajon is a traitor behind,  
Such thoughts came to your mind.  
Your trick you have thought has failed,  
Is it what I expect from you, my bek friend?  
Without freeing you where should I go?  
I'll see what is predestined in my fate so.  
If death reaches I'll die here too,  
Where shall I go leaving you?  
Kalmaks won't leave me in peace I know,  
I became a wanderer coming to seek you so.  
I've seen you, Qorajon won't go alone too,  
My bek friend, is this what I expected from you?  
All right, you let me go, to the folks I'll go,  
I'll see the old, young of your relatives, no foe.  
If all come up and ask me what I'll answer as due,  
My bek friend, is this what I expected from you?

Saying so, don't distract and divert me,  
Think well, don't make sad, see.  
Don't make this dungeon a homeland, later.  
If you are a brave, don't act like a traitor,  
Come on, my friend, be my companion?  
After I leave don't stay alone, my opinion.  
Don't be a delayer till the end,  
Come on, be my companion, my friend.

**Having heard these words, looking at Qorajon, Alpomish was said to be telling the following words:**

The cloud might cover the mount peak,  
My release is more doubtful than I speak.  
Qorajon, tell that Hakimbek died, plunged,  
Weeping blood I remain in the dungeon aged.  
You'd rather not see Kalmaks in this land-monger,  
Take you journey, not staying here any longer.  
If kith and kin run up to you weeping,  
Inform that Alpomish died creeping,  
Though I'm alive I'm dead in the dungeon,  
If you know I'm one of the dead, a danger one.  
If I don't die, I'll go released some day, aged one,  
If my days end I'll be left in this dungeon,  
Whatever happens I accept it as my fate,  
What God orders I submit not being late.  
God is a judge, the prophets - his assistants,  
In the battle field an injured horse fails as ants.  
Now Ulton was said to be a ruler of the land,  
You came onto the dungeon to seek me, grand.  
Listen to the meaning of my words too,  
May Kalmaks take revenge from you?  
Don't stand on the slope, on top of the hill,  
Taking a spy-glass Kalmaks see you will.  
If they notice you they will come here,  
The following is my consent, don't spare:  
To your words your beck friend'll answer,  
In any case don't seek the way to torture.  
For myself try to love my Yodgor son,  
You are welcome, go back safe, do fun.  
Take your departure from here merrily,

Go safe and sound to see your home happily.  
Go, see the relatives in Qunghirat land,  
Do give answer to all your friend.  
The severe fate imposed such misfortune,  
My bek father, tried to persuade me much.  
Much leadership for me my father did, see,  
Not allowing he attempted to return me.  
Not listening father's words your friend left,  
To have remained here one of the dead, bereft.  
My present home is a deep dungeon,  
To my parents give my regards, go on.  
To Barchin flower give my best regards,  
Let her not make my son Yodgor do sobs,  
Let her keep it well as my modest house, her task,  
Go and where about of my beauty Barchin ask.

**Having heard these words, thinking and counseling with his fur hat Qorajon was said to be telling the following:**

From looking Qorajon's eyes had grown four,  
Are these the words what my friend has to pour.  
If I saw I would wipe his steps with my eyes,  
My friend allowed himself as a surprise.  
There remained bitter signs in my heart,  
To ride on there is no my creature, so smart.  
Shall we go or stay, my fur hat,  
I have much hard toils on my head.  
If foes see me, they will give a doomsday,  
I'm alone, give advice, my fur hat in any way.  
Thinking I've no endurance left in my body,  
Bek Qorajon stays thinking long hardy.  
He asked advice from his fur hat's brim,  
What advice could the fur hat give him?  
Unable to leave Qorajon there remained,  
The man's presence the Kalmaks stained.  
The work of fate is God's deed, says Qorajon,  
He says farewells to his friend, so diligent.  
Again and again they asked each others' state,  
Weeping they prayed for each other's fate.  
Saying bye Qorajon departed,  
Took direction to Qunghirat, parted.

Sighing “my poor friend, he went helpless,  
Saying my days I saw turned luckless.  
Saying Olatogh is my dwelling place,  
Saying my affair failed with shame, no grace.  
Alp Qorajon keeps going on the road,  
What god does he accepts with proud.  
Kalmaks are aware of Qorajon’s arrival,  
They go and inform Qlmoqshah, his rival.  
Fall came followers dried in the garden, said.  
Kalmak folks remained unaware of it, said.  
Somebody has come onto the dungeon, said,  
He idled a long time wandering on, said.  
These words are brought home to the Shah,  
He’ll find out the results of his orders, by Allah.  
Qlamoqshah decreed, the troops were gone,  
From Kalmak land the soldiers have come.  
Towards Chilbir steppe they have departed,  
With banners they are going urging parted.  
Moving eyes they glanced at all sides,  
Encircling examined Murod Tapa’s slides.  
Alpomish was suspected to have gone,  
Several Kalmaks had looked into the dungeon.  
In the bottom of the well Alpomish was dwelling,  
Those who saw him they told to each other swelling.  
Not finding the foe the Kalmaks went back,  
Again Kalmaks came to their own land’s track.  
There is no creature, - informed the khan, bliss,  
How could a foe come to such a center as this.  
The word that was said was not proved,  
Several of them doubted about it, move.  
If he stays in the hid what would happen, detain,  
If there was a man he would come back again.  
To check the dungeon they came every day,  
It had happened thus for several days, pray.  
In a far away road Alp Qorajon was going,  
With suspicion a lot of Kalmaks were staring.  
They couldn’t track of Qorajon any sign,  
Having passed many slopes, mounts line,  
He reached his settlement in the last phase,  
Several days Qorajon stayed in his place.  
To ask him Qaldirghoch came one day,



Of her brother he informed by the way.  
In any case he let Qaldirghoch know,  
“Treat Yodgor kindly”, - said he now.  
Don’t be upset, go watching your way, said,  
Don’t tell anybody, know yourself anyway.  
Go straight, don’t reveal to the slaves any more,  
In any case behave as you have done before.  
May the foe slaves not know my words,  
May my journey not be declared among folks.  
Be careful, don’t let Ulton smell, sense how,  
I have seen him, don’t let foes –friends know?  
If Ulton finds out won’t he impose a bad day?  
Don’t speak, or your brother like me should die.  
One of the days come here the wealthy brave may.

**Saying these words he had her go back home. Don’t utter a word to anybody considering him a friend. Don’t let the slaves find out about my journey. Let it not be spoken of as in the past. They lead life as in the past as if nothing had happened. With the hearsay that Alpomish had passed away he dwelled in the dungeon. There is a small bazaar named a new bazaar in Tuychi region of Kalmak’s land. There was Qalmpoqshah’s daughter named Tovka. Maiden Tovka has a position of a chair for the bazaar. Ordering forty girls she was said to be telling the following words:**

Forty maidens , do lively sway,  
Know, today is a bazaar day.  
Touch and hold the magic stick,  
No delay, go to Yangi bazaar, quick.  
Examine the scales of traders’ scales,  
Come here correcting their scale stones.  
Girls, maidens, all go there, be bold,  
These words Tovka with braids told.  
The maidens put on their army uniforms,  
The magic sticks in the hands each informs.  
The girls are going as officials, behold,  
Saying we must do what our mom told.  
Saying to interrogate the bazaar hard,  
Such maidens are walking on the road.  
Each is an official by her own way,  
Each has a job to do on this day.  
They went on the road dancing,

They reached when bazaar is at full swing,  
Entering a shop the girls saw, bade,  
First they examined fabric trade,  
Then they went to the striped subdivision,  
The striped they measured as their vision.  
He who evaded the measure was troubled,  
They went on examining which doubled.  
Passing there they inspected the butcher's,  
The girls were checking stone matches.  
If the stone is light, they punish them,  
Some butcher's stare with eyes aflame.  
The butcher's was inspected so tight,  
They bit with a baton if stone was light.  
When the butcher's they have finished,  
They passed to sheep bazaar, unleashed.  
The people got confused and shocked,  
There buying and selling they asked.  
If they asked people would respond,  
If they bought made a little profit bond.  
If the girls discovered the price-rise,  
They charged that person, no surprise,  
So they inspected these sheep with doubt,  
Among the sheep they notices a he-goat.  
They were interested in this goat much,  
Saying anything the girls departed such.  
They went after finishing this examination,  
They reached up Tovka after investigation.  
Tovkaoyim asked each maiden,  
They'd do what she had said then,  
Tovka's words they replied.

**The girls were speaking to Tovka: Having inspected scales of the perfumer shops, shoemakers, we passed to sheep bazaar, inquired it too, told them to sell to vulnerable people with a little low price. We saw a white he-goat, it's wool reaches the ground, its horns grew twisting, we liked it vey much. Hearing these words Tovakoy came up to the goat and was curious about it. She bought it bargaining for 80 tanga and bought it to her residence, Hanging a bell in its wool, pastured in the palace, had it walk jumping. The he-goat had its wool fall down and started thinning. Then looking at her maidens Tovka is telling the following words:**

Forty girls, in spring it is green,  
 Its wool falling the he-goat grew thin.  
 After the he-goat which maiden is looking,  
 Who is taking care, your lady is asking.  
 Lacking care it might be left without food,  
 Or might the he-goat have fallen ill, no mood?  
 Or it might have been bored being lonely?  
 For this reason has it become lean solely?  
 I could not ask it has no tongue,  
 Many days passed I haven't seen long,  
 Since then I haven't visited it often,  
 It is a beast I'm unaware what it wants.  
 I have come to examine its state now,  
 It has become much thin, I saw it so.  
 These word I'm telling, a flower faced beauty,  
 If it feels lonely let's do what it desires, our duty.  
 To the shepherd of father Shah let's creep,  
 Let's have him join the flock of sheep.  
 Seeing its state I was disappointed,  
 My father's shepherd had been Kayqubod.  
 If we pay him well he'll take care as his duty,  
 These words I'm telling, Tovka, the beauty.  
 "All right," said the maidens surrounding her,  
 it must be married to the female, for sure.  
 Feeding handy the creature is not satisfied,  
 Seeing its blood creatures the he-goats desired.  
 They enjoy life merrily and get pleasure,  
 It would take weight, become thick, measure.  
 There might be goats like itself in the sheep flock,  
 It walks grazing grass in its own way, a cheap stock.

**Having heard these words from Tovka the maidens said: "you told the truth, it eats, it has its feeding itself. It is not satisfied if fed handy. Now spring is passing further on it will loose weight. Hearing these words, leading the he-goat Tovka came before Kayqubod accompanied with her maidens. He used to shepherd Boysary s sheep. He used to treat Alpomish as his guest and had become friends. At that time Tychi had shepherded Kalmak's sheep. Tovkaoyim asked: what is the cost for shepherding my father's sheep? I have been shepherding your father's sheep for eight gold per six months. I shall also give you eight gold for six months for my goat. Have my goat joined your sheep. If you don't pay in cash I won't have it joined. Tovkaoyim said: you**

**will get it at the end of the month. Are you getting in cash from my father, Kayqubod? If I went to Urda for payment you would beat me to death saying “you came to rob”. You would not pay the cost of your goat in advance for your goat. If you don’t pay in cash I’ll have it not joined the sheep. If you really want to be paid in cash, here is it, take, she said pulling our eight gold tanga from her pocket.**

**Kayqubod was elated too. This daughter of a rascal gave money with a push. She had feeling towards us. If we feed her he-goat and make it fat she would do her favor to us. Thus, assigning her he-goat she was said to be telling him the following words:**

My hair is plaited like a willow, tidy,  
Wealth is not enough for each fiber.  
If the foes come we’ll be tramped,  
Kayqubod, listen to my words sampled.  
Sometimes, go and see my he-goat,  
Take care, be alert and watch, take note.  
You say my fare, and get eight gold,  
You’ll die surely if you lose my goat.  
Feeding with grass makes it fat, they say,  
If you serve well to you we’ll pay.  
You are aware of good pastures,  
Not being a gardener you pick red flowers.  
You’ll be walking in the field of tulips and fresh air,  
You will take a good care of my he-goat, dear.  
If you have it stolen you will definitely die,  
You must be alert against wolves, do try.  
You’ll be walking on mounts, ruins and hills,  
Listen to the words Tovka is saying her wills.  
Have many sheep and lambs baa around,  
Along with her forty girls make sound.  
Don’t upset the charmer like me,  
Take care of my he-goat itself, see.  
I’ll have my he-goat joined yours,  
I’ll tell you what I’m aware, of course.  
Be alert and watch this he-goat, poor,  
Don’t let it lie in any place not being sure.  
Let it not face a wolf being left alone,  
Be alert, don’t let my goat die, don’t.  
Assigning tasks back went the beauty,  
She had words to tell dancing merrily,

She has forty girls under her supervision,  
Gathering in the middle they left with vision.  
The maidens encircled Tovka with sigh,  
Kayqubod might be giddy, poor guy.

**So, having the he-goat join sheep, being giddy and happy Kayqubod was said to be telling these words for his honor:**

The beauty brought a he-goat, not fun,  
Accompanied by a group of maidens.

I've sensed Tovkaoyim desires above,  
With Shah's daughter he fell in love.  
Gave money, rubbing herself against me,  
I'm unaware she is longing for me, see.  
She speaks excited looking down,  
If I make jokes she will frown.  
If her he-goat fattens she'll marry,  
She will love me, I must hurry.  
Smiling she gazed at me by and by,  
Unaware she did browbeating, good-bye.  
What she meant the girls were not aware,  
In any case she is inclined to me, I swear.  
I'd better feed her he-goat best,  
Take good care of her dear beast.  
Feeding it well I'll marry Tovkaoyim,  
Have the maidens serve me for a long time.  
My God presented these girls to us,  
May I enjoy life in this city thus.  
The guy Kayqubod is saying these words,  
To his sick heart he is giving happy awards.  
Grazing the sheep reaches Murot Tepa hill,  
They are grazing on slopes wandering still.  
A lonely white goat left the flock,  
Climbed on to the soft clay, look.  
It comes on top of the clay thus,  
Hiking on the soft clay jumps twice.  
Falls into the dungeon thundering crack.  
Grazing the sheep would run back,  
The sheep have reached Kayqubod,  
He is still talking about the girls, a lot.

Both Alatoy and he stayed there,  
Grazing the sheep came quite near.  
Standing swift Kayqubod glanced deep,  
He did not see the he-goat in the sheep.  
Now Kayqubod looked up worried,  
I should rather die than to get married.  
God would curse us, send to hell,  
Saying these words he ran to the well.  
The mother cursed would cause a setback,  
Grazing the sheep reached a zigzag.  
Though looked hard he didn't notice,  
He noticed goat's track on the clay surface.  
The track was stamped on Murat Tepa hill,  
Following the tracks he climbed the top sill.  
On the other side he saw a deep dungeon,  
The sliding left many signs of danger.  
Lying into the dungeon he looked,  
In the bottom a man seemed hooked.  
Is there a man he cried looking straight?  
Somebody was holding the he-goat tight.  
He stood on the dungeon declining,  
He stared much to clear the defining.  
It is so deep it looked dim and dim inside,  
Somebody seemed caressing the he-goat,  
The guy Kauqubot had seen it, no doubt.

**So, from the top of the dungeon he saw that somebody was embracing the he-goat, it seemed to be hung for cooking without a pot, he frightened the he-goat. Making it clear, standing on top of the dungeon Kayqubod was said to be telling the following words:**

You are a pure tulip blooming in spring around,  
What guy are you lying under the ground?  
You would kill the he-goat with luckless chance,  
You would be a shocking trouble on my head once.  
The he-goat belongs to Tovka with braid,  
Don't make me a sinner of Tovkaoyim maid.  
I have a complaint to say to you, see,  
For the he-goat the shah's daughter'd kill me,  
She had a serious condition to have told,  
How did this dear beast fall in you hand, bold.

Don't make for Shah's daughter me responsible,  
Let this he-goat be released, rascal, if possible!  
When she brought she seemed inclined,  
You will cause damage to my acclaim.  
Eat it's flesh, from you it's skin I'll ask,  
You have killed what I shall I do with my task?  
I must take its skin, give to shah's daughter, then,  
I'll try to scare by saying the wolf had eaten.  
Whatever comes to my mind I must tell,  
Now I'm to be blamed for it, it's a hell.  
If you give me, I'll bring its skin,  
I'll try to dispute much with girls, kin.  
Who you are where do I know?  
If you let me know I'll come so.  
The he-goat belongs to the charmer,  
I'm not aware it has fallen down to harm her.  
The maidens, officials I supervise,  
Being not aware I'm to blame, be wise.  
I don't know if she is aware of my poor soul,  
Could I carry to her the skin or its morsel?  
Would she cause trouble and punish me?  
I'm unaware my deed gets bad,  
Would she accept my said word?

**Having heard these words, looking at Kayqubod Alpomish was said to be telling the following words:**

If I go out not dying for your luck, bald,  
I shall have you sit on Toychikhan's throne.  
You are alive, Kayqubod, don't grieve,  
Listen to bek's words and deed.  
Go and pay for the girl's dowry,  
When you pay off the dowry.  
I'll have the braided marry you, see.  
Be stunned for deed of the friend, like me.  
I'll have you enjoy her white breast,  
Listen to words of Alpomish, abreast.  
In this dungeon he waits impatiently,  
When will you pay off the dowry really.  
I'll get out to marry you to Shah's daughter,  
Don't wait till you give the dowry, be smarter.

The day you pay off I'll get out, help Allah,  
I'll make you a son-in-law of Kalmakshah.  
I'll get Tovkaoyim marry you in time,  
In Kalmak land you'll marry Tovkaoyim.  
You will give me Tovka's dowry,  
You' enjoy life with Tovka, not be sorry.  
Do you know Kalmaks girls,  
I'll have the beauty Tovka marry you,  
Qunghirat's dablboz was put in duneon,  
In the dungeon ehe bek was in danger.  
I'll cut Kalmakshah's neck off,  
I'll have many beauties weep soft.  
For this city I'll make you a podshah,  
I'll get Tovkaoyin marry you by Allah.

**Having heard these words from Alpomish Kayqubod said: What are you doing here?**

– I'm a captive in Kalmakshah's hand.

– I haven't heard of you here by now.

– If it is so the initial payment of the dowry is the white he-goat. When she had the he-goat join the sheep she seemed to have fondness for me, she seemed to marry me, said he dropping three-four sheep for Alpomish and went back. Kayqubod pastured the sheep every day around Murot Tepa. Every day Kayqubod allotted him four –five sheep. He used to bring him necessary things. He used to do what he asked for. He didn't think what the owners of the sheep would ask. He thought the man who eat would do something. Several years had passed. He kept paying the dowry. He sheep he was pasturing had ended. Both he and Olatoy remained stiff.

**Hearing Olatoy and coming onto the dungeon Kayqubod was said to be telling the following words:**

I'm a sad slave I've a family to think of him,  
To enjoy life I have the beauty Tovkaoyim.  
I had five hundred sheep I gave as a dowry,  
Now I have only one Olatoy left like a tower.  
Don't make me a sinner for Kalmakshah,  
I have got rid of all my cattle, a shepherd of Allah.  
One day the Kalmaks would ask my state,  
If asked what Kayqubod would reply, mate?  
My friend, your release day has not come yet,  
If you know I have no sheep and goats left.



You have eaten all the Kalmaks didn't peep,  
I have shepherded the Kalmakshah's sheep.  
Sometimes I see Tovka's beautiful face, note,  
To make bride's wedding you must be out.  
You didn't know Kayqubod's dream,  
For the sake of Tovka he lost all breed sheep.  
My friend, do, be kind to me, nice,  
The cattle you've eaten has a price.  
You'll get Tovka to marry me, soon due,  
You will make my soul happy, won't you?  
What I find I'll bring and give you,  
I'll not let Qlmoqs find out it too.  
Running and hurrying you I'll serve,  
To get married to Tovkaoyim I deserve.  
If Kalmaks found out what I would answer,  
My friend, I would tell my words to you, swear.  
Not one Kalmak should know my errand,  
Knowing should not inform Kalmakshah, or send.  
Kalmakpodishoh should not arrest me, see,  
He should not ask the lost cattle and kill me,  
Get out, the guy Kayqubod'd die not, my friend,  
My service I did should not be in vain.  
What I said is from helplessness, aware.  
Don't stay so, do, try once and ever.  
Try, make attempts to get released,  
In any case, my friend, do, get out, please.

**Having heard these words Alpomish was said to be telling the following words:**

Without fall garden flowers dry up not on the spot,  
On the dry flower the nightingale sits not.  
The dowry you had given didn't please me, the half,  
Of Tovkaoyim's dowry had not been paid off.  
What's the matter my steed did not come?  
That's why I didn't want to get out some.  
You are upsetting the brave like me,  
Drop in little but count much, you see.  
Not paying off you come every day,  
You've not given the steed any way.  
How could you marry Tovka with this dowry?

You know yourself this dowry isn't enough, hurry.  
What she wears is colorful scarlet clothes,  
Her sorcery eye seizes your soul, bothers.  
Her maidens lined up around her,  
Kalmak's girls are so beautiful here.  
With this dowry don't make pain,  
Don't go fooling around in vain.  
The brave like me takes the dowry,  
You still owe me much wealth, hurry.  
The braided won't marry for a little,  
The dowry for shah's daughter you pay still.  
Of these affairs you are unaware,  
I'll get dowry making it much clear.  
If you count I'll know you've paid off,  
When you pay I'll have you marry her up.  
You will not be able to pay off soon,  
Try, do attempt to serve me each noon.  
In my own country I'm a respected ruler,  
Now I have been kept in the dungeon fuller.  
If you pay off Tovka's dowry,  
You know I'll get her marry you,  
Now I ask my breed steed too.

**Having heard these words Kaykubod is telling the following words:**

Have I many sheep for dowry payment?  
If I think I have much woes, I'm repentant.  
If I enjoy life, I have my Tovkaoyim,  
I have a colt to carry my riding sack firm.  
If I give it, my friend, will you be pleased?  
What you say let me do it, be released.  
If you like I'll give you Olatoy, fine,  
My god wouldn't seize my mind.  
I have nothing left but Olatoy,  
Whatever I had I lost already, no joy.  
Now get my Tovka beloved marry me,  
Enjoying life I'll forget all my lust, see.  
The wealth I possess I'll give you till the end.  
You have sensed my services, my friend.  
Kayqubod was saying this word,  
In the dungeon the ruler heard.

He was aware what Kayqubod said, I think,  
Looking at Kayqubod he was saying:  
- Let me be your kith and kin, as due,  
You're my brother-in-law, support you do.  
Even if it is a colt, I'll accept it as a horse,  
Being a kith and kin to accept I'll do, of course.  
Imprisoned the ruler said these words hard,  
I've him agreed for Olatoy, said Kayqubod.  
The guy Kayqubod's sad soul was made glad,  
By Oltoy's bridle he has seized like a lad.  
It's sacks and saddles he removed,  
Onto the dungeon he brought it smoothed.  
Down he had Olatoy collapsed be,  
Doing so I'd marry Tovka, thought he.  
Olatoy's legs he fastened to lead,  
Brought it as Tovka's breed steed.  
Into the dungeon Olatoy he dropped,  
From the precipice the affluent khan looked.  
Whirling upside down into the dungeon,  
Tovkaoyim's breed steed was falling with danger.  
Joyful Alpomish became by seeing the prey,  
There with Olatoy Alpomish'd stay.  
"I've evaded", said Kayqubod and left,  
For several days his toils he has kept.  
Dragging his stick again he'd come,  
Coming he'd look again into the dungeon.  
Brother-in-law, what you did, asked he standing,  
Now, about the state of Kayqubod, ask anything.  
He had his breed steed and cattle lost, hurry,  
Get Kayqubod's beauty for him to marry.  
Yezna, you will destroy me to death this way,  
Every time I come in this dungeon you stay,  
I have paid off, what will you do in return, say?

**Having heard this words he looked at Kayqubod: - you haven't paid half of Tovka oyim's dowry, you are saying "I'll leave", you have to come every day, said he.**

**Kayqubod said: - to give you I have nothing left.**

**- if you have nothing left, poor me, do stealing, said he.**

**Kayqubod: - If I bring driving cattle here, there is nothing easy than stealing. When is the best time for robbing", said he.**

- After the folks go to sleep, said he.  
- If I happen not be able to climb out from some place, if the family owner finds out, whom shall I pray, said he.

- Alpomish said: - he was on the point of saying “Robber’s spiritual teacher is Hazrati Joltong, do pray Hazrati Joltong, just uttered he.

**Kayqubod said: If Hazrati Joltong truly supports, somebody is feeding two fat bulls in the village. Saying these words Kayqubod is going to do robbing:**

All day Kayqubod did sleeping,  
In the dust he got up for rushing.  
Kayqubod leaves for robbing,  
At each side he does glancing.  
With light tread he is going,  
He goes on without dogs feeling.  
The one barn he had seen targeting,  
In the dark to rob it he is intending.  
Late night he came to the barn striding,  
His bulls the owner was feeding.  
The humble might see the bulls fattening,  
Them he might have wanted robbing.  
Around the barn Kayqubod was wandering,  
Unable to enter he was vainly attempting.  
In one corner a shade he seemed noticing,  
At the wall he seemed leaned hiding.  
Those shades seemed the rays gathering,  
By the rays up the roof he did climbing.  
On the roof the guy Kayqubod was standing.  
The owner of the house him failed noticing.

**Standing on the roof he waited for the convenient for descending, there seemed a dim place. “in front of the barn the ray was said to be gathering”. Saying, hey, Joltong, he dropped himself. The dim turned out to be a well’s mouth. He fell into the well. Being in the well he was said to be telling the following words:**

Having the flooding rays shed from the eyes,  
His brother, the spiritual teacher, Joltong inspires.  
Making woes, happy his sick soul he made,  
Not facing the foe, my secret was disclosed.

Saying Joltong, into the well he dropped,  
 I would not do what Alpomish said.  
 I attempted to rob but once, I won't have,  
 Joltong Hazrat to be my holy teacher, enough.  
 He would divert the soul of poor guy, like me,  
 Unseen days he would impose on me, see.  
 If finds out he will catch and detain me,  
 I will never make Joltong my teacher.  
 Not pitying the blood tears of my eyes,  
 The sad fate has added drug in my food.  
 Such a misfortune on my head fell,  
 I am surprised, Joltong at your job.  
 Saying you my pir I came to this robbing,  
 Saying Joltong in the place I am staying.  
 Considering you my pir, I did wandering,  
 Dropping me into the well, your job you do.  
 If you know bulls' owner you'll inform him,  
 If I say to you my pir, you will do evil.  
 Catching me to the owner you'll submit,  
 Considering you my pir, myself I fool not.  
 Pray Allah, I'll make you my pir not, never,  
 Trusting you I'll not come for robbing.  
 I will not fool myself like this thus,  
 Your brother ..... I'll not call you Joltong.

**When time came for morn praying he saved himself from the well, and happened to standing on the dungeon. Seeing him Alpomish said: hey, brother-in-law, how did you come back?, said he. Hey, yezna, may you pir be cursed, if you trust in the support of this jaltong pir, you will never get released from this dungeon, if you give up this pir, and have faith in other pir, you will come out, said he.**

**Alpomish had made two chanqovus<sup>18</sup> from bones, he gave them for Kayqubod to sell. Kayqubod got this chanqovus and went to Yangibazaar. Yonbazaar belonged to the maidens. The maidens often gathered there. Kayqubod was playing the music of chanqovus saying the following words:**

Such a misfortune on my head fell.  
 I am surprised, Joltong, at your job, tell.  
 Saying you my teacher I came to rob,

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<sup>18</sup>Chanqovus – a musical instrument, played with mouth

Saying Joltong in the place I stay and sob.  
Considering you my teacher, I did wander,  
Dropping me into the well, you did thunder.  
If you know bulls' owner you'll inform him,  
If I say to you my pir, you will do evil,  
Catching me to the owner you'll submit on the spot,  
Considering you my teacher, myself I fool not.  
Pray Allah, I'll make you my teacher not, never,  
Trusting you I'll not come for robbing here.  
I will not fool myself like this any longer,  
Your brother ..... I'll not call you Joltong, eh.

**When time came for morn praying he saved himself from the well, and happened to standing on the dungeon. Seeing him Alpomish said: hey, brother-in-law, how did you come back?, said he. Hey, yezna, may you pir be cursed, if you trust in the support of this jaltong pir, you will never get released from this dungeon, if you give up this pir, and have faith in other pir, you will come out, said he.**

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I am a music master,  
Is here any buyer, sister?  
To see my music come up, girls,  
The beauties with thin waists, pearls.  
The chanqovus is ready for performance,  
Come on, charmers, come up for romance,  
Come on, come, angels, glory,  
Your skin is as white as ivory.  
You teeth are like a string of pearls,  
Come on, come altogether, girls.  
The music in my hand is talking,  
My chanqovus is dancing, walking.  
Seeing it any girl will be pleased,  
The guy Kayqubod is a master, missed.  
This is the job of Kayqubod,  
The nannies of Kalmak horde.  
Will make girls souls happy,

Come on, Kalmak girls, see.  
My chanqovus calls beyo, come here,  
A white apple and red apple, comer near.  
You want to buy it, miss it not,  
All those gathered, waists, tire not.  
Don't miss my magic music tool,  
Hey, do you love to buy it full?!  
He traded with the chanqovus,  
Many girls encircled him as doves,  
Some of them tried to play,  
Many of them wanted to buy.  
Doing so pleasure they have had ,  
To sit with Kayqubod all enjoyed.  
To play music with my Chanqovus,  
The girls would fight for it, lovers.  
Pleased with its magic music,  
They would ask its price.  
See now Kayqubod is selling much,  
Sets the price for two bread each.  
Selling one for two bread,  
Four bread he received, said.  
The chanqovus he has sold,  
Kayqubod was enchanted, felt bold,  
They were sold underpriced, told.

**Thus, the forty girls were said to have gathered there. – saying “Master brother, make for us too”, teach bought two breads to him. They handed him eighty breads. “Now I shall pay off the rest of the dowry by selling the chanqovuz”, said he dropping the bread he had brought into the dungeon. He had made one more chanqovus by engraving a bone. He gave it to Kayqubod and assigned the following: Don't take and sell it for two breads in Yangibazaar market, but take it to Tovka's walking garden and play it there. Don't show it to the girls. If the girls notice and chase you don't have them catch you. In case the girls catch you, ask “who made this chanqovuz”, say “I made it”, don't inform of me, if the girls chase will you be able to escape from them?**

**Standing up Kayqubod said: - What would happen to me if I did not escape from the fat girls who walked hardly breathing, the thin girls who walked jumping like goats, he said jumping over the dungeon up and down. Alpomish said: you, the bald, watch or you shall fall down the dungeon too.**

**He took the chanqovus and reached Tovka's walking garden. He was playing the music under a flowering bush. Hearing this music, Tovka oyim came up to the flowering bush with her maidens, lifted it. Who is it?, she asked staring. It was Kayqubod. Kayqubod fled. Tovka oyim chased him with her maidens telling the following words:**

This Kayqubod tricked us,  
We could catch, he fled thus.  
Chase him, charming girls, she demands  
With magic chanquvoz in your hands.  
Go to face him, forty maidens,  
The accursed bald, see his cunnings.  
When they almost reached, he tricked,  
At once a sudden turn he made, cricked.  
They were joyfully chasing him,  
Some girls had passed him, it'd seem.  
They were chasing him with joy, no hates,  
Tovka oyim ran, spreading her plaits,  
Kaywubod ran madly jumping high,  
He also tricked off many girls so.  
Watch Tovka run with plaits, haunted,  
She made many girls exhausted.  
They were going to catch this bald,  
Some girls almost reached him had.  
Reaching their hands they stretched,  
To turn swiftly Kayqubod did.  
Cunning many girls around,  
Have them fallen their faces down.  
Her maidens have been much tired,  
All forty girls suddenly stopped.  
Now to chase Kayqubod was left,  
For Tovka oyim to do herself swift.  
The shah's daughter had much eaten,  
This Tovka had almost reached.  
As before he again tricked them,  
This is Kayqubod's revenge then.  
When Kqyqubod has turned,  
She might have her legs slid.  
He who wrote this lost his mind,  
He turned and down he fell, mild.  
The shah's daughter just caught him,



The forty girls united together, firm.  
Poor Kayqubod came in between with sway  
Who made the chanqovuz asked they.  
I've made it myself, sadly sad he with grim,  
Tell me the truth, Tovka frightened him.  
Where did you learn to lie, said she with haste,  
God cursed guy, when you became a master?  
"Who did you take chanqovus from, asked?  
Escaping much you made us exhausted, said.  
Exhausted you caused troubles to all,  
Accursed, be beaten, die you shall.

**So, Looking at girls Kayqubod was said to be telling the following words:**

If girls beat snakes and scorpions will bite,  
Tovka's stick hit smoothly like oil, right.  
To enchant a lover she beats her brows,  
Tovka's cattle Kayqubod shepherds, grows.  
To beats mates with sticks she likes,  
Don't torment the lover like me, he cries.

Turning back she would ask my state,  
I've paid off your dowry, not late.  
Torturing your lover don't beat,  
I'll embrace your tender waist.  
Being angry don't torment me, see,  
As before you would promise me.  
Chattering, talking you seize my mind,  
Why do you beat me with the maidens around.  
You've been promising me since then, no doubt,  
Do your own affairs like joining the he-goat.  
Girls, you distract Kayqubod's soul by riddle,  
Encircling you keep him in the middle.  
This Kayqubod of you much admires,  
When you brought the goat you had desires.  
Since the beginning for you he has longed  
He has been yearning for you very long.  
He has been suffering From your love,  
Why would the guy Kayqubod be a sinner dove?  
You have been tormenting him like this,  
I say I made it", you beat me not ceasing, miss.

Why do you treat me like this, I will die.  
You consider Kayqubod a very poor guy,  
If you have desire, then why do you beat me?  
With your maidens you have me tied up, see.  
You have been torturing me much, pearls,  
Kayqubod is groaning, moaning of girls,  
The more he groans the more the girls hurt.

**After that they tied Kayqubod to a willow tree. In the walking garden Tovkaoyim, slept with her forty maidens. The girls were tired of heat. So, they went to sleep. Tovkaoyim was coming. Seeing her coming Kayqubod thought “if she beats she will kill me”, if she beats me I’ll tell her, said he to himself.**

**Kayqubodi’s body heated up as he was beaten much. Now his body cooled and was paining. The shah’s daughter came up and said: - Kayqubod, who made this chnqovuz?**

**- It was Alpomish who mad made it. He was lying in the dungeon. You would better told us than being beaten with sticks. Kayqubod stood up and said: - You don’t know him roll his mustaches, you don’t know him broaden his brows, you are not aware of his saying “I’ll tell you in private in a hidden place”. If you don’t understand his hints what kind of whore you are then? Hearing these words Tovka said: I used to hear that my father had a captive named Alpomish. Is Alpomish a man like folks or is he a creature like an eagle?, Kayqubod replied: - If you see Alpomish you will wet your pants.**

**Then you must lead me to him. I want to see what kind of man Alpomish is. Kayqubod said: - I could lead you but being beaten so much my head became dizzy and weak. If you don’t mind, carry me on you back. I’ll show you the way.**

**If you speak I’ll get nervous. Then consenting not to talk, sitting on Tovka’s back he was curious to talk than not, so he was said to be telling the following words:**

The wealthy men do not hire the worthless,  
The foes live for revenge of the wealthless.  
On Tovka’s back he mounted at last,  
Kayqubod was staring up and down fast.  
O my god, my bosom feels soft nod,  
May you give a long road, my god!  
Go straddling, I see you treading,  
If you like I’ll be with you, cuddling.  
Let me admire your body, Kalmak’s girl,  
I feel inspired much by her talks, well.

Whatever she said she persuaded me her track,  
She had her admirer sitting on her back,  
Her forty maidens would not notice,  
With cunning he has ridden her, suffice.  
Towards the dungeon they were going so,  
If you decide your admirer'd marry you.  
When spring comes there will blossom flowers  
The lakes would wave were there drunken clouds.  
Being a perfume, the beauty spread her fragrance,  
On your back definitely sits your admirer in sense.  
You taught what Shah's daughter is unaware,  
With cunning I have persuade you, beauty, here.  
You are very energetic, Shah's daughter,  
Had Kayqubod sit on your waist, tender.  
Poor Kayqubod is showing you the way,  
Kayqubod is longing for you, would say.  
Talking to the beauty like me you enchanted,  
The dungeon seems a long way off, wanted.  
Distracted was such charmer's soul in pain,  
Turning she walked long in vain,  
Tovkaoyim was regretting in her mind,

**Looking at Kayqubod Tovka was said to be telling the following words:**

How much knowledge you have, Kayqubod,  
Your swollen thing is pressing at my back hard,  
You may have a bone chilim<sup>19</sup> in your pocket,  
Don't chatter, Kayqubod, I will be shocked.  
The beauty like me you torment  
Twisting you ride me on a long road.  
In the folks you do the work so secret,  
If I get angry you will die with regret.  
Why do you also idle me like an evil,  
You make Kalmakshah's girl a fool.  
Hearing Alpomish I'm expecting him,  
Why is the need to torture me so firm.  
Go on the straight road, aware of your state,  
To the top of the deep fracture, me lead.  
If we come nearer let's go there together,

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<sup>19</sup> Chilim- is smoked like a chewing gum under the tongue to feel dizzy

Let's go, see what kind of man he is altogether.  
If he is a good man we'll ask his health, nice,  
Being polite lets render him a good service.  
Go straight, let's not waste our time in vain,  
If folks see my state they'll laugh, do me pain.  
Before the maidens wake up, him lets visit,  
May forty girls not find out about out journey?  
May those accursed about us gossip not,  
May we not be a laughing stock in the folks,  
My parents should not know my affairs' plot,  
Don't take these words close to your heart,  
May others not see our adventure we start?

**Having heard these words, looking at Shah's daughter, Kayqubod was said to be telling the following words:**

My excite like this will also incite you make,  
The only nail god bestowed press your back.  
It will cause you too much trouble, see,  
By and by it takes away my thought,  
Shah's daughter, your love burns me.  
From start to finish for you I longed,  
By your beauty I was enchanted.  
Your beauty being mature is in shine,  
When gazed your face robs my mind,  
Your admirer I would be too,  
For many years I'm burning for you,  
My life passing sick I am growing,  
You were away you I am nearing,  
I'm going riding on your back thus,  
If I don't die I'll be with you, just.  
Saying these words he is going hungry,  
He knows Tovka is getting angry.  
Onto the dungeon he goes straight,  
Into the dungeon Tovkaoyim stared right.  
In the dungeon she sees a brave guy at sight.  
He face makes the night very light.  
The dungeon became light by her face,  
Seeing Tovka asked bek's soul so fast.

**Watching Alpomish Tovka was said to be telling the following words:**

May my dear soul to you be sacrificed,  
O, humble in the dungeon, my guest.  
I knew I'm asking from the beginning, yes,  
Knowing you I will also render you service.  
Seeing you in the dungeon I'm asking you,  
If I release you what will you be for me, who?  
Asking you I will render you service.  
I'm aware what your soul desires.  
I came from Kalmak's land in vain,  
Hearing of you I came with pain.  
My name is Tovka, Shah's daughter,  
Till I die I shall serve you better.  
If I release you who will you be for me  
I have a wealth I'll wear silk and velvet,  
My face radiating I'll look at you, well-set.  
If my Mighty god makes you worthy behave,  
The beauty like me, let me be your slave.  
My imprisoned bek I'm asking you, see,  
If I release you who will you be for me?  
If you speak my soul will be peaceful  
In the dungeon suffering you'er lain forceful  
She who is asking is Tovka with plaits,  
Whatever you have, do tell us, please.  
Your service the beauty does with pleasure,  
If I release you who will you be for me, measure.

**Having heard these words Alpomish was said to be telling her the following words:**

Shah's daughter, you gazed from the dungeon top,  
What do you require, what is your goal, hope?  
Why did you come asking my state and safe?  
In this body my dear soul is suffering, going on,  
My seven years life passed in the dungeon.  
What you were wearing was green and blue,  
When I was an alien I was pleased with you.  
Why did you come asking my affair?  
Nobody had asked my state of affairs, hear.  
There were many people in Kalmak land,

There was nobody to care the dungeon, and.  
You came round let me ask your state too,  
Let me also do some favor for you.  
It's my word, be your uncle me let.  
What can I do in the dungeon I lost my head?  
My beating would be like a doomsday,  
If Shah's girl asks me in a narrow dungeon,  
Let me be your kith and kin anyway.  
Don't distract you soul, beauty faced,  
I've many words to tell you, laced.  
She who visited me is a moon faced,  
You've your own will as you visited.  
I'm aware of you soul, Kalmak's maid,  
If you release me I'll be you friend.  
What worthy service you ask I'll hand.  
Flower faced girl, listen to my words, few,  
I was an eagle, from my land off I flew.  
I'm surprised at the fate imposed by god,  
I had faced the one stronger than me,  
I had fallen in the trap with regret.  
If you do favor and release me, shah's girl,  
Let me become your kith and kin, not forget.

**Having heard these words shah's girl started departing. Kayqubod, let this Alpomish belong to you. I did not visit him having not found kith and kin, uncle. I have many relatives too, said she. Kayqubod said: - brother-in-law, you should have said I would be your husband. Alpomish said: I thought you would take it close to your heart. If you are OK tell it. Then Alpomish said him to call her back. Chasing Kayqubod reached Tovka and said: Come back, he is telling: "I'll be your husband". Then Tovka came back, looking at Alpomish she was said to be telling the following words:**

I say god, I weep for the creator, lord,  
I beg support from the Almighty god.  
From the beginning I ask you, my bek,  
If I release who will you be for me, what?  
Loudly groaning and moaning I cry,  
Kayqubod urged me return from my way,  
The leader who is dwelling in the dungeon,  
If I release what will you be for me, say?  
Listen to my words, my bek,

Answer the charmer like me, back  
My magic eye are filled with tears,  
My black braids charm my face,  
The beauty like me desires you much,  
I'm unaware what your soul wants such.  
Whatever thoughts you have, do tell.  
If I release who will you be for me, well?  
The land I've grown prospers, luck  
I will have with you such a talk,  
I admire you figure, my eagle bek,  
If I release who will you be for me?  
She looked at the right and left,  
May we be not by Kalmak folks gossiped.  
If not be together with us lets enjoy  
Life in the land we grew up, developed.  
If I release who will you be for me?

**Having heard these words Alpomish was said to be also telling the following words:**

As you asked let me answer too, sure,  
From start I try to give you pleasure here,  
If my Almighty Allah unites us,  
Truly speaking I'll be your husband, dear.  
If we enjoy walking in the garden,  
Sometimes we win, or fail then,  
If we bring you to the folks and land,  
Let me be your companion, a husband,  
Let me be your companion day and night,  
Let your grief and misfortune leave you right.  
If you release me united we shall be,  
Touring round the world you'll enjoy me,  
If foes encounter us we'll hew their heads,  
To the foes we shall cause severe days,  
We'll see, beauty, your service ways,  
In Kalmak we'll enjoy life many days.  
In any case, your service, spare me not,  
Don't take my words close to your heart,  
Don't let your mother and father know it,  
May you father not punish hard finding out,  
May your service you rendered spent not in vain,

May your khan like me not die in the canyon?  
In any case, don't let your cruel father find out,  
He who has been serving hiding around,  
If I come out of this dungeon I'll find your heart,  
If there is a field wild horses will do racing fast.  
When came from racing velvets will be spread,  
For doing job in a hurry what is the need?  
Don't be in a hurry; everything has its time,  
Surely, flower faced, be my servant, mine.  
Don't think he has simply said so,  
You also never distract your poor soul,  
Don't take my word close to your heart too,  
If you release me your husband I shall be, true.

**Having heard these words Tovkaoyim departed and got to her maidens.  
She counseled with the maidens and hired four men, and had a tunnel under  
the ground from her palace to the dungeon being dug:**

To the hired men she tells these words,  
She has four men working for her needs.  
Tovka's loving desires start, fine,  
Not ceasing these four men mine.  
They do what Tovkaoyim'd say,  
Hiding out they pull the clay,  
For Alpomish she labors hard,  
In the cave men walk and stand.  
She warns the hired men a lot,  
Fall not coming, let flowers dry not,  
Keep it in secret, nobody could know,  
Dropping the clay, no creature see it,  
Pour in the place where no one sees it,  
Don't let the folks find out my affair,  
For them to reveal, shame us don't let.  
Whatever I say do it at once,  
Get your fare for your service,  
Whatever I say do it at once,  
Do it secretly for no one to notice,  
If something happens let me know,  
Do this job as possibly best.

Assigning these errands Tovka returns right,



Four hired men are digging the tunnel site,  
Towards the dungeon they dig straight,  
From grief the dating waits long there,  
Of this affair the city folks are unaware.  
Four hired men were working hard,  
Tovkaoyin kept a regular guard,  
The maidens manage the errands,  
This beauty assigned the maidens.  
Forty girls told no one their secrets, behold,  
The servants were urged to work hard.  
What was needed they'd submit at hand,  
To make money all four were working hard.  
What's needed by Tovka should be supplied, said,  
Tovka's affair successful be made, said,  
So that notice folk might not, said,  
So that with us Tovakoyim be pleased, said,  
Nobody knows what she has done so far,  
She has hired four men for money before.  
Tovka has done this job, a leader, surprising.  
She would walk in it without despising.  
The hired men were working thus,  
Seeing them work she was joyous,  
They got money by good service.  
Serving well they kept digging harassed,  
Several days and months have passed,  
Now to the canyon the cave almost reached,  
In the dungeon Bek Alpomish is a ruler dwelling,  
That's why too much she has been suffering long.  
This love desire is such a forceful affair, strong.  
To the dungeon the hired men reached,  
Their services and jobs have just ended.  
With hired men Tovkaoyim returned, then  
What she had in her soul she revealed them.  
Leaving this place don't be distracted,  
Always see good, not wrongdoing, be acted.  
Lead a long life, don't die for many years,  
Don't let this secret be revealed to others.  
Don't tell others considering them a friend,  
Having told others don't much regret,  
Be careful, never disclose them to the folk,  
Don't treat Tovka's words as a joke.

If you see something, pass it like a blind,  
Good luck, take your time, be off, not mind.  
Saying these words she saw servants off, luck.  
Towards the cave Tovkaoyim went back,  
Through the cave Tovkaoyim trod on,  
She visited the bek in the dungeon.  
Before Alpomish Tovka came startled,  
This is how Tovka's love affair started.  
The beauty like Tovka was serving, save.  
Brave's head couldn't squeeze the cave,  
To release Alpomish Tovka hopes to release,  
Rather than his body Bek's head didn't squeeze,  
Tovka's soul might not be dissatisfied,  
Around her neck Alpomish laid his hand,  
She used to visit him every day,  
Alpomish also used to inspire her way.  
A lot of affairs Tovka would expect,  
He was not doing what she wished yet.  
In any case she would enjoy her time,  
Tovka would serve running behind.  
What she found to the bek she would bring,  
Thus him she would keep visiting.  
Of Tovka's affairs the maidens were aware,  
The tunnel's mouth was in the palace there.  
For it not to be noticed it was covered with hay,  
In the dungeon Tovkaoyim was on that day.  
At that time there visited lady Surkhayil,  
In Kalmak land she was a famous evil,  
Up from their places all maidens stood,  
To the top seat offer her they would.  
Knowing the woman went to the top seat,  
Not sensing on the cover she stepped.  
The cover breaking, down the woman fell,  
What a strange thing happened it was a hell.  
Rolling she went far away into the depth,  
The lady never sensed how it occurred first.  
Getting up along the tunnel she treaded,  
To the dungeon this woman also reached.  
She saw Alpomish with Tovka here,  
Now the woman was speaking there,  
She found out it was Tovkas' affair.

**Seeing them both, the woman was said to be telling the following words:**

Perceive the result of the word you said,  
You've become a whore, be dead,  
What you wore was it green or blue?  
Are we confident of you on this day?  
Is there not a captive like him, say?  
Listen to mom's words like me in any case,  
You stained black your bek father's face.  
I saw Shah's daughter with the captive,  
You became a whore, be dead, not live.  
Losing crown from head, throne from hand,  
In the dungeon you talk with the captive man.  
Shame on you, my girl, for these affairs,  
You are striving to a captive like him here  
You came here by digging the cave,  
You are talking to Alpomish brave.  
My girl, I sense you became a dirty whore,  
You did the custom not practiced by more.  
I tell you are dead young, accursed,  
You've become a whore, be dead,  
These words there said sorcerer Surkhayil,  
Of this affair she became aware, evil.  
To Alpomish this woman became a foe,  
The enemy found the affair grow worse,  
Tovka wished the woman had known less,  
The foe knew the work became much worse,  
The wealthy khan met with Surkhayil,  
In the cave mouth she was speaking still.  
Not to give peace to Surkhayil, sorcerer  
If I catch impose on her a doomsday,  
At the moment with all her might she strived,  
What Hakim told was not at all realized.  
The brave's head couldn't fit this cave, dim.  
With him was his desirer like Tovkaoyim,  
Do catch Tovkaoyim, her he ordered  
Making a swift turn Surkhayil wicked fled,  
After Tovka braided she was chasing,  
Do catch her the khan howled dazing  
Off jumped wicked Surkhayil raising,  
Being young Tovka reached her chasing,

Moonlike Tovka got pleasure from chasing,  
With both hands she seized her skirt facing.  
Being a strong wicked she shook her off,  
Tovkayoim sat falling down there, laugh.  
From her dress she tore off a piece, flee.  
The woman's shadow she could not see,  
This Surkhayil fled safe and sound, fine,  
Out of the cave she came at that time.  
"I fled death", off she went to herself saying,  
Forty maidens noticed Surkhayil, wicked, think.  
Being feared all were standing aside,  
Not looking Suhkayil was passing beside,  
Behind her there saw forty maidens,  
She was going on with her torn dress.  
At her the maidens were astonished,  
The wicked would bring an evil, accursed.  
Without stopping treading the woman kept,  
She knew in the dungeon what'd happened.  
Reached Kalmakshah the wicked woman had.

**Coming up to the Shah the woman was said to be telling the following words:**

Caring of you with luckless fate I would die, said she,  
Be your solid body admired, Shah, listen to me,  
How could she tell Kalmakshah what she'd seen,  
My Shah, listen to what I would tell you, listen.  
In this land you were ashamed, blackened, so,  
Together with Alpomish your daughter I saw.  
You have a son-in-law, give me a gift,  
Don't consider my words as a joke, swift.  
You couldn't keep you daughter Tovka,  
She has hardly killed me, alas,  
I found your Tovka a red handed whore,  
To date she used to go everyday in a place.  
Such affairs are a shame for my Shah,  
Think over my words much, save Allah.  
I let you know of each of my story, swift.  
You have a son-in-law, give me a gift.  
In this land your girl broke our morality,  
She had dug a cave from the palace, a pity.

He enchanted very much your daughter's mind,  
They both stayed in the dungeon ground.  
To captive's affair your daughter yielded,  
She did an affair to be despised by folks, bad.  
Had there been such affairs in any time immemorial,  
Could Shah's daughter consider a captive her equal?  
Had she had her mind with a captive to do an affair?  
Would be a worthwhile for podishah's honor, fair?  
Your daughter did such an affair, poor,  
I have seen with my own eyes, for sure.  
Were she another person for this affair,  
Would kill such a girl not pitying her there.  
Use your mind do such a deed with a sword,  
I witnessed you have a son-in-law, a reward.

**Having heard these words Kalmakshah said standing up: - if evil is within you, where should I go for cure". If Tovka visited him doing her affair, then you had not given us Alpomish, but you had given us a devil making him drunken. You imprisoned him in the dungeon for him to corrupt and die there, you had caused troubles for all too. You had done this job in vain. It means that he would not die. Standing up Surkhayil sorcerer said: You are a podishah, whatever you want you have enough power to pass a decree. If you unite five hundred carts, order them to go the Zil mount, load on stones, bring and fill Alpomish's dungeon with stones, the stones would force him down, the earth would compress from all sides, then if he doesn't die he will never pass away. Kalmakshah like this idea. He sent five hundred carts to the mount. Finding out this information Tovka came up to the cart drivers and she was said to be telling the following words:**

Be it a good word to make an orator speak,  
Be it my word to have spoken to you, seek.  
Let foe's power come, befriend, of course,  
All go together harnessing your horse.  
My vainly kin, where are you going,  
It is high time, go back, not do moaning.  
For my sake, don't go to the mount for stone,  
Don't listen to Surkhayil's orders alone.  
You are servants, unaware of a lot,  
On the Zil mount there is a dragon cot.  
If you go you'll encounter with a dragon,  
Do, go back, don't go to the mount for stone.

Don't face the sighing of the dragon,  
Don't torture your souls in vain again.  
If you go there the dragon'll swallow you,  
You can't see again your sons and girls too.  
Don't consider my words a joke, main.  
It is high time, don't go there in vain,  
Won't die not seeing your sons and girls,  
Don't take the journey being crowded fools.  
My kith and kin, you're unaware of your deeds,  
Did my God make you go dizzy with your heads?  
On the mount the dragon shall eat your meat,  
You can no longer see your folk friend.  
The dragon is a powerful creature on earth.  
When sighs the mounts go in par with his breath,  
Don't go and face such a powerful evil, not,  
Go back, how much soul you have got,  
Why need to go there and die in vain,  
You are going under Surkhayil's reign,  
If you go, you won't return, remain slave,  
All together you will make a lonely grave.  
Your children you will make an orphan, a lot.  
It being not too late, go back, die twice not,  
If you go there you will regret much, alas.  
You won't be able to save yourselves,  
Do, go back, you will die in vain, helpless.

**Having heard these words the van drivers were also said to be telling the following words too:**

Where do we know Surkhayil, who?  
Shah decreed, what can we do,  
We are servants of Kalmakshah, helpless,  
If death reaches we'll die luckless.  
We can't return, we'll go in any case,  
What is written in our fate we'll face.  
We'll die of Kalmakshah if we go back,  
We consider Shah's words as a law pack.  
Don't make us return, we'll go even we die,  
What can we do if we are predestined to try?  
To obey the horses are given barley,  
When it snows rugs the caravans lay.

To go to Zil mount our Shah ordered us,  
With tools five hundred men are going thus.  
We shall do what Kalmakshah has decreed,  
If we go back by your words we'll die, indeed.  
Wherever we go we shall be caught,  
We go, shah's girl make us return not.  
We shall do a risk only for god's sake,  
You are wearing a red flower dress, like.  
This is the word said by the servant,  
Oh, Shah's girl, don't make us return.  
We'll urge our horses to Zil mount,  
May angels say amen at the moment.  
To see the world we'll make a journey  
Whatever happens we'll go for honor.  
Don't return us, we'll go to the mount,  
Kalmakshah's order we shall execute,  
If we go back how shall we face the Shah, so.  
If the dragon encounters what shall we do?  
We shall weep and only to Allah we pray,  
Don't return us, if fatality comes we'll die.

**Not returning by that word the van drives set off. Seeing all this with her own eyes Tovkaoyim came back to the dungeon, looking at Alpomish she was said to be telling the following words:**

The tears in my eyes like pearls lined,  
Weeping and moaning my soul suffered.  
Your days are ending in this immortal world,  
Looking at you I could not help weeping, behold.  
Your crown and throne might be gone,  
Death reaching your time is up, bek one.  
It is an affair that I could not endure, but pain.  
In a strange land your corpse would remain,  
Day by day there increased your toils,  
With you I hadn't gone to Qunghirat soils.  
Being your servant you I could not serve,  
You didn't go to your land to enjoy life, never.  
You did not enjoy the beauty like me, there.  
What has happened you are not aware?  
My sultan who died alien in a strange land,  
My flower face from grieve turned pale.

Your folks-lands expect the shah like you,  
I am aware these Kalmaks would kill you too.  
Your folk kith and kin are unaware of you,  
In the alien land your death would reach too.  
The foe is severely torturing you, weep,  
Do weep, your time is up, weeping keep.  
When you cry woes your words are unheard,  
The rascals make you wait, wait, and hurt.  
They'll make your face turn pale, no help,  
The rascals will kill you yourself.  
I am a feeble woman what can I do, be off,  
You're deprived of the land you grew up,  
You're deprived of your flower like me,  
Don't hope for your dear soul, see,  
You're not destined to live up in your land,  
You are a captive you can't do anything, the end,  
My sultan who died alien in a strange land.

**Having heard this word, Alpomish said: - Kalmaks were heard to torment, that's why you are saying this said he calming her down:**

Would there be a deed if god decreed not,  
If death comes not, will a fly die, lord.  
Will your father be able to kill, see?  
Don't weep thinking he'd kill me.  
Be my dear soul sacrificed to your service,  
Don't weep, a fool, from grief and sadness,  
If death comes not Boysuns would die not,  
Without decree a fly's soul would not depart.  
To kill us Kalmak's sultan will be able not,  
Now our dwelling is Shah's dungeon plot.  
There is not end to your words, my beauty,  
These Kalmaks might have boasted no duty.  
They might be saying to do so round,  
The beauty like you heard this word.  
You might think they would kill me, due,  
The Kalmak's words might offend you.  
The Kalmaks can not kill the brave,  
You might have thought much me to save,  
The foe's words might offend you, say,  
Don't think the guy would die.



What god did he might have consented,  
Several years in this dungeon I inhabited.  
If I survive I shall be released one day,  
The Kalmaks' heads off I shall slay.  
I shall make you happy, don't be offended,  
I shall raise the dust of your Kalmak land.  
From my effort you folks will tremble anyway,  
If I don't die, my happiness will blossom one day.  
I remembered the land I have grown up,  
I am asking the horse I had ridden hop.  
Seven years I suffered in the dungeon, see  
No a single kith and kin is aware of me.  
In my memory my land seems in many colors,  
Might my horse be in Kalmak's hand like dolls?  
If available this creature is my wing,  
If I know its existence my effort'll swing.

Listen, my flower faced, my woes,  
Had you your father kill my horse?  
Don't shed your tears, the wicked eye,  
Though captured is Boychibor alive?  
If you are aware, let me know, Kalmak girl,  
I'll value you, pray to your steps, my pearl.  
You did a lot, they are our prayer deeds,  
If you know you'll answer my questions,

**Having heard these words Shah's daughter was said to be telling the following words:**

I haven't seen the land you grew up, besides,  
Let me tell the signs, you'll recognize,  
There is a horse in my father's hand,  
Its legs were nailed with iron rod.  
Its neck was tied with a cast iron, worse,  
Saying a foe they tortured the horse.  
For seven years it had been tortured,  
It could not sit or stand, thus kept.  
Being sad the horse bent it's head,  
The creature had very much grieved,  
Many Kalmaks had made a remorse,  
They all were saying "Uzbek's horse"

It is this Chibor horse, it is yours, a pity,  
It has been suffering in this captivity.  
No man was said to take care of it,  
Looking no one understands its spirit.  
Looking no one comes near the horse, void,  
From this torture your horse won't avoid.  
I know no one feeds it with grass or feeder,  
It has not strength to flee from captivity.  
I saw it is a creature with might,  
In Kalmak's land no horse can race with it,  
Seven years had passed thus, reared,  
Your horse Boychibor suffered feared.  
Whose horse was it where I knew?  
When I passed my eyes fell few.  
What I saw I would tell, my Khan,  
In your own land you're a ruler, khan,  
For seven years you have grieved, came,  
How you had been, so had your horse - the same.  
The Kalmaks had treated your horse, bad,  
The same torture your dear creature had,  
For seven years it had suffered, so sad.

**Having heard these words Alpomish was said to be telling Tovka the following words:**

Those Kalmaks had captured me,  
Making drunken tortured me severely.  
They beat by my horse dragging,  
On the canyon it might stay bringing.  
My horse might have seen me dropped,  
That creature might have known me dead.  
It might have mourned for me, one,  
No one knows what animals mourn.  
Listen, my flower faced, to my words,  
Isiriq<sup>20</sup> symbol, I give you to take to my horse.  
Go and smoke it where was kept my horse,  
Let it's smell reach to Bochibor's nose.  
Then it would perceive of my aliveness,  
That horse's might the Kalmaks'd sense.

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<sup>20</sup> Isiriq - a local grass, dried and made smoke for driving off the evil, for healing even today

He gave Tovka What he had said,  
Standing a journey this Tovka made.  
Seizing the isiriq barn fence she reached, lit.  
Without Kalmaks knowing she smoked,  
That Chibor reached the smoke smell,  
There brightened much the horse's soul.  
In it's soul to come Hakimbek seemed,  
It raised and low its head bowed.  
The dear creature's soul began shining,  
In this barn horses started neighing,  
The chains and trunk broke into pieces,  
It freed itself from the metal chains,  
It trod through the city neighing high,  
Towards Murod Tapa it set off, did fly.  
Seeing it all Kalmaks got shocked  
Why uzbeks' horse behaved like it.  
They thought this horse might become wild,  
He who is sick and tired of life would face it,  
Seeing it all Kalmaks remained shocked, alas,  
Tovka would come to stay in her palace.  
Who is to blame for this, Kalmaks think,  
This tongueless creature rans on neighing,  
It almost reached the dungeon's top,  
Flying into the air it took a start, hop.  
To make grieves the Kalmaks began,  
In confusion all in thought were gone.  
Watch the sacred Chibor of bek soon,  
Encircle seven times this dungeon.  
Slowing it gazed and gazed down,  
Saw Hakimbek in dungeon ground,  
It knew the bek was alive, no fail.  
It jumped dancing raising its tail,  
Watch the holy creature dance  
It came escaping much torture once,  
It seemed to have suffered nonce,

**Seeing the horse came up. Hakimbek was said to be telling the following words:**

I was a brave guy, not being helpless,  
Missed be not by friends, tortured be not by foes.

Show me the way ,Shohimardon's shah, Kavsar<sup>21</sup>,  
My grandpa, Ali's apprentice is Qambar  
Moliki Ajdar is Ali's companion,  
Rahmat river floods just in dawn,  
The poor like me hopes for your support  
Darvishes wish for Rahmat river to flood,  
Sacrificed be I to you Imams, Chiltans,  
Pity and befriend with the poor slaves,  
Twelve Ahmads passed away, had  
With all their might they served God,

Be sacrificed to you, Rasul Muhammad,  
Be sacrificed to you, Qoziyu Hojat,  
Give me later death, power to the faith,  
The first wealth bestowed is the health,  
Protect faith from devil safe and sound,  
Hazrati Nughoy, Er Bakhshoyish, do support,  
Your settlement is Ghazira Shaykh Khudoydod,  
Sniper's pirs are Jamshid and Ahmad,  
Pity and befriend with slaves, poor,  
Say my men, hey Muhammad Mustafa.  
Another one is a lion's home, Bosafo,  
Be sacrificed I to the maiden's home, so.  
Imam Rizo, your settlement is in Mashhad,  
Charity maker, father Parpi is a support,  
If Novqa gives, here is a support Boghmozor,  
Oqtosh has a crack, another is Yormozor.  
Hazrati Mirkulol, another is Quchqor and,  
The holies and sacred, give us support,  
Saying these words the brave begs a way out,  
Do, make your magic, dear Chiltans, not doubt.  
Wept praying to Allah in a narrow dungeon,  
Stretching his hands he begged the way out, then.  
You are Kholiq, Karim, save from your rage,  
Almighty God, do, help with your will, each.  
Shohizinda, Donyor, prophet,  
Khujai Ahror, Khujai Zumrat.  
Granpa, you are an alone pir, Er Khujamozor,  
All of you holies Esoni sulik, Sufi Olloyor,

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<sup>21</sup> Kavsar – sain, holy and prophesy people in Muslim world. .

With Manchil and Khuja Ishoq, be a supporter,  
The pilgrimage is called Shahrissabs city,  
Be sacrificed to you, Hazrati Langar, better,  
Khuja Yusuf Hamadoniy, be a supporter.  
Khuja Ahmad, Bashir, Khujayi Chorchinor,  
Mature pirs, be my supporter, do support, or.  
If dear chiltans made a saints' glance,  
These words guy Hakim was saying once,  
Accepted his weeping would be,  
There came all saints' spirits at once.  
Arriving there taught him much, chiltans.  
Seven years had passed for his captivity,  
From beginning till end it was full of gravity,  
Rolling once Beks horse would stand,  
The chiltans prayed him extending hand,  
The horse's tail grew forty meters long again,  
The horse dropped its tail into the dungeon.  
Hakimbek tied it round her waist tight,  
The creature pulled with all his might.  
The pirs kept empowering Boychibor, same.  
Out of the dungeon Hakimbek came,  
He seemed to see a real world outside,  
His horse Hakimbek worshipped beside.  
Seven years they had been separated  
On them their clothes were worn out.  
At each other the covers had pressed,  
The horse's belt he had released,  
On the skin dirt, dust he had wiped,  
Bearing the creature scratched he had.  
The horse liked his kindly scratching,  
The creature went round staring.  
He thanked god for meeting the horse,  
The Kalmak people saw it, of course.  
They saw somebody sanding before it,  
Kalmaks couldn't but to it stretched.  
They couldn't come, watched from far,  
Each other they asked if they saw the foe.  
Before the horse the man seemed a devil,  
It turned out to be Alpomish himself well,  
If he was not then who that man could be,  
The Kalmaks were awfully frightened, see.

Gathering in the city they much wandered,  
Those who saw informed those who saw not,  
The van drivers come near him had,  
Having labored those who suffered.  
Having loaded stones on five hundred carts,  
Urging they have dusted all the roads,  
When came nearer Alpomish was already out,  
They saw him saddling his horse beside.  
Save and sound such a brave came out,  
On the dungeon they saw Alpomish around,  
He was found to be a dragon on Zil mount,  
He appeared on top of the dungeon, sound.  
Noticing him at once they were confused,  
Leaving their horses all fled and defused.  
To go and inform Kalmakshah on the spot.  
What to say to him they really knew not,  
On the steppe the van horses were deserted,  
They had reached the Shah on foot.  
We would die they said coming up to Shah,  
Kalmakshah they informed, save Allah.  
- Out of the dungeon Alpomish came,  
We saw him saddling his horse, the same.  
A cart driver informed seeing him,  
The Kalmak folks confused in the dim.  
If you wait he would come very soon, roared.  
Be aware Kalmak land would be destroyed,  
He was a devil much worse than a dragon,  
Try who dare to fight against him, go on.  
The servants like us who saw and came,  
Don't wait without panic it is a real shame.  
Hearing these words many officials had,  
To declare their trumpets, drums plaid.  
There came those who got gifts from shah again,  
They said he had come out of the dungeon,  
His release the crowds of folks had seen,  
Those who saw came to inform, had been.  
Kalmak's Shah had war arrangements made,  
At that moment Kalmak podishoh ordered,  
"Organize troops, have them ready for war,  
Go and guard lining up round the city, so,  
With threat urge him to go back,

If he comes not retreating him attack.  
Not leaving any soldier, matching start,  
Listen to my order and go ahead,  
Let him leave, guard the land,  
These words Kalmak's shah said,  
Many warriors rode horses with weapon,  
This was announced in Kalmak land upon. ,  
Squads and squads of troops marched off,  
For the march the trumpets were played, no stop.  
For threat the canons and balls were shot,  
The cities were thundering like a lightning pot,  
The Kalmaks troops departed,  
Making all Qalpoqs grow sad.  
Writing letters to each side, brief,  
Gathering Kalmaks took leave.  
Each street was full of troops around,  
They were marching up and down,  
Being in lines and quads, twirled  
Being informed they whirled,  
The cavalries went ahead,  
Those on foot went behind,  
They troops seized the left and right,  
There was no way to leave the city site.  
Those who became aware late,  
Came to join the troops, said  
The brave had not come yet,  
The troop stationed, made a tent,  
The troops lined up by a squad,  
The city they were to guard.

**The saw Alpmish and Alpomish also knew the troops, the saint chiltans provided Alpomish with weapons and prayers. He arranged his weapons and mounted on his horseback, treaded towards Kalmaks. He was said to be telling the following words:**

In two worlds my leader, holy.  
My brevity is my field, o, Ali,  
In you I seek mercy, dare  
My swift rider, o, Ali,  
The guy's pir is Shahimardon,  
Be supporter, Sheri Yazdon,

I beg to Almighty God,  
Do, save me in this plot,  
May my happiness be bloomed,  
The Kalmaks lines be doomed.  
The throne you are sitting on,  
Be it yours or mine alone.  
Kalmaks you have no ways,  
Your heart is full of vows.  
Your maidens in the palace are,  
Either yours or mine so far.  
The sad heaven, don't torture, pity,  
Let death not come unexpectedly,  
You were a leader for governing, see.  
Either yours or mine would be,  
When I see I can not bear it,  
Hard and much I've labored,  
Your land you are governing free,  
Either yours or mine would be,  
Bek Hakim was imprisoned,  
Our Allah would save us, reasoned.  
Who dies in the battle-field,  
Who survives in this slash still.  
Who survived would see this,  
Take care, all Kalmaks,  
You land would be left between us,  
Obstinate said these words, thus.  
By Squads Kalmaks lined,  
Slashing the whip at the steed,  
Rode off such a dragon, and.  
For formality tent was erected,  
Alone the brave spurred the horse on,  
The little Chinese fell in confusion,  
Being shot in the battle-field,  
The steed had a gold belt,  
The foes were amazed by it,  
By the fire gun and cannons might,  
They cannons destructed the field,  
He rode the horse running red,  
If Almighty god saves my people,  
Thus, bek Hakimkhan, my disciple.  
Was shedding blood in the field, hush.



The sword came slash and slash,  
A gold bowl, red wine,  
Is drunk in the field, fine.  
The wild horses are in the field,  
The big cannons like dragon's shield.  
Are roaring in the field,  
Defeating each other, and.  
The brave tired of battling,  
Hakim alone did fighting,  
From the dungeon did fleeing,  
Such a leader did freeing,  
Boychibor horse he did riding,  
Straight Hakim bek did, no hiding,  
A strong squad line he broke,  
With his sword slashed, such a shock.  
Cutting heads crisscross, going on,  
Would not stay saying alone.  
Alpomish alone did slashing,  
Many lost their senses, crushing.  
One another fathers and sons lost,  
He fought with Kalmaks, a lot.  
He who preferred death to torture,  
From sword he sprayed blood to nature.  
Thrust spears with many Kalmaks,  
The dead were eaten by wolves,  
With Kalmaks did much battling,  
Alone Hakimkhan was fighting.  
Around him were many foes,  
Never paid attention Sultan of ours.  
Saying no peace I would give,  
Kalmaks were coming offensive.  
Would not retreat from the field there,  
The brave guy flooded like a river.  
Many lost senses in puzzlement,  
All Kalmaks said "don't retreat".  
In confusion they encircled,  
Don't retreat, do slashing, said.  
Run your horses, all set off, said,  
If you retreat, would regret, said,  
You would all find death, bad, said.  
Kalmak's Shah did saying,

There was an amazing slashing.  
In front were all pure braves,  
Wearing helmet was the obstinate.  
He was seeking the battle field,  
They came across the bek's hate,  
Watch Alpomish's beat.  
Any bold faces by chance,  
Off he would slash his head.  
Beneath the horse fell a head,  
Or as a prey a Kalmak occurred.  
The blood shed on the black ground,  
The Kalmaks fell in thought a lot,  
His right and left was covered with cloud.  
We know not it is what day,  
To survive was doubtful, say  
For us was a doomsday,  
Awful was an alone Uzbek, pray.  
Slashing alone himself he did,  
A lot of troops he'd not retreat.  
No blade of a diamond sword can cut,  
Never cares anything, he is dizzy, but.  
With him no man can compete,  
If competes will cause defeat,  
Till he slashes us all rest he will not.  
Thus many foes trembled.  
With corpses each dale was filled.  
In between blood had shed,  
In blood they were mixed.  
No retreating Hakim did battling,  
Off the foes' heads went rolling.  
Qlomoqs tears ran flooding,  
That was Hakimbek's battling.  
Qalomqs were a lot, no bearing,  
Could not come to him not fearing.  
In his hand he had a sharp diamond,  
When bashed no soul escapes at the moment.  
Went swiftly many heads chopping,  
He made Kalmaks folks do weeping.  
Such a land to seek refuge he made,  
Shudder Kalmaks with fear he made, a lot.  
Whom he caught he masked,

Swiftly chopping Hakim passed.  
Wounded were a lot,  
Some went separated.  
But the field was rejoicing,  
Sharp swords in hands dancing.  
Revealing were the foes' secrets,  
Like this the warfare went.  
One by one off rode horses,  
To the heaven the smoke rose.  
Worshipped god, sky then,  
After Kalmaks he alone ran.  
From each side he urged,  
Who came he slashed, raged.  
Off him many ran ahead,  
Reaching he cut the head.  
Running to and fro he did crushing,  
Here was an amazing slashing.  
Many days long was the battle-fare,  
The battling remained in the field here.  
To enjoy the braves had,  
Watch such a brave fight.  
Many bodies lay in sight,  
Many Kalmaks gathered in fright.  
Many Kalmaks did flee,  
Could not resist the fear.  
They could not endure,  
Hakimbek's fight for sure.  
They were fleeing on,  
From haste stepping on.  
If we lag we'll die, said they,  
Would face the devil, said they.  
When reached the fleeing city,  
Shocked were the traders, pity.  
Looking neither front nor back,  
The refugees kept passing slack.  
Some men far curiously asked,  
"How was your warfare marked?"  
Some of them responses gave:  
Those who like us had fled, save.  
Those left behind were all defeated,  
Close your shop, not staring heated.

He came up chasing us behind”,  
Now come on, see Kalmak land.  
There was a storm of mutiny,  
Full of refugees was the city,  
Each road and street, so pity.  
The naughty Hakim was said,  
Leading the rest he came ahead,  
He chopped those who had fled,  
Those whom he reached died.  
The sword in his hand was bare,  
They almost reached the city, near.  
With Kalmaks coming together,  
They had mixed in the city, there.  
The lover dreams of night,  
No one is aware of this sight.  
Each road is full of blood, mess,  
From the blow of bek Alpomish.  
Not a single trades-man was left,  
Some roads which saw no stones laid;  
Witnessed the heads instead.  
There saw no water some road,  
Witnessed blood waterless ground.  
Crisscross there lay the dead,  
Numberless Kalmaks died.  
Having gathered he killed them all,  
Having pity they came here to fall.  
For seven years he had suffered,  
Thus revenged them he had.  
He killed those seen around,  
Reached Chorsi, registan’s end.  
On each other the corpses laid,  
In the field he battled raged.  
He demonstrated such a battle,  
He fought not retreating, settle.  
Galloped the steed in the field, free,  
A lot of Kalmaks he urged to flee.  
On the foes his horse he rode,  
O, Allah, he said, slashing the sword.  
Hewed off the sorrows, moan.  
Had many banners fall down.  
To Kalmaks he showed his might,

Their hearts and souls he over fired.  
Their wives and daughters sought,  
His power the brave had brought.  
Listen to bek's words in the dim,  
The foes couldn't face him.  
As an obstinate he walked,  
Through Kalmak folks land.  
Conscious of their death Kalmaks were,  
The numberless fled screaming woe.  
It was such a shameful game,  
Encountering him Surkhayil came.  
Mom, this bek Hakim said,  
That old woman he seized.  
He asked her some questions,  
The woman was aware of her death.  
Without being able to utter,  
Her jaws trembled to flatter.  
Into two he chopped her head,  
Hang it on Shah's gate.  
Such slashing Hakim did  
He was from Alps sire, of course.  
To Registan someone came,  
Stood galloping his horse.  
- How you, Uzbek have done,  
Will you hew all leaving none.  
If I leave you here , you won't stop,  
You'd walk, never setting off.  
I'm called Anqa, the brave,  
I shall punish you, send to grave.  
I'm from Alps sire,  
I shall not give peace, never.  
I've come to the war field,  
From me you can't flee safe yet.  
Not facing early death,  
Won't you go from this earth.  
Departing Kalmak's land,  
You would hardly flee, man.  
Anqa brave shouted a lot  
This word Hakimkhan heard.  
At the moment neared him so,  
What you're saying, silly foe.

From your folks you came mad,  
You can't do anything on land.  
Bek Alpomish I'm called,  
Who sent you making mad.  
He who is aware, but goes quietly not,  
He who has not seen the battlefield.  
He who exaggerates his thought,  
You, accursed, dare make folks snort.  
Here is the field if your soul you spare,  
From horse's hooves the red blood'll spray.  
You, the foe would die with sorrow,  
Go either with or without regret now.  
He who lives among folks as a brave,  
He who makes people laugh on roads.  
He who is made a mad brave,  
Your dying time is very close.  
The death makes you a lion-hearted,  
Thus you dare come to the field, mad.  
These words Hakimkhan said,  
His response Kalmak foe had.  
Uzbek, I'm not worse than you, yet,  
Never suffer from your swords blade.  
I never consider you a man, bek,  
Mind your state, go off, Uzbek.  
I shall not give you peace,  
I shall never but kill you on earth.  
You can't see your motherland,  
You can't survive from me, and.  
First saying nothing, I stayed,  
I knew you are Qorajon's friend.  
That's why you I have respected,  
Many people in vain you've killed.  
Mind your state, go off, Uzbek,  
You've encountered this Anqa, sad.  
If you don't flee you'll die, surely,  
These words Anqa brave has said.  
At his words Hakimkhan laughed,  
Slashing Boychibor with a whip, and  
He came up to him at the moment.  
His horse Anqa whipped,  
Striking he passed swiftly.

It did but nothing to Hakim,  
Drawing his sharp sword hastily.  
Hakim spurred his horse, drew sword,  
Cut off his head in a wink pettily.  
He made Anqa brave fall dead,  
He lay clutching the earth tight,  
He passed away at the sight.  
Were gone many Kalmaki mad,  
Many died not sensing their state.  
On the battlefield many stood,  
Died from the blade of the sword.  
There came close the Kalmak Shah,  
His battle began Tuychi Kalmak, go on.  
He came in to do battling,  
His brave did encircling.  
Against each other thrust spears,  
Many spears flew off in vain, yes.  
Such an amazing warfare was it  
A lesson to Kalmakshah he taught,  
The Kalmak's Shah Hakim killed,  
The rest to his words he persuaded.

**Having killed Kalmak Shah, having captured the reserve Bek Alpomish managed the people with threats. In one of the places he encountered Kayqubod. – “Kayqubod, you have served me much in the dungeon, I killed the Kalmakshah, I shall make you padishah of this land, I shall wed you to Kalmakshah's daughter, Tovka and then I will depart”. “The government quitted Kalmaks and it passed to us. What you kill is a prey, (urol) what you slaughter is legitimate (halol), in the eyes of the Kalmaks you should seem to be stronger than me, what you say with threats is don't take it close to my heart”. Saying these words he gathered the Kalmaks. As a person being unaware Kayqubod came up dragging his stick. The Kalmaks were unaware of their agreement. Making threats and looking at Alpomish Kayqubod was said to be telling the following words:**

You're young, your deeds're in vain,  
Why was Kalmakshah to blame.  
Many Kalmaks had met a luckless death,  
I'm brave the sleeve my wrist can't squeeze.  
No one can compete with me, god bless,  
Why do you need so much troubles.

You are alone, I have a deed to do,  
What Kayqubod says is to follow too.  
If I am in rage I shall smash you, see,  
You don't recognize the man like me.  
I strike you to death with my stick,  
Such threat he started making kick.  
If aware, pretended unaware, leader,  
At his words the Kalmaks surprised greater.  
- "What did such poor shepherded do,  
If he strikes he will die like a poor.  
Being unaware of his state he makes threats,  
Boasting Kayqubod made frightening treats.  
You live considering yourself a man, easy.  
Not facing a worthy man you got dizzy.  
These words poor Kayqubod is telling you,  
What sin have Kalmaks made to you too?  
You have shed their tears like flood,  
You cut Kalmakshah's head, shed blood.  
Smashed many people's body and flesh,  
Come on, see the shepherd's job, do mess.  
If I agitate I shall do as I like, I knew,  
Seizing your horse I'll capture you.  
Go off not meeting death or I'll kill you,  
What do you have in Kalmaks land so.  
You are treating Kalmaks as a joke,  
The brave brought a news from folk,  
It is my word I am telling for your sake.  
Kayqubod is aware of your state, duty,  
He considers you alone, does you pity.  
Or else what can you do today?  
This Kayqubod shall give you a doomsday.

**Having heard these words, looking at Kayqubod Alpomish was said to be telling the following words:**

Don't frighten me so much, never,  
Seeing you I can not endure.  
Your power is worldly famous, Kayqabod,  
The Kalmaks knew your power not,  
Knowing they haven't admitted you yet.  
I'm aware how powerful you are in this city.



I'm a brave who recognizes your brevity.  
 I stay here feeling support from you, hence.  
 I feel your direct and indirect defense.  
 This service is due to you too,  
 What you order I shall listen to you.  
 I shall recognize your courage too,  
 Whatever you order me I shall do.  
 I'll wed you to Shah's daughter,  
 I'll appoint you Podishah of this city,  
 Let me make services to you, better.  
 Your threat torments the enemy and others,  
 You strive, Kayqubod, is like anybody's.  
 You come frightening with shah's decree,  
 If you get angry you'll grind the mount free,  
 With threat you come frightening me.  
 These words the leader is telling hence,  
 The Kalmaks have wondered not once,  
 These words here is telling Kayqubod, famous.  
 - You are a young guy, you know me too,  
 You are keeping yourself close to me, so.  
 Let me listen to your words, do speak,  
 Get Tovkaoyim marry me, let me make.  
 Or else I'd rather do what I know myself,  
 Meanwhile I keep you in peace and safe.  
 You were said to have killed many Kalmaks,  
 Let me see the consequences of your promises.  
 These words Kayqubod has said,  
 Running round service Alpomsih made.  
 Staring at them the folks got amazed,  
 What is the matter, shepherd guy, all blazed.  
 Each brave on the land was at his service,  
 Say sorry, what a surprising sign is this?  
 We haven't known Kayqubod before, pleased,  
 Haven't we informed him when he was released.  
 We haven't wedded him to shah before,  
 We haven't made Kayqubod a leader so far.  
 We thought him nothing but a shepherd,  
 Now we have witnessed Kayqubod's heart.  
 Kayqubod, we haven't sensed it much, sad.  
 This job being missed we had regretted,  
 Consenting what he said we survived.

Like an Uzbek us the Uzbek has treated,  
To Kayqubod he was said to be indebted.  
He said yes and served running,  
They were gossiping, thinking.  
They knew what Kayqubod had said,  
To make Kayqubod podishah he wanted.  
All liked the idea, wanted him much,  
Saying: Kayqubod is brave, fools as such.  
He did what bek Hakim had said,  
What he knew not taught him instead.  
Having battled he killed many Kalmaks,  
The rest was said to give their consents.  
Kayqubod was announced Padishah,  
He was seated on the throne, save Allah.  
The guy Kayqubod was Padisha there,  
He was visited by orphans, shepherds here.  
They came to see Kayqubod just so,  
His friends congratulated him with bow.  
Ascending the throne greeted each other,  
Hakim had Tovka called to come together.  
After Alpomish's notice had reached her, and,  
In the palace Tovka was much impatient,  
She departed together with the servant.  
Bek Alpomish'd be looking to my way, said,  
He would be longing for me if I delay, said.  
She thought he would marry me, said,  
If I'm late he would be disappointed.  
She left at the moment she heard the news,  
She came together with the maidens.  
She was coming rejoicing her soul,  
Her ten maidens led her to the goal.  
Ten of the maidens the way would make,  
Ten maidens spreading their plaits back.  
Ten maidens holding their waists,  
Made each other happy with shouts.

**Tovka reached the capital, came up to Alpomish. Looking at Tovka he was said to be telling the following words:**

Listen to my words, beauty, flower face,  
You served in the dungeon several days.

I'm asking due to your service, few,  
If I don't ask what could you do?  
Respecting you to tell you I have a word,  
The land's owner is a well-known Kayqubod.  
He became a podishah swop your father,  
In any case do select the padishah rather.  
Never torture your soul, never,  
Don't forget your initial lover.  
He used to pay you your dowry,  
Accept the lover you first saw, marry.  
Had him mount on you, cup your breast,  
See your brave became a padishah, best.  
Accept the shepherd, who cared your sheep,  
Submitting the he-goat you promised deep.  
you had a desire, gave money rubbing him,  
He was to marry you and you agreed, beam.  
You lived longing for reach other, lovely.  
Now I know you're standing shyly.  
If one runs away the other will chase,  
You enchant bek Kayqubod, khan's sense.  
Now why do you keep silent, mute,  
You enjoyed under father's statute.  
You are well aware of good speech,  
You must marry Kayqubod, bleach.  
You both are longing for each other, feel  
The lover's words match each other well.  
I came seeking you from his far land,  
He had originated from Chinese settlement.  
Your love had made him a shepherd,  
Enjoy your lifetime, do accept.

**Hearing these words from Alpomish, reproaching Tovkaoyim was said to be telling the following words:**

Crying, begging for the creator night and day,  
I thought caring you in the dungeon, you'd die.  
Because of you I had my buttocks beaten on, why,  
Is this what I expected from you, my dear bek.  
I used to wear a gold talisman on my bowed neck,  
I used to beat my brows jealous my lover to make.  
All I cared for you in the dungeon was in vain, heck

Is this what I have expected from you, my dear bek.  
 Don't pity for bloody tears I shed from my eyes,  
 A sad fate added my food poison,  
 A tender shawl blows on my head,  
 My bek, the color pen matched much my brows.  
 My bek, you haven't mounted on my white breasts,  
 I was not pleased with your affairs,  
 Is this what I expected from you, my dear bek.  
 I wish you had taken me to your own land,  
 I wish I had been your a servant,  
 I wish I was taken as a slave to your land,  
 If not then you had better cut my head,  
 Is this what I have expected from you, my dear bek.  
 Of your state Tovkaoyim is well aware,  
 On worse days to serve you much she would dare.  
 At the end her service was responded with slander,  
 The khan like you has agreed to such a bald, here.  
 Think over would it be possible If him I marry?  
 Could Tovka live together with him and be merry?  
 Would these words be worthy of you as khan, sorry?  
 Saying these words Tovka was annoyed,  
 She was reproaching Alpomish, deployed.  
 Being a podishah stared like this Kayqubod,  
 Accept him Tovkaoyim would not.  
 Of these toils guy Kayqubod is aware,  
 Bek Alpomish urges him to this affair.  
 Tovka kept offended saying not marry,  
 - Don't urge, I couldn't accept this dreary?  
 I would rather die than marry this bald,  
 I would not agree even I was strangled.  
 These toils betrayer Kayqubod would share,  
 He was governing the land being a podishah.  
 A bucket of hot water somebody brought,  
 His head he held in the water in wrought.  
 The dried make up fell clean, so smart,  
 From birth he was not bald, his trick to start.  
 Wearing a bald mask he pretended as such,  
 In reality he originated from China-Mochin.  
 For the sake of Tovka's love he pretended bald,  
 Lighten the dark night his face would.  
 Her plaits would reach her empty waist,

Tovkaoyim did it to resist his request,  
She would see Kayqubod's real appearance,  
When she saw she fell in love at first glance.  
She had lost her sense and mind,  
To Tovka's mind this word arrived.  
"Be accursed, like a beast me Alpomish treated,  
He stayed in my heart like Kayqubod, indeed.  
What I was wearing might be green and blue.  
For the sake of me he came from his land, due.  
From start to the end the man I had in mind thus,  
Was the leader like Kayqubod, to tell the truth.  
Thanks to my wealth I wear silk, velvet,  
In the will of God I shall yield.  
If you say "marry Alpomish, I'll burn out",  
I shall marry Kayqubod, the owner of the land.  
Being a gardener red flowers I shall pick,  
Under his government I shall wear silk.  
To tell the truth I'll marry Kayqubod,  
I'll lead a joyful life in my land, a lot.  
Since the beginning I had been in love,  
Being charmed I'll tell few test words now.  
Let him not take my jokes close to his heart,  
Being annoyed let him from me be not upset.  
These words the charmer like me is telling, nice,  
Some worship my steps, brushing their eyes,  
He who is in my heart is a bek guy like Kayqubod,  
May we both enjoy each night together, loving hot.  
We'll win bek's mind if we enchant,  
We'll walk in the garden holding hands.  
We'll see the grounds we did hide and seek,  
We'll play and enjoy life like this, my bek.  
We'll seize and capture the world thus,  
We'll have maidens to do service.  
We'll receive the guest like Kayqubod,  
At the moment Hakimbek sensed this word.  
He had lost sense to Kayqubod's face, bright.  
Hakimbek had her directed Kayqubod right.  
With forty maidens her seat Tovka took,  
There as a Podishah Kayqubod stood.  
Though he knew he sat as if he hadn't known,  
So, at last he has seen the maidens now.

Turning to Alpomish he would speak thus:  
Why did these maidens come here at last?  
What did they need, why did they take seats?  
Thinking I said they came with complaints.  
Khan Alpomish told his pains and grieves,  
- Shah's daughter had longed for your relieves.  
Desiring you have come here,  
What she had said the guy Kayqubod knew.  
Tovkaoyim he had hardly accepted,  
Bek Alpomish had them wed.  
The guy Kauqubod enjoyed life there,  
With a wedlock he had married here.  
That day passing it became pretty late,  
When it was dust to the palace they went.  
In the capital Bek Alpomish stayed,  
A talk both Tovka and Kayqubod had.  
All night till dawn they enjoyed,  
In a comfortable room they stayed.  
With each other they were pleased,  
Both had what in their hearts they had.  
What god predestined it'd come true, arrived,  
Being a shepherd shah's daughter he married.  
Such teachings the poets would train,  
He gained wealth and power again,  
Enjoyed life with Tovka much then.  
The humans consent to deeds of God,  
Her white breast there cupped Kayqubod.  
The dawn would be coming soon,  
Tovka stayed in the palace like the moon.  
To the Capital the guy Kayqubod was gone,  
Arriving he got his seat on the throne.  
With Alpomish he would share the seat,  
He would have old and young gathered.  
He had trumpets and drums arranged,  
He had messengers ran on sides, great.  
Now to Kayqubod the governing was left,  
Declaring the folks they informed, and.  
They knew the land belonged to Kayqubod,  
They announced it to all people of god.  
The Kalmakshah was replaced by a shepherd,  
He would govern the land and folks, measured.

Fearing from Alpomish the people stood  
Kayqubod was consented to his mood.  
He had all called and gathered there,  
To do a wedding party he wanted here.  
He had the folks and land informed,  
The folks and officials came deformed.  
Those who came greeted with each other,  
Under the steps Boysary was left either.  
Being deprived of his wealth and power,  
Together with people he came too slower.  
Bek Alpomish would notice Boysary, known,  
Extending his arms he descended the thrown,  
Seeing each other moaning they wept,  
Once for Boysary Kayqubod had served.  
He dwelt in his settlement as his son not brief,  
For many years he had shepherded his sheep.  
Seeing Boysary the tears sparkled his eyes, and,  
Saying father he dropped himself under his feet.  
He held by the wrist of Boysary,  
Saying father he made him happy.  
Embracing Alpomish round his breast,  
Boysary cried, wept with sorrow crest.  
Again and again he grieved with moan,  
My woes had reached to Allah alone.  
Again my shabby room'd be a palace, said,  
Thanks to god, I saw my son, alas, said.  
My Allah will bless and support each,  
Without God's decree nothing will breach.  
I saw you safe and sound, Hakimkhan,  
A thousand pities from my heart had gone.  
After you had left weeping blood I remained,  
Of all my wealth I had been deprived.  
Weeping, crying much my eyes got blind,  
Thanks to Allah, I reached my aim on the land.  
I saw you, again, my child, indeed.  
This is how Almighty God had decreed.  
Now Boysary's sorrows, vows had fled,  
These words Khan Boysary is telling, sad.  
For many years I was deprived of my will,  
All my wealth the Kalmaks had robbed still.  
In this land I had suffered like you too, pity.

They robbed all and each of my property.  
No Kalmak asked about my state, health,  
I saw my dear soul like you on this earth.  
I would not recall my each deed,  
Those kith and kin left on the land.  
I wish I saw my poor girl, Barchin, and,  
As an alien I was dwelling in this land.  
If god wills I shall go and see my land,  
These words to the Khan Boysary'd send.  
The words they exchanged had ended,  
To the Capital Boysary was invited.  
The guy Kayqubod stood politely,  
Till dawn he served him delightedly.  
Of Boysary's state he became aware,  
Getting Kayqubod saw the register list, there.  
The humbler's wealth seized by the podishah,  
Was removed off the registry, returned, thanks Allah.  
That Boysary became rich as he had been before,  
Shepherds, cattle breeders were informed once more.  
The rich Boysary gained his wealth back,  
All his wealth came to his possession, luck.  
God gave also to the man who wrote it,  
At old age he saw happiness and justice, end.  
The folks stood gathering there,  
Several days he offered feast, stayed here.  
Kayqubod's work the folks had known,  
The feasting ended the folks went home.  
So Boysary stood up and also went home,  
The city folks were said to be serving now.  
Being bek, Kayqubod had done his deeds  
The folks might hear the words of such beks.  
The dog would not step on lion's tracks,  
They had turned pale the foe's face.  
To marry Shah's daughter Kayqubod was said,  
Here the talk would come to its end.  
The sun draws just to the midday buffing  
Kayqubod gets up from his seat jumping.  
He tied up Alpomish's hands tight,  
Come on, he pushed him along at sight,  
Midday in the dungeon again he was dropped,  
Seeing this with surprise all got shocked.



How'd a shepherd be the land's khan and rule?  
To many folks Alpomish caused trouble.  
Suffered such a blow from Kayqubad,  
So his decree executed thus he had.  
This Khan of us is cunning, terrific, wow  
Any foe he will punish, torment so.

Nobody has controlled his governance,  
Such a trick only these beks would do once.  
The rest of the Kalmaks went home,  
Again when they came up at dawn.  
The Qalomqs couldn't sense why,  
With suspicion they all left home now.  
Surprised they counseled still at home and out,  
Kayqubod's job is so surprising, no doubt.  
Nobody could control him, knew him not,  
Alpomsh didn't resist or attack him on the plot.  
Again into the dungeon he was dropped,  
All Kalmak folks got amazed shocked.  
Being pleased the people slept,  
When folks at rest Kayqubod left.  
Onto the dungeon he reached up well,  
Arriving he saw Hakimbek in the cell.  
Coming with Khan's saddled horse,  
He released him from the dungeon, of course.  
All Kalmaks wouldn't give you peace then, said  
Counseling this trick carried out he had.  
These Kalmaks would give up religion never, said,  
They are many, might abuse their power, said.  
Being mighty they would seize the land, said,  
If you treat like this they all would dare not, said.  
They can not retaliate, would be amazed, said  
Such a trick these beks had carried out.  
All Kalmaks had behaved as they expected,  
All foes had feared very much, indeed,  
Higher than Alpomish Kayqubod was said.

**Thus, having released him from the dungeon, they asked each others' state of affairs, said good bye to each other. Alpomish was said to be telling the following words:**

I'll depart now seeking my land,  
Salting my heart with this wound.  
I went like a camel on some plot,  
Many days and months I'll ride on the road.  
If I don't die I'll come to my homeland,  
Being with my folks I'll keep you informed.  
If Kalmaks return I'll come if you notice,  
I have suffered much from Kalmaks.  
I know your state of affairs, notice,  
Do govern your land with justice.  
I can't return, I go straight to my land,  
What is in my soul you I have said.  
Fall not coming, let flowers not dry,  
Let Allah not seize your mind, do try.  
After I'm gone, follow my counsel,  
Go and see Boysary some day, well.  
Advise him to go to his homeland,  
By talking you can persuade the man.  
By persuading have him a right way,  
Accept my words as they are today.  
In my land I'm both bek and leader,  
I remember my father and mother.  
For seven years captivity I'd suffered,  
When I arrive I'll know who is alive or not.  
I'm an eagle separated from my folk,  
Whatever I think I'll tell you all, no joke.  
May a brave fall in separation's torment,  
Let Boysary go to Qunghirat land.  
Who does he have here? let Boysary leave,  
Guy Kayqibodthis this advice for you I have.  
For sure, let Boysary go to the land of his,  
When one sighs "Oh", tears run from eyes.  
In a far land there are kith and kin,  
We'll leave for Boysun region,  
Bye, guy Kayqubod, my dear friend.

**Having heard these words from Alpomish Kayqubod was said to be telling the following words:**

Death not coming let flowers not dry in the nature,  
Don't let the Kalmaks find out your departure.

Go at night, let Kalmaks never know,  
If Kalmaks sense they'll teach you how.  
Around me there are many Kalmak officials,  
Ignoring religion they'll kill me, rascals.  
Go at night, don't let the rascals notice you,  
The Kalmaks are not aware of alien, phew.  
I am well aware of Kalmaks' character,  
These words I've told you, my leader.  
The Kalmaks if united, make counsel,  
If they know they'll deprive me of my soul,  
Again to torment me start they will.  
I'm aware they'll counsel thus,  
They are frightened by both of us.  
If unaware he is in the dungeon, think too,  
Go home safe and sound, brave like you.  
You'll see your folks safe and sound,  
May Allah forgive your mistakes bound.  
Go, visit your father and mother, who  
Suffered when in the dungeon were you,  
Bek, go and see your Barchin, charming,  
On your head the silk shawl is waving.  
Your tiger's wrist is like eagle's claws,  
When battling your heart is like leopard, both.  
My burnt off candle you had lit on,  
Go your land merrily save and sound.  
Your folks and land be prospered by toils,  
Let your supporters be imams and chiltans.  
First God, then prophets be your companion,  
If you want to leave, it is your will, my opinion.  
Amen, Allah-u-Akbar, said he, his face bright,  
At the moment said farewells at midnight.  
Kayqubod went back sadly, a helpless one,  
Having consented the leader was gone.  
Alpomish is in the dungeon, said Kalmaks,  
Agreeing both used a deception with skills.  
At night to his land Alpomish departed,  
Being podishah the land Kayqubod governed.  
From time to time the Kalmaks counseled,  
He is Kayqubod who used to keep his word.  
To seize the Kalmaks' folks and land,  
Was the counsel the Kalmaks made.

Such responses some of them gave,  
Be aware, in the dungeon Alpomish was saved.  
Don't make such counseling, first, never.  
Of your counsel Kayqubod was aware.  
He would release him and here bring,  
Then all creatures would die, remain nothing.

**Being padishah Kayqubod was managing the land, the Kalmaks elders had counselled several times, they suspected Alpomish to be in the dungeon. If podishah does not pass a decree no one dares to go and see him in the dungeon. This gossiping was forgotten later too. Now Alpomish was said to be going to his homeland, to be telling the following words:**

For seven years in the dungeon I had lain,  
Crying continuously I had suffered in vain.  
Thanks to Allah' protection,  
All was forgotten as if not seen.  
From the dungeon I was released,  
I had the Kalmaks slashed.  
Podishah Kayqubod was appointed,  
Now I am going back to my land.  
Initially my head was without troubles,  
Now Became full of grieves, alas.  
Because of evil fate's cause,  
Seven years I grieved remorse.  
Now being free from the grieve,  
I am going seeking my land, believe.  
Either being sad or happy, not regretting.  
Battled with foes, not retreating.  
Or my sorrows being over flooded,  
I am going smoking like a fire, doomed.  
My mind digests covering the road,  
How has the land I grew up developed?  
These settlements for long I haven't seen,  
All had passed before me as a dream.  
Qunghirat lands where I used to be a bek,  
I rode my holy horse Chibor coming back.  
Go galloping, my dear creature, grand.  
The folks had grown in a far land.  
Saying these words he urged the horse,  
Came out of Kalmaks land, of course.

The obstinate had already gone,  
Oh, my poor grievelless head, one.  
What can I do, I became full of grieves,  
Sad fate, your tortures paled my face.  
Over our heads months had passed, and,  
With woes and wows our hearts filled.  
The Sarjighali mahin places became,  
Jighador, what can I do? All the same.  
Staying in a stranger's land,  
In the fire of separation I burned.  
My both eyes looking at my folks, due  
Came seeking them, what can I do?  
I am going asking my land's right,  
Burning my heart day and night.  
I am going seeking my land too.  
Wowing I strode, what can I do?  
Could the mounts be dear without clouds?  
Could the roads be dear without caravans?  
Could gardens be dear without a gardener?  
Could the wealth be lost without its sultan ever?  
I can not endure if I do not see my land, never,  
Isn't there anybody to ask my state of affair.  
I am going sighing wows on the long roads,  
I am also going on these waterless grounds.  
If the flower leaves the garden will shake,  
If the city is destroyed the sultan will snag.  
When I had my wealth all people were friends, believe,  
When the wealth was gone the birth kin would leave.  
How were your toils, my folks and land, woe?  
I was a shah now I became poor, helpless so.  
Was Qsqar mount said cloudy?  
I was unaware on this road, pity.  
Were my parents safe and sound,  
I have not seen Qunghirat land.  
If they had the same time as before,  
Were the dear beks said alive so far?  
Was the beauty Barchi said missing me?  
Was she said to be longing to meet me, see.  
Was each dear one said to be alive?  
On these roads happy and gay I survive.  
Had the dear ones, kith and kin died,

Missed them it was mourning, or wait.  
These words the guy was uttering,  
The mounts -rocks were thundering.  
Boychibor was galloping, urging,  
Sometimes it ran swift, jumping.  
Went deep into the ground till knees,  
Touching the stones had lightening, yes.  
It threw clay with its hooves, then,  
Though alone, he seemed many men.  
There a storm behind him rose,  
He galloped his Boychibor horse.  
He had passed many mounts track,  
Whipping Boychibor on the back.  
He went seeking Boysun land, such,  
He covered the land much and much.  
He remembered the land he had grown,  
Both day and night went on the ground.  
Saying I want to see my folks and land,  
Thus Alpomish shortened the road.  
The horse he was riding exhausted,  
It came treading from a far land.  
It passed not stopping many mounts far away,  
Many months and days he was on the way.  
Without stopping he covered the road,  
Only today he has reached Olatogh mount.  
He might have seen Boysun land,  
Climbed the mount he looked round.  
He saw his Boysun land stretching,  
Seeing his land he began weeping.  
The tears like pearls ran on the ground,  
Seven years alienated me from this land.  
Not passing away I saw this land again, sound,  
Saying these words he stood on the mount.  
His soul softened his own land he had seen,  
He was unaware how his folks had been.  
There was nobody to be asked for only,  
Thinking these words he went on slowly.  
A herd of caravan was coming from Qunghirat,  
Unloading the caravan stationed on the mount.  
To ask the caravan he turned his horse,  
He went treading thinking of few words,

He reached the caravan on these roads.

**Having unloaded the new goods the caravans were stretching their legs, some lay leaning. At that time Alpomish came up, he was said to be telling the following words:**

The sad slave has much grieves,  
Caravans who pass many cities.  
A brave guy battles in the field solely,  
If you had feast with beks only.  
Its decoration is silver, equipment is mould,  
Whose is the camel, foal decorated well.  
The torture's blade cuts the soul some day,  
Each week it journeys to Astrakhan, it's way.  
If punished it carries on ten botmans, tell,  
Whose is the camel, foal decorated well.  
This decoration he returns, examines, see,  
This misfortune the fate causes me.  
He who shepherds cattle is called a cattle breeder,  
Cattle breeders, whose is the foal, my brother?  
I have wealth I wear silk, velvet,  
I asked you turning on the road.  
Don't be offended I'm asking you,  
I asked you the owner of this camel too.  
The eagles' crown is made of silver,  
The helmet's collar is made of gold ever.  
Who is the owner of these foals?  
Answer, I want to know goods owners.  
Don't delay I should not be late for the road,  
Let me hear, I want to know its owners bound.  
For some years God made me poor, I pray,  
Answer caravans, let me be off, no delay.  
Let me bring home my words to you,  
My destination is not near, it is far too.  
I'll be off I am going to my homeland,  
If I'm delayed for the road I would be late.

**Having heard these words, looking at Alpomish the caravans were also said to be telling the following words:**

Be off, the roads you're going on aren't hills,

If a spear strikes from a white body blood sheds.  
Some go to the right; some go to the left,  
Why do you ask, mind your own business, theft.  
A camel and a foal in the line we added,  
on it the red, golden fabric we loaded.  
Why don't you mind your own business?  
Why don't you go on your own way, luckless?  
In vain you returned and came so far,  
If you delay, why do you stay here?  
Why to know a goods owner do you need?  
Go off, brave guy, you will be late, indeed.  
Beneath you Arabic steed would gallop,  
You said you have your own way, stop.  
Go off, why do you need us?  
We are not free to talk you thus.  
What do you need from us this news?  
You come asking goods owners.  
From what land you are we're unaware,  
You would better not ask the question here.  
You are a brave guy, don't chatter a lot,  
We are tired, don't urge us speak on the spot.  
Be off, don't be delayed from your way, long,  
You are somebody's son, wandering along.  
We are unaware what city's brave you are,  
Why should you be worried of our affair?  
The caravans spoke to him with firmness,  
We are tired why do you delay us long nameless?  
What is your affair, you keep going round?  
Go off where you have come from sound.  
Why do you need to speak so much now?  
Where the camel's owner do you know?

**Having heard these words Alpomish was said to be telling the following words**

Before a judge his secretary is tricky,  
The wounded horse fails the guy, pity.  
Asking is not doing sin and shame, behold.  
Who is the owner of the camel and foal?  
Of the goods owner you must inform me,  
Shut your mouth, you will be a sinner, see.



If I ask you take it close to your heart,  
Let me know the owner of the good.  
Caravans, don't take it close to your heart,  
Do a favor, don't seek to do evil, be smart.  
While you are alive don't do any wrong,  
Unaware of your state don't boast long.  
If somebody asks don't be offended, sorry,  
On my waist a diamond sword I carry.  
If you know I have passed many a land,  
I'm a traveler who on many lands wandered.  
I sense who is good, who is bad,  
He who boasts I cut off his head.  
I'll ask and find out to whom the camel belongs,  
I'm a rich man who travels on the deserts, hence.  
I ask anybody the same, who encounters me,  
If you refuse my words I'll cut your head, true.  
I'll recognize the goods' owner if you say,  
If you answer well I'll be off on my way.

**Having heard these words the caravans stared at each other, saying if god willed us to meet this person, let's not argue with him, answer him right away, and let him pass away. They were said to be telling the following words:**

If it rains the earth's brain grows,  
Sloping roads exhaust the caravans.  
Even on a camel the dog bites the poor  
The widow would be much spoken, sure.  
Let the brave's house be not destroyed,  
To the camel and foal Ultonbek has the right.  
That was the decree of God, alas,  
A punished slave is always luckless.  
We are the caravan chiefs of Ultonbek, and,  
Ultonshah is the sultan of Qunghirat land.  
You asked again and again, silly son,  
The owner of the camel is Qunghirat's khan.  
You asked we'd answer your request,  
In Qunghirat Ultonbek is our ruler, best.  
We'll see what you are worth for,  
We'll inform of the goods owner, more.  
He is governing a numberless folks,  
Many people are said to serve for his sake.

Over everybody our bek is victorious,  
The world heard of his fame as glorious.  
Those who longed for haven't heard,  
Him a leader all the folks willingly made.

**Having heard these, looking at the caravans Alpomish was said to be telling the following words:**

Muslim's certificate is Kalma Shahodat, first,  
A brave should be devoted to religion's path.  
Boysun's sixteen tribes made for Qunghirat's land,  
From the very beginning Dovonbiy was born, and.  
From Dovonbiy there Alpinbiy was born,  
Boybury and Boysary had been Alpinbiy's son.  
Hakim was Boybury's son, obstinate,  
Bek Alpomish was Qunghirat's brave mate.  
For this reason I asked you, caravans,  
To Qunghirat land I have been several times.  
I've perceived who's good, who's bad,  
Accompanied bek Alpomish I had.  
With such a bek I had closely befriended,  
I had sensed the old and young on the land.  
But who Ulton was I had never known,  
Did he come from the earth or the heaven?  
I'm asking you, caravans for this reason,  
What I was wearing was blue and green.  
On such a day pleased was the only soul, jack,  
Khan Alpomish had been a promising bek.  
There had never been Ulton, a bek called,  
I'm asking to what folk he belonged.  
Where he came from, became a bek at the end,  
To Qunghirat folks something had happened,  
How they could make Ulton their leader,  
The passer-by like me got surprised this order.  
The caravans had much praised Ulton,  
Let my soul for him be sacrificed upon.  
The land of the brave like me is so far away,  
Alpomish had been Boysun's khan in anyway.  
This word of yours, caravans, have no sense,  
How could Ulton named guy be a leader, no worth.  
How could Alpomish give him his leadership, shame,

Your words could not be weighed by any mind,  
Could Ulton have been a leader at any time?

**These words Alpomish said, the caravans were a little offended. The caravans said: - “he is fooling us, if we don’t get rid of him by scolding and cursing, we are faced with a devil who speaks with no end”.**

**Having come a long way we are deadly tired”. Thinking of these words the Caravans were said to be telling the following words:**

Don’t tell such nonsense so loud, son,  
You are not aware of such a person,  
If my Ulton Shah senses your head he’ll cut,  
Don’t tell such nonsense so louder, don’t but.  
If he finds out, ...his brother, mother, Alpomish,  
My Ultan Shah will show you his worth, do mess.  
Let Ulton shah live long, never die, live a lot,  
Let Alpomish name be wiped off, come not.  
Let a good man never leave a bad name in this world,  
Be off, passer-by, let the khan not know your word.  
If he learns of your words, he will assign a man too,  
Wherever you go he will have his man chase you.  
If he notices he will have you tied, be arrested,  
Have your head cut off, yourself be hanged, bad.  
You should better go your way, know your state,  
You should not be asking like this, wordy stand.  
Don’t accept the caravans’ words as a joke, here,  
You are not aware of Khan Ulton’s affair.  
He would not admit a hundred thousand men,  
He would cut a sinner’s head off at the moment.  
We are unaware of your brave, his skirmish  
He’ll get rid of a person called Alpomish.

**Having heard these words, saying “I must have introduced to them, Alpomish began stretching his hand to the diamond sword. With fear the caravans started at each other: - Hey, can this passer-by send us to hell? What happened to this rascal?, said they, thinking in confusion group by group. Alpomish was said to be coming closer and closer to them:**

You are making, caravans, much noise,  
To Alpomish I shall have you introduce.  
Slashing sword shall I chop your heads,

Shall I scatter your body and flesh, caravans?  
In this body my dear soul tormented endless,  
Your long tongue ashamed yourselves.  
For seven years in the dungeon I had been,  
May my Allah save his people under heaven.  
For a humble slave my god is merciful,  
For seven years I had wandered like a fool.  
I've just come out from the dungeon,  
I'm not a stranger, I'm Hakimkhan.  
With luckless fate you shall face death soon,  
Peace I shall never give you, now and then.  
From my blows the Kalmak foes trembled,  
These caravans regretted having gambled.  
This time regretting would not help, never.  
Into an extreme rage this sultan flew.  
In a wink his Boychibor horse he urged,  
From the sheathe he drew the sharp sword  
To the caravans this sword he showed,  
The caravans were frightened to death, end.  
Spurring Hakimkhan has almost reached,  
Thinking of these words himself he said:  
“– Fall not coming let flowers not dry,  
Let there be not left any caravans, I try.  
Let the rest not send Ulton a notice,  
Let rascal slaves of my trip not sense.  
Knowing let him not abuse his bek power,  
If I don't kill they will all go to the land, clear.  
Arriving they will inform Ulton at once,  
As before he would be a servant, his chance”.  
Saying these words Boychibor he galloped,  
Having taken too much grieves to his heart.  
He was going to kill caravan's slaves, a lot  
The caravan leaders were unaware of it not.  
Using time a few words he would boast,  
The caravans wept knowing their death.  
Speaking unwearyingly they were to blame,  
Each was running away to every side, shame.  
They were escaping shedding tears now,  
They were fleeing in the valley, below.  
The caravans lost their minds in a hurry,  
If it is time for death they'll die in a scurry.

Some of them down into canyons fell,  
So, those who have written it wept yell.  
Not affected Hakimbek didn't admit the evil,  
He didn't let the luckless flee on his will.  
He threatened the caravans in such a rage,  
Those whom he saw cut their heads to revenge.  
He made the caravans know he was strong,  
Those who showed up killed, leaving none.  
The corpses of caravans he had counted,  
Those who fled in the canyons he found.  
Because of their loose tongue they've died,  
Forty one caravans he had killed, not survived.  
These poor guys died from speaking senselessly,  
The camels and goods were left to the bek endlessly.  
They couldn't sense the brave of a battle-field,  
As a lion his way he had started.  
He will cut off his head who is a foe,  
He is a leader of all who wanted so.  
To those who spoke well he gave peace,  
Who knew his arrival in the folks of his.  
He went on remembering his homeland,  
Having killed them all off he rode,  
Wealthy guy was going on his way,  
He rode under a dark moon, a dim day.  
Urging he covered higher roads, green,  
Its pasture fields Boychibor had seen.  
Biting the snaffle there neighed the beast,  
Animal creature became happy, the best.  
Seeing the grounds it had treaded,  
Heard Boychibor's neighs on the land.  
Herds of horses being in the bush,  
Started neighing, dear beast, pushed.  
Boychibor's voice she recognized,  
The bush echoed when she neighed.  
The guy coming was Qo'nghirot's ruler,  
Be prospered the brave's humble house ever.  
Tarloug camel was Boychibor's mother, nice,  
In the bush she sensed Chibor's voice.  
She recalled Chibor, the captured,  
Dear beast neighed, run off the herd,  
To return it after it run a servant,

Not returning the camel ran forward.  
Being unable to return the camel, poor,  
He was running shouting hala-hala.  
Running much he was very tired to the brim.  
Running after it the road exhausted him.  
From the horseback the wealthy khan looked,  
Boychibor's mother he noticed, brooked.  
Tarlong camel was coming neighing thus,  
The creatures are so kind, said he in any case.  
His lung swelled weeping from grieves,  
Khakimbek's tears flooded his eyes.  
He was riding thinking of this opinion:  
- Boychibor, you went as my companion.  
Before me you've met yours, dear beast.  
Don't make me grieve, torture my breast.  
Earlier than me you'd seen your mother,  
As you I also want to see my mother together.  
The beauty as she was she went pale from grief,  
Of their state some were unaware in a dream.  
Earlier than me you met yours, dear creature,  
Saying the wealthy guy was going in the nature.  
When creatures reached each other near,  
Like a duck they flew high into the air.  
The foes souls were filled with grieve,  
Watch the blessed Tarlon camel strive.  
Encircling Boychibor seven folds,  
they gazed intently at each-others.  
The creature's nature Hakim examined,  
With lust at Boychibor she gazed.  
She had milk filled her breast,  
Seeing this Hakim dismounted the horse.  
He discharged the rein from horse's head,  
The creatures caressing much he watched.  
- I was a bold brave, not weak, at it goes,  
Neither lacked friends, nor tormented by foes.  
Suck your mother caressing, Boychibar,  
Seven years you suffered captivity in a bar.  
Now meeting your mother stay with her,  
Safe and sound you have seen your mother.  
Suck your mother caressing, Boychibar, lean,  
In Kalmak land my companion you'd been.

On waterless deserts you shortened my road,  
On the roads with your mother you have met.  
Caressing suck your mother, Boychibor, nice,  
Like you I wish I went to my humble house.  
Like you I wish I met with my grieved mother,  
Watching you my whole body burnt with fire.  
Caressing suck your mother, Boychibor, falling,  
Sighing oh, the tears are shed down rolling.  
He who begs god with blessing be awarded,  
Not to make this guy's heart break, said.  
From the breast his head Boychibor removed,  
He would put this rein on the horse's head,  
On Chibor's back he would mount to tread,  
On the same road Tarlon camel departed.  
Back she was going on the road come she had,  
Towards Tuqayiston her departure she made.  
The slave shepherd came deadly tired,  
Be unable to reach the camel he exhausted,  
Pasturing the camels the slave en him countered.

**Alpomish was said to be asking him whom that herd of camels you are pasturing belong to:**

My dear god, in peace your people save,  
My owner God, be merciful to a poor slave,  
On these road a lad who used to say hurr-hayt,  
Why have you been wandering in such a sight.  
Of my passion the Arabic steed gallops,  
Let a bold brave be never a poor, helpless.  
On these roads you alone have been helpless,  
Who is the real owner of this herd of horses?  
Of silver the hoof nail is made for the steed,  
Of gold the helmet's collar is made.  
The owner of the herd I'm asking you,  
The owner of the herd of horses is who?  
God is a judge, the prophets -his deputies rather,  
The wounded horse would fail the brave rider.  
I'm a traveler I turn to you for assistance,  
Who is the owner of this herd of horse?  
I'm asking you, the owner of these goods, see  
To you will reach the guy's woe like me.

Under him gallops his horse of colors, hundred,  
The land where you are walking is Boysun land.  
Let me know to what folk do you belong, then,?  
Let me ask to find out your tribal origin.  
I want to see the owner of the horse herd really,  
Who is he I would like to know him definitely,  
A young guy, answer me, you I'm asking firmly.

**Having heard it, the servant slave was also said to be telling the following words looking at Alpomish:**

Hey, passer-by, tell not what I'm unaware,  
Don't make friends weep, foes – laugh, never.  
You've wealth; make silk, velvet, wear not,  
Don't trouble me by asking the owner of the good.  
By misfortune, your garden's flower dried,  
A tricky fate caused much trouble to his head.  
The owner of these goods had disappeared,  
You asked the good's owner, I got feared.  
Whom should I tell of my grieves disclosing over.  
If you want to know these goods lack a real owner.  
If you came asking the goods owner had died,  
These goods were left without the owner, said.  
If Allah didn't seize my sense and mind ,  
If my address was not accepted by God.  
If nobody visited when I was a foreigner,  
If I dare say the goods lack the owner.  
You came onto me galloping the horse,  
You are asking the owner of horse herds.  
Why are you asking what is lacking?  
Being poor we suffered tortures' mocking.  
We used to pasture the cattle, its owners lacking.

**Having heard these words Alpomish was also said to be telling the following words:**

Are the beks a ruler of the land like me, see?  
I asked if you have something to tell me.  
Could a good be without an owner any time?  
I want to tell you, listen to the words of mine.  
Such torture you suffered on the desert, the same.



Could the goods be without an owner any time?  
There might be an owner of your goods, for god's sake,  
These words I have told you, a young lad, orphan, take.  
My Allah be merciful to each poor, orphan, so  
For god's sake let us know the goods owners now.  
I'm a traveler with a broken heart of separation,  
I came having passed roads, lakes under deprivation.  
Having arrived you I encountered here,  
For god's sake I'm asking the goods owner.  
Fall not coming the flowers would not dry,  
On a dried flower a nightingale will never try.  
Could the goods be without an owner any time?  
This passer-by could not pass not clearing the name.  
May I pass too on my road without being delayed,  
What comes to your mind let you tongue speak aloud  
Of your secret and state of affairs let me get informed.

**Having heard these words from Alpomish that slave servant was said to be also telling the following words:**

I used to have a mirza Hakim, called,  
He was a camel galloping in the herd.  
He was nicknamed obstinate in the folk,  
He alone could be equal to forty thousand bek.  
He had an energy of any strong man, god save.  
Among folks he used to be a bold brave.  
In Kashal land that Boysary had remained,  
To seek Boysary he had also journeyed.  
With luckless fate him the Kalmaks captured,  
He was said in the dungeon to be kept.  
In the dungeon my khan might have died,  
For several times the notice had arrived,  
Of his death his folks and land learned,  
That the brave had gone to Kashal we knew not.  
Of this bold brave an orphan might be left there,  
His child had been too young for the affair.  
At that time the throne the slaves seized,  
His son was too young to manage the land.  
Each could not count on him, be aware,  
All power was passed to Ultontoz there.  
The bek's value for the folks was felt with piety,

How people could not remember him with pity.  
Many beauties have suffered missing him much,  
Alas! We could not see the bold brave as such.  
Passer-by, to my words listen,  
My God can make our hardships easy?  
The lonely orphan is still too young to cope with the job,  
When I said ownerless I just meant the young orphan's hob.  
How such a land could be trusted to the slave,  
To the slave the old and young would believe.  
I'm a flower to be blooming in spring,  
I'm a dear soul of someone's offspring.  
If you ask my name, it is Jilovdor,  
In reality I'm a son of the slave Qultoy.  
Having left for Kashal Alpomish passed away,  
This time the turn had reached Ulton anyway.  
Those who had dearly befriended with Alpomish,  
Ulton brought and had them serve, he wished.  
Ultontoz had been governing this land,  
All people consented what to tell them he had.  
They served running what he had told,  
They couldn't but obey him without a word.  
They were subjected to observe the destiny, sad.  
The wealth of the bek had been destructed,  
As his son was young he could not cope it,  
Seeing his state the dear friends had wept.  
If encountered Ulton would torture him, it works.  
Being an orphan had to cope with the folks,  
When I said ownerless I just meant this.

**Having heard these words from the Jilovdor slave, he pretended unaware of anything, if Alpomish had died it was for better, it Ultontoz has been a bek he is from your folk too. He suits them, in any case kin is better than alien, standing up that slave said: - my father Qultoy had been in close relations with Alpomish, he who knew well could say that Qultoy was Alpomish's slave, he who was unaware would say that Alpomish was Qultoy's son. Such a man had passed away in Kalmak land. The turn had reached Ultontoz. As for him he would not send us without engaging us in the service. We are complaining of him, we are to blame. Truly speaking, we can't help seeing him. Having heard these words Alpomish do praying, you mirza might come, he said passing him, going along the lake. When he looked around he saw white, blue, green tents erected in the bushes where several salves who supervised the**

herds breeders, who supervised ninety nine herds of horses in the bushes, were lying with wide open eyes. Some of them were leaning, some of them were laying with their faces down. He turned there to talk to them too. Seeing this passer-by, they did not pull up there stretched legs, not no consider him a man, even they did not pay any attention or consideration who what kind of man he was. Then looking at them Alpomish was said to be telling the following words:

For decoration the tents had been erected,  
The brave were laying stretching their feet.  
If you give me a bowl of qimiz<sup>22</sup> for drinking,  
Without delay I must go my way, thinking.  
I'm thirsty I have come passing many lands,  
For several days I have been covering the roads.  
I'm asking a bowl of qimiz to satisfy my thirst,  
Hear the news and words from a passer-by, first.  
Offer a bowl of qimiz to me, I'm waiting,  
Beneath me my tired horse I'm riding.  
Riding a long road he labored much, not resting,  
Bold braves, your talks were very interesting.  
I'm very thirsty, I can't endure a second,  
My state is in trouble my horse I turned.  
Seeing you I have come here, my brothers,  
All of you are famous herd breeders.  
You may make a passer-by happy, please,  
You have for sure, you offer me qimiz.  
In these places you have both crown and throne,  
Each of you have your tent erected alone.  
You have many people to serve your, how merry,  
Offering me qimiz, you make me happy.  
Like a lion each of you enjoy life merrily,  
I slash bitterly my horse with a whip, really.  
I shall become happy seeing you,  
If you are late a bit I shall be delayed too.  
If you offer me qimiz I shall pass drinking,  
Seeing you I m very happy thanking,  
Those are beks' tent which sparkles, beams,  
You are a bold brave of the land, it seems,  
The passer-by like me is asking for qimiz.

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<sup>22</sup> Qimiz – horse milk soured for drinking, an alcoholic drink

**Having heard these words these slaves were said to be telling the following words:**

We saw you come passing many lands,  
You have a job which never ends.  
Your horse sweated so you came far with a goal.  
Seeing the fighting you'll part with your sweet soul.  
For enemies you will tailor a shroud, don't creak,  
If utter qimiz you dismount the horse to drink.  
Those who are lying will not admit you, it seems.  
Holding your horse they will not give you qimiz.  
For you these men will not get up,  
None of them will serve you, be off.  
You are speaking to those lying braves,  
Come into the tent if you drink qimiz.  
You are unaware of what you are saying, humble,  
Don't think we are not worth the trouble,  
If you need come down and drink qimiz, devil.  
We know you have come exhausted so much,  
You know what is the size of your stomach,  
We're unaware of what land you came and aim,  
We are not going to ask your name in vain.  
From what land your folks would be, no help,  
Tie the horse you came riding yourself.  
You are wait in vain asking qimiz,  
You know what the size of your stomach is.  
If you drink qimiz your mood you will nice.  
the slaves have said to the brave these words,  
All were serving well for Alpomish's goods.  
He would smile at their words, no time,  
Thinking he would weep for sometime.  
Dismounting the horse Boychibor he tied,  
Entering a tent a glance around he made.  
Entering the tent the brave gazed,  
The jugs were full of qimiz, amazed.  
All he had drunken from the beginning,  
Mounting his horse the stubborn left running.  
They needed qimiz too at the moment,  
To drink qimiz they came to the tent,  
All jugs have become empty, we're unaware,  
What a devil the passer-by was gone somewhere.

How he could drink so much qimiz, and,  
Seeing all herd breeders got surprised.  
To drink so much the human would die,  
Not a drop of qimiz was left in any dish, why.  
They didn't care saying as he was thirsty, sigh.  
Hakimbek saw his own land,  
Went on treading watching his ground.  
Saw cattle pasturing on the fields, lakes,  
He would ask their owners thus.  
In his ownership no man knew him anyway.  
No one recognized him saying him a passer-by,  
Some saw him but cared about him not, why?  
The bold braves tie up diamonds on their hands,  
The foe gets revenge from a less wealth who needs,  
He came onto Bobur lake near.  
Seeing the lands where he has grown up simple,  
He went on encountering many people.  
He saw the shining Lake Bobur, it seems.  
He walked on Bobur lake and fields.  
Such a bold brave was riding with woes,  
Now being unaware in what state his land grows,  
Around him Bek Alpmish looked so,  
He was passing the Bobur lake now,  
At the end of the lake he saw many camels,  
Up to his sister he happened to come close,  
Saw the fields he had pastured the camels here,  
Saw many herds lying and grazing there,  
He came up to his sister very near.

**He had reached the field where Qaldirghochoyim was pasturing the camels. Alpmish had had a black camel enchi (gift) for him. For seven years it had knelt down and was mourning. Sensing bek's coming back the camel withdrew from the herd and set off towards him. Qaldirghochoyim, bek's sister who was pasturing the camels, she had no good clothes on her, her whole nude body could be seen, she was coming after the camel, being unable to return the camel she was saying hala, hala (stop). She was said to be telling the following words:**

I say hala, the ownerless camel, some,  
When this camel's owner will come.  
Her hoof nails are made of silver mould,

The helmet's collar is made of gold.  
I could not say an ownerless camel, never.  
If Yodgorjon dies not he'll be an owner.  
Saying hala, the sunshine burnt my head,  
To this misfortune the fate has led.  
The rascal slaves tormented me on the deserts,  
Saying hala, my heels were hardened by the earth,  
The fate's tortures had torn my breast.  
The podishahs had their messengers walk,  
The messengers had their interpreters talk,  
I say hala, my bek brother's gift,  
The separation made my heart get heated,  
Following the camel she cried, wept.  
The shah pine of Qunghirat had fallen,  
Saying hala the beauty Qaldirghot went on.  
Not able to reach the camel she wept, so sad,  
She cried saying Allah bending on the desert,  
Wearing blue to mourn for her brother, dead,  
Hala, hey black camel, ownerless, I said.  
At that time to walk the black camel had began,  
She might sense the bek who to Kashal had gone.  
They were bothers did my milk share come?  
Or had she smelt the smell of other kin, some?  
Thus accursed lay kneeling, it walked, didn't stop  
She went on her legs being unable to step.  
If she doesn't go she'll fear those slaves,  
She looked at each side turning her eyes.  
Her hair spreading down she went,  
I would cry for god from luckless fate,  
Did my by-gone brother come back or dead?  
For the golden decoration on my head, said,  
The golden talisman suits my steed, said,  
If brother Hakim weeps seeing my state,  
If I came up to him saying my brother, said  
My brother Hakim would ask my state,  
The foes he would punish and torment, not stop.  
If my brave brother were in Qunghirat land,  
Why he would have me wandered on the steppe.  
Saying these words she went on crying,  
At the camel she stared saying hala, hala,  
She saw a lonely horse-rider coming,

She suspected him a passer-by, here.  
This passer-by should not see me, said,  
She would hide her beneath the bush near.  
The bones crept, her body scratched, composed.  
The body of the poor was exposed.  
She herself would hide under the bush, near,  
She fell in such an awkward situation, poor,  
The guy Hakimbek might come closer, hush,  
The black camel might meet Alpomish.  
Such a leader was said coming near, bold,  
Saying to see his folks save and sound.  
Seven folds the black camel encircled him,  
Grunting the camel worshipped bek Hakim.  
The love of the beast the brave felt  
He wept, turned the camel back, smelt.  
Pushed it on the road he had come, left.  
The bold brave would not glare up and down,  
He came up onto his sister on the ground.  
In such a state he saw his sister, sad,  
My folks, land 'd been in such a state.  
Weeping sadly his lung swelled, so,  
Looking at his sister he asked, say.  
You don't recognize this passer-by,  
Shall I cut this camel's head, said.  
Listen to the bek like me makes woes,  
I shall shed tears from your eyes.  
Begging god to bless his deeds, too,  
This camel of yours exhausted you.  
Shall I cut this black camel's head?  
This separation type the fate imposed.  
You also listen to the passer's-by voice,  
If the camel's owner asks for the blood price,  
The passer-by pays money for the camel twice.

**Having heard these words hiding under the bush, Qaldirhgochoyim, looking at Alpomish was said to be telling the following words:**

Passer-by, don't let me know what I'm unaware,  
Don't fill my breast with blood by a dagger here  
Passer-by, stop, don't kill the black camel never.  
From separation my heart was torn,

I'd be a sinner if the camel passed on,  
To Ultontoz what shall I respond?  
Weeping on the desert I live my days,  
From this world I'm passing thus.  
After the camel dies he will shed my tear,  
Ulton will cut my head off with tortures here.  
He will make my kith and kin torture,  
He'll make my flesh a prey for vulture.  
After the camel dies he'll detain me,  
Whip on my head bitterly will he.  
Cutting my head he will hang me on the land,  
The poor like me 'll die weeping blood.  
He will teach a lesson with torture for days,  
He'll make me consent to what he says.  
In Qunghirat no one could oppose this leader,  
The camel's owner is Ulton, the abuser.  
For the camel's sake he'll kill me, its hell,  
For sure somebody from folks will tell,  
You, passer-by, must leave this land well.  
I fear the oppression of Ultontaz,  
What can the poor like me do in case?  
On these deserts I had suffered too,  
None could be a leader for this land due.  
All people are servants of Ultontoz, well,  
Let my not be a sinner for the camel.  
My sin people can not buy in vain,  
I'm poor, helpless, I have a complaint,  
Set off, if Ulton finds out he'll kill you, hate.

**Having heard these words from his sister, pretending not to have introduced himself, looking at his sister Alpomish was said to be telling he following words:**

You are also a good person's eye-apple,  
You may be an eye-apple, words to speak  
My poor who is hiding under the bush,  
Whose girl are you in Qunghirat land, look.  
What you are wearing is green or blue,  
Haven't you a leader on Qunghirat true?  
You're wearing blue, do you recall someone,  
Why do you live fearing Ultonbek, complain?



Fall not coming did flowers dry in the garden yet?  
Has Ulton become a ruler of Qunghirat land?  
You are wearing black like a helpless poor, why?  
Has some of your supporting kin passed away?  
You are sad, helpless, grieving a thousand times,  
Not being unable to stop yourself keep weeping sighs.  
Saying Ulton you break your soul into pieces,  
Weeping much you are distracting your thoughts.

You are a sad poor, happened to be under hard days,  
What folks sire are you from in any case?  
Saying Ulton you keep despising him,  
You speak the tears making your eyes dim.  
Why do you weep suffering on the desert such?  
Has Ulton caused you torture very much?  
Has he enjoyed a good life in Qunghirat land?  
Has the former ruler of Qunghirat died?  
Has the turn come to Ulton for ruling's end?  
Are these people the owner of Qunghirat?  
Have all people done what they were told?  
Have all people been led by his leader, bold?  
Seeing you I have hardly cried out?  
Don't weep much my heart would break out.  
I perceived you as sad and discouraged much,  
I have to stay and listen to your words such.

**Having heard these words his sister was said to be telling the following words:**

I'm also someones's eye apple, nice  
I'm the words of his mouthpiece.  
If you know I'm myself a china-chin, and,  
I'm Boburi's daughter in Qunghirat land.  
Being helpless poor I'm staying on these deserts,  
To pasture camels is from my fate I know, no easy.  
A brother named bek Alpomish I had  
He had journeyed to Kashal land.  
We heard him to have been jailed,  
The notice of his death had arrived.  
We could not go and see that dungeon really,  
There came a notice of him being alive.

By now we haven't received any news, sighed,  
I finally consented, my milk sharer had died,  
If he hadn't died he would have appeared,  
Coming he would go and see his land.  
If he were alive the foe would not ruled,  
If he were here the land he'd not have yielded,  
You, listen to the word of the sad like me, fine,  
Ulton has stepped on the track of such a lion.  
He is going to marry his beauty by giving feasts,  
Now my sister-in-law can't give her consents.  
The beauty Barchin used to weep day and night,  
Saying my leader she would recall my brother's sight.  
Every day people would keep visiting her twice,  
Saying Barchinoy they would give her much advice.  
She hasn't accepted the offer of Ultontoz yet,  
She has been expecting the bek who was gone, sad.  
As a bek Uton is causing torture to the folks here,  
The death of brother has become definitely clear.  
What can he do if Barchin hasn't agreed, responded?  
By and by she would agree what he had proposed,  
If it happens what days are we going to face, god imposed.

**Having heard these words Alpomish was said to be looking and telling the following words:**

If you know from Kalmak land I am coming here,  
Of the news about your brother I am aware.  
He has not passed away he is still alive, lives on,  
For several years we had been together in the dungeon.  
You have fallen in sorrows and dim grieves, it seemed,  
Your brother shall come the slave will be ashamed.  
Till death I shall have been faithful for creator's sake,  
Due to my character I was lower than a straw, stick.  
In the dungeon I've befriended with your brother,  
I'm well aware of the news about your brother, no other.  
If anybody asks I can answer him on behalf of the khan,  
I'm not your brother, but his friend I am, as one.  
From the dungeon your brother might be released too,  
He might have tortured Kalmak people very much, so.  
Don't cry, you shall see such a bold brave indeed,  
Your brother has appointed me for his messenger's deed.

Your brother's messenger, friend might come,  
You have suffered much by weeping some.  
Your dear soul has suffered in your body, sad.  
Your brother shall come the slave will be ashamed,  
Don't cry any more, your brother is alive,  
He shall cause a doomsday to the foes, strive.  
You'll see the brave who was gone to Kashal end.  
Everybody is a bek, a ruler for his own credit,  
Your brother will also come on this road.  
The news of your brother will be as such,  
He is likely to arrive in two days, not much  
The passer-by answers as such, and :  
First, I shall see your brother's land,  
I'll find out definitely if he comes, said.  
Seeing this place I shall go to Qunghirat,  
Sensing if he is a friend or a foe I'll respond.

**Having heard these words his sister was said to be telling the following words:**

You started your journey from what land?  
Of my brother in Kashal You've informed.  
Do not offend the sad poor like me, never,  
If you are a bold brave, do act as betrayer.  
May you live long, die not in this world,  
May you see the good, not an evil work.  
Were you my brother for me don't do tricks,  
The twists of the roads may god curse.  
May brave's nest be not ruined in the land,  
To Boybury's power there came an end.  
Will the land's owner come back again ?  
Don't accept as a joke these words of mine.  
Were you my brother don't do tricks for me,  
By saying words don't display yourself, see.  
Were you my brother ask my state of affair,  
Don't make my flower fall in blossom here.  
Let's go, your son, Yodgor, I'll show  
Who was left an orphan from you, if you know.  
See me suffering as a helpless poor,  
Were you my brother ask my state of affair.  
If you are my brother, you're my sight, my light,

You reminded me of my brother, my heart's delight.  
These words Qaldighoch is telling you,  
On the horseback Hakim is thinking too.  
If I inform her saying I'm your brother, but,  
She is sure to die from breaking her heart.  
For a moment he has fallen in thought,  
Then to her sister he gave this retort.  
Don't call me brother, your brother'll come,  
To turn the horse's head to the road he began.  
Your brother is sure to arrive From this road,  
The brave is treading on saying this word,  
Not looking back at his sister he is going forward.

**Thinking whether the passer-by had left, she came out from under the bush, he had gone as far as the dim eyesight distance, when she looked up she saw and recognized the horse from the back. It resembles my brother's chibor horse he has ridden off. Having seen, recognized she was said to be running after him telling the following words:**

Passer-by who has gone on this road, see,  
Pull the horse's rein, and look back at me,  
Stopping ask of my state of affair.  
If you'er journeying here from Kalmak land,  
May you cover the roads, danger never face,  
May you not make the wanderer like me weep,  
Of my bek brother you have given a news,  
May my eyes not be torn, I have recognized,  
The horse chibor my brother had ridden, best.  
Passer-by, listen to the words I'm telling,  
May my Allah ease the hardships of mine,  
I would recognize were I not blind ,  
The silk wool cover my sister-in-law signed.  
On the hill the bird called Falcon will sit,  
What was seen is forgiven in this world,  
Recognizing the horse she ran on foot.  
She was running in haste, loss of mind,  
She was running her lung swelling, void.  
Bek Alpomish just looked back turning,  
He saw his sister coming after him burning,  
He stopped pulling the horse's rein,  
The beauty Qaldirghoch reached him running.

She has the horse rein put her neck around,  
Putting her head at the spur she cried out.  
This is the horse my brother used to ride,  
She wept much encircling its legs beside.  
Hakimbek waited thinking sometime,  
If he introduced saying your brother I'm,  
Never separating she would stay with him.  
Thinking he has acted like the following end,  
Shaking he seized the rein from her hand.  
This chibor horse is our home breed horse,  
Step by step you are swindling me, of course.  
Sensing it the helpless poor wept sadly,  
Were he my brother why did he act badly.  
Were he my brother he is sure to inform me,  
Saying I'm a stranger he would distract me,  
Being offended back to her camels went she.  
Seeing his sister in such a hardship state,  
Bek Hakim was treading with thoughts, sad.  
The tears're falling on the mane from his eyes, bad.  
Consented to the deed willed by god,  
The heaven trembles when he roared,  
Galloping his chibor under him he'd worship,  
He happened to come up to many flocks of sheep.  
The cattle farmers, I don't know your thoughts,  
Inform me of the sheep flocks you pasture, lots.  
Let me come up to you galloping my steed,  
Shepherd, pasturing the sheep, you I asked.  
Let me know who is the sheep's owner on the land.  
Each of you is pasturing many flocks of reserves.  
Saying it is joy of life you wander on these deserts,  
Let me inform of the owner of the sheep flocks.  
Today the blade of torture is penetrating into the soul,  
The torture of fate has led to this misfortune,  
Cattle farmers are called "dahmarda", they say,  
Cattle-farmers, whom these sheep flocks own.  
I looked with pride and power to the right and left,  
On these deserts your goal is to feed the sheep fat,  
Your wealth is cattle and deserts around,  
I'm unaware of the number of sheep being pastured.  
I'm unaware of your state of affairs, shepherds,  
The easy and hard toils you do in the folks,

The powerful ruler, well-known in the folks,  
Under me I'm riding, galloping the horse.  
From you is asking the leader like me,  
Darhmards, whose are the sheep you pasture,  
I'm also a ruler of a land wandering around,  
What riches are the sheep owners on the nature?  
Wandering, idling on the deserts I'm coming,  
I don't know I'm asking you still waiting.  
If you tell me the owner I may recognize then,  
Who is the owner of the sheep you are pasturing,  
The passer-by should not be offended,  
Staying long he should not be late for the road,  
Inform him, he would better be off from around.

**Having heard these words the shepherds were said to be telling the following words:**

Previously the cattle had belonged to Boybury biy,  
If you know further they belonged to Alpomish bek,  
The present owner is the slave like Ultontoz, speak.  
We are unaware what Ultontoz is thinking over,  
We are shepherds, the servants of Ultontoz, ever,  
The accursed have too many sheep flocks and more.  
Ultontoz himself is such an unusual devil,  
In this land he is aware of the in and out,  
The sheep owner, bek Alpomish had died,  
All these sheep are inherited by Ulton, hired.  
Our boss Ulton governs us as a bek, God save,  
The accursed is too much accountable, talkative.  
He asks the account of the sheep from us,  
Over us Qultoy keeps supervision, thus.  
Asking us to the khan he makes reports, pity,  
Go to this grandpa if you want to know exactly.

**The numberless sheep are pasturing, no one knows where is the beginning and where the end. The shepherds reside there. They set off along the sheep. The desert is full of pasturing sheep. He is going highly surprised by the vast number of sheep. Having dwelt in the dungeon for seven years he forgot this wealth. Seeing the limitless number of the sheep flocks he got surprised how one person could possess so much wealth, he walked on thinking. He saw an old man crying "I lost my son by a luckless chance",**

**standing at the edge of the sheep flocks. Seeing Alpomish recognized him. He was a so called Qultoy, his favorite slave. Looking at him, seeming not to recognize him he was said telling the following words:**

Why are you crying, weeping, grandpa,  
When aged you are grunting like a camel,  
Sighing o, oh, you salt your heart and liver,  
Saying my son, you are seeking some one, I feel.  
Did a tricky fate trouble your head?  
Has your dear one passed away recently, be dead.  
Or has you recalled you dead son?  
Or after a high blossom you have your flower dried?  
Has a doomsday happened in your old age, why cry?  
Let me know whether your son has died.  
Why are you crying, weeping, grandpa,  
I'm a passer-by, let me turn to you with a query,  
Let me know the reason why you are weeping,  
When aged you have grieved much, grandpa.  
Losing your supporter you became helpless,  
Let me ask why you are crying, what is the case?  
I have served much in a far country,  
The horse I'm riding has come tired,  
You have wept I endure no longer,  
Have your dear child died?  
The misfortune you faced in Qunghirat,  
To enjoy haven't you any friend?

**Having heard these words he said: whom I'm weeping for was not my son, he was Boybury's son, we both were very good friends, those who knew not used to say Alpomish was Qultoy's son, those who knew used to say Qultoy was Alpomish's slave. He was gone to Kashal and passed away.**

**So much wealth was left for the slaves. Remembering this I wept, said he. Standing up he said: Garndpa, if I showed you Alpomish what would you give? Qultoy said: I would give you your brother's stomach. Had I seen him I would have recognized him. Alpomish said: Who do I resemble? You resemble to a grave. I have nothing to do with his resemblance. People like you used to come saying Alpomish is coming, give me a gift, many goats of mine they have tricked off from me. You came saying Alpomish has come, the fool Qultoy would give me something, tricking him I'll get his goat, you said coming. Hearing these words: - hey, grandpa, you didn't recognize me, what birth mark did Alpomish have, he asked. Qultoy said: - Alpomish's mark is**

**that on his right spade he had five finger prints of Shahimardon pir, on his left spade I had my five finger prints. He showed his spades. Smoothing he sensed the finger prints, you were my child, said he, not separating from him. They were said to have found each other:**

Saying these words Qultoy's eyes filled with tears,  
Saying my child on him he threw himself, no fears.  
Are you snow covering that mount,  
Are you a foal bound to the camels' line,  
Are you longing for the folks, my son,  
My eye's apple, the land owner, are you alive.  
May my Allah keep his people safe and sound,  
May my Allah be merciful for a suffering slave,  
The owner of the land, Hakimkhan, you arrived,  
Saying my son, he embraced him tightly at his breast,  
The grief and cloud seemed to have gone on the ground.  
The bright light has gone from my eyes,  
There was no palace garden found,  
The friends have turned into my foes,  
What was done regret I do not,  
My dear son, are you alive, my apple eyes.  
Under misfortune you parents had fallen,  
Ultontoz had a corrupted bone from start,  
That accursed had inherited his slave manner,  
All he had them to make service to him,  
Thanks to god I saw the brave like you, honor.  
My dear lamb like you might come.  
May you enjoy life in your own land now,  
For several times he encircled Hakimbek,  
My dear son, the land's owner, are you alive?  
You were gone we grunted like camels,  
We couldn't go seeking Qamloq land.  
Now lead life giving hard time to the foes,  
Dear son, are you alive, my kind?  
May Allah bestow strength on each one,  
No deed is done without god's decree, none.  
Seeing you a hundred luckless virtues gone,  
Now the strength has empowered me, my son.  
In this land of yours the foes would regret,  
The foes would be destructed to the earth,  
You came, sultan, safe and sound to the land.



I had suffered and tormented on good days,  
My heart has broken into a thousand pieces.  
Ask about my state of affairs, my dear son,  
Look at my appearance of mine, blinded one.  
Saying these words he embraced him crying,  
You arrived at the period of slaves' ruling.  
From here you would go to your own land,  
You are sure to see the work done by slaves' hand.  
My son, when you see, you can't endure,  
You are not aware the slaves are so severe.  
All had become rulers and stamp owners,  
They've become wealthy by Ulton's words.

**Having said these words they both having found each other, hey, grandpa, what is news in the folks, said he. I thought you have grown but you have remained with this gap in you. Now the new gossip it is about thirty days that Ultontoz has been offering parties and feats to marry your wife. Now you go and kill him, this would be anew gossip, said he. Having heard this word Alpomish said: - Grandpa, go pretending me, and I'll go pretending like you. Who is a friend, who is a foe, I would like to see with my own eyes. One should not be gone being in other's shoes. My son, you want do as you like. Let me go to the slave's party and join in horse-racing. So dismounting he gave Qultoy his Boychibor. Putting on Alpomish's clothes, mounting on Boychibor, becoming a good aged man n agood clothes, riding the horse he left for the party of slaves. Putting on Qultoy's clothes, hanging on his shoulder the worn out sacks, Alpomish put on wool robe he put on yelvagay, on it he tied his waist, he put on his tumoq and choriqs, slighted the black he-goat, had it soups, cut off it skin for mustache and beards, then cut the tips with a seizer. In front if him there was a lake. He was at the edge of the lake. Leaning he looked into the lake, in the water he saw his reflection.**

**He just looked like Qultoy himself. Holding his stick he seemed to wear Qultoy's appearance and went off to the party. While he was passing in front of a number of houses, a bride came out and looked at him, she had her three goats joined in his flock of sheep, seeing him she came running to ask about her goats:**

Grandpa, listen to my words, I'm speaking too,  
You are going to the party, I recognized you.  
I have complaints to tell you If you wait,  
The poor like me came running tired.  
I have assigned to you three goats,

Are the creature safe and sound?  
To decorate myself I wear silk shawl, I say  
Grandpa, I look out for you every day,  
Seeing you I ask about my goats today.  
Is the beauty like me moaning here?  
Did the goats become fat, run away?  
Grandpa, come back, be my guest,  
Let me lead you to my house.  
Grandpa, let me cook you soup,  
Asking my goats, find out the truth.  
You are a supervisor over shepherds,  
Every day you see and watch goats.  
If they die or get sick you'll inform us,  
You are aware of Malaroy's words.  
You treat well who serves you well,  
Come back, have a little rest you shall.  
Running I wandered, as you see,  
Making clear you will inform me.

**Having heard these words Alpomish sensed that this bride had her goats joined Qultoy's flock, she thought me Qultoy, said he , wanted to make a joke, having become fat your goats are happy and jolly, denying the he-goat you goats are having affaires with a ram, for years your three goats have increased to a hundred and fourteen, said he. Shortsighted, the silly woman who understands nothing became happy, elated. Saying let your mouth be full of butter, lets go home, she insisted and urged him go home. When they came home there was no bread. Grandpa, sit down, there is no bread, I'll go and fetch flour elak from this neighbor and make you a cracky bread with butter. She went out to bring elak. In her neighbors four –five women were chattering. As they say the woman who goes out for elak has fifty mouthful of words to tell, she joined the women's talk. Chattering long she forgot about Qultoy. While she was away Qultoy eat the butter in a goat skin sack, a sack of dried sour milk rolls, and other eatable things in the house and left.**

**The bride was also coming back. She saw Qultoy leaving the house. She looked surprised saying "hey, Grandpa, come back. Qultoy said now it is late for the party. I eat some food, tasted your salt, so I must go on. Then come home when you return. Taking the elak she came in, and saw there was nothing left in the house as if there came a devil. She thought: if he were Qultoy he would have not enough strength to digest so much food. This is the work of a brave. What happened? Did Alpomish come back?, she thought. Thus, Alpomish was said to be Qultoy and going to the party:**

Dragging his stick "Qultoy" goes,  
If god blesses his house,  
I shall see beauty Barchin's figure,  
Watch the wedding of my lover.  
Who knows the game of Qulton slave,  
His party would be interesting, his fame.  
We could go and enjoy the party game.  
Saying these words Qultoy would tread,  
Girls and maidens filled the road.  
Together with women they were going swift,  
Many women were carrying their wrapped gifts,  
Joined the company of Qultoy on the road,  
Their many thanks to Qultoy slave they told.  
The wedding party venue was very far,  
The fat women have been tired before.  
Grandpa, what would happen if you serve,  
Let us pray for you to meet a good wife, so.  
Let's load the wrapped gifts on you tight,  
Grandpa, carry them on, let's us go light.  
Let us go to the party accompanied by you,  
Being thankful let us pray you very much too.  
Saying to dress silk, velvet at the age, old,  
Saying to bow the neck to the deed of god.  
Saying my grandpa's foe should burn in the fire,  
Let all women pray for you in chorus with desire.  
May your navel the warmest part touch,  
Saying these words they thanked very much.  
Qultoy's mind the women seized with lifts,  
At that moment they gathered wrapped gifts.  
On Qultoy's back they would load on,  
Taking the wool robe and carrying one.  
Together with women he was going, oh, man,  
He was leading the way joking with women.  
A field or two he went ahead,  
Behind the women were left.  
Qultoy walked making jumps,  
Running, urging made attempts.  
Wandering Qultoy went on and on,  
Now watch Qultoy go alone.  
Several hills he had passed,

Qultoy's sight was clean lost.  
Unable to reach they cursed him,  
God cursed Qultoy fall in grim.  
Who had two mothers under sky?  
Who made Malaroy cry?  
He who came eating qurt and butter,  
His shadow this women would see never.

How could we go with nothing, thought?  
With such pace Qultoy was urging a lot.  
For several hills the women lagged behind,  
Going forward he was looking around.  
He saw a cattle resting there,  
Onto a spring he came up near.  
There Qultoy made a stop, rested  
The wrapped gifts he opened, tasted.  
He saw baked qatlama<sup>23</sup>, quymok,  
All he eat, left nothing like a crack,  
Even Qultoy slave left no bughirsak.

**He had eaten all that was in big dishes, there were left only empty dishes and cloths. He brought dried dung gathered by a shepherd, put in the dishes like theirs, wrapped more or less as they were, put them all in line on the spring and he set off. The women were in hesitation whether to go on or go back, however they came up onto this spring and seeing their dishes and cloths they prayed their grandpa. May god have you meet a fat woman. Saying, he left them here not make us ashamed, they drank water from the spring, each getting her own dish and cloth, put on their heads as before, while they were jumping over the stream, someone of them might have jumped higher, the dung fell down from her cloth. Seeing the dung fall down from her cloth, the other women said: - This woman has a competing kundosh, who added the dung to shame her. The other woman: - to be on the safe side lets open and see whether there is also dung in our cloths. when they opened all had dung in their cloths and dishes. They cursed Qultoy, hurried in confusion, they dug down their dishes on the spring to take them on their way back, the cloths they tied around their bodies under their cloths. Saying they would go without wedding cloths and dishes, if they were asked why they came without gifts they would say it was Qultoy who was to blame for.**

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<sup>23</sup> Qatlama, quymok, bughirsak – names of folk meals, made of flour and butter

**Meanwhile let them be going to the wedding party. Now let's speak about old Qultoy who had ridden off Boychibor horse. He rode Bochibor to the party. When he reached there he learned that Ultontoz had imitated to Alpomish when he had been present there. He erected a velvet tent for Barchin. Anybody who brings the prize of the horse race he submits it to Bachin's tent. He tied Boychibor short, lay leaning in the shade of the horse, saying slaves, bring out your prizes for the race, the slaves put prizes for the horse race, Qultoy joined the slaves horse race. Qultoy was said to be racing with slaves and telling the following words:**

The lover becomes conscious at nights,  
Many are not aware of his state or sites.  
There gathered a hundred braves,  
The horse race was in high waves.  
Ten-twelve thousand rich guys,  
There was nobody to count their size.  
Approximately twelve thousand riders,  
There kept winning the prizes:  
Kusam, he-goats, rugs, carpets,  
Watch, how brave Qulroy competes,  
On chibor he slashes the whip,  
The whip hit like a steel wire lip.  
It flew cutting the crowd straight,  
The gathered crowd it spread, great.  
This grandpa urged with energy,  
Many people got shocked, tragedy.  
He went off getting the prize, mounted,  
Saying, guys, is the prize counted?  
Reaching the target he came back,  
On this day he enjoyed the race pack.  
Slashed the whip with arms length,  
Boychibor reached galloping forth.  
Won the prizes again and again a lot,  
His roaring he said would reach God.  
ULtontoz's Jiyron horse,  
Got the prize, flew off the course,  
Turned his head Qultoy, humble,  
On Boychibor slashed the whip, gamble.  
Battling he reached from the side,  
He seized the back leg of the prize goat.  
Fastened it covering under the spur,

Leaning down he pulled the one and flew.  
Ultontoz's Jiyron horse ran galloping,  
Had it driven and fallen rolling,  
All slaves gathering reached his head,  
Guest, where you came from, they said.  
What tribe are you from, said,  
Don't race like that, or you'd die, said.  
In the eve you'll get the prize goat, said,  
You had bek's horse fallen off road, said.  
When in the old age you'd die, said,  
The party of the strong you'd know, said,  
You are doing such a job, how, said.  
He raced for the goat prize of Qultoy,  
Let foes be aware of me, said with joy,  
Let it be the prize what I win, oh, boy.  
Again, again the prizes he wins,  
Reaching the target he returns.  
Battling, fighting Qultoy races with fever,  
The slaves give him goat-prize never.  
His horse Qultoy turns forward,  
He races pushing the crowd.  
He is opposing the slaves,  
Ulton he despises, disfavors  
No respect he shows him, never,  
Qultoy is obstinate than ever.  
Again he seizes the goat prize set,  
Under the spur Qultoy fastens it.  
Die you shall, many slaves said in pace,  
Qultoy was famous in the horse race.  
When riding on the steed,  
No man him can compete.  
Seizing the uloq<sup>24</sup>-goat Qultoy set off,  
He flew like a flying star, tough.  
To seize how no one knows,  
Such a skill Qultoy shows.  
Many get shocked, surprised,

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<sup>24</sup> Uloq (buzkashi, kupkari) - is a traditional Central Asian team sport played on horseback in [Afghanistan](#), [Uzbekistan](#), [Tajikistan](#), [Kyrgyzstan](#), [Kazakhstan](#). The skilled riders grab a goat or calf from the ground while riding a horse at full gallop.

On him good clothes sized.  
Much he was spoken of hi fame,  
From what folk this aged came.  
The horse under him is a steed,  
Though aged he is much stronger indeed.  
Him he slaves unfairly opposed,  
No attention does he pay to the accursed.  
In the crowd Qultoy is not a rock sand,  
He shall do what he says, it is grand.  
He shall not listen what one tells, smart.  
No word he takes close to his heart.  
He slashed the whip on Boychibor,  
It is a hint for Alpomish's arrival,  
Qultoy became dizzy saying hay-hey.  
Many uloqs Qultoy has won a day.

**He just looked like Qultoy himself. Holding his stick he seemed to wear Qultoy's appearance and went off to the party. While he was passing in front of a number of houses, a bride came out and looked at him, she had her three goats joined in his flock of sheep, seeing him she came running to ask about her goats:**

Grandpa, listen to my words, few,  
You are going to the party, I recognized you.  
If you wait I have complaints to tell you,  
The poor like me came running tired too.  
I have three goats assigned to you,  
Are the creature safe and sound due?  
To decorate myself I wear silk shawl, I say,  
Grandpa, I look out for you every day.  
Seeing you I ask about my goats there,  
Is the beauty like me moaning here?  
Didn't the goats become fat, run away?  
Grandpa, come back, be my guest anyway.  
Let me lead you to my house, hoop,  
Grandpa, let me cook you soup.  
Asking my goats, I'll find out the truth,  
You are a supervisor over shepherds' ruth.  
You see and watch goats every day, thus,  
If they die or get sick you'll inform us.  
Of Malaroy's words You are aware,

You treat well who serve you well there.  
Come back, have a little rest and go,  
Running I wandered, as you know,  
Making clear you will inform me so.

**Having heard these words Alpomish sensed that this bride had her goats joined Qultoy's flock, she thought me Qultoy, said he , wanted to make a joke, having become fat your goats are happy and jolly, denying the he-goat you goats are having affaires with a ram, for years your three goats have increased to a hundred and fourteen, said he. Shortsighted, silly woman who understands nothing became happy, elated. Saying let your mouth be full of butter, lets go home, she insisted and urged him go home. When they came home there was no bread. Grandpa, sit down, there is no bread, I'll go and fetch flour elak from this neighbor and make you a cracky bread with butter. She went out to bring elak. In her neighbors four –five women were chattering. As they say the woman who goes out for elak has fifty mouthful of words to tell, she joined the women's talk. Chattering long she forgot about Qultoy. While she was away Qultoy eat the butter in a goat skin sack, a sack of dried sour milk rolls, and other eatable things in the house and left.**

**Having heard these words from his mother Yodgor: Let me cause a trouble to these slaves, if it is true that my father has come, I shall kill the slaves. If they woe when laying, they will get separating, if my father's coming is false, living with suffering from these slaves I'd rather be dead.**

**Then making his soul happy, holding a hard stick in his hand, running pushed the he-goats out of the race-field. While he was driving the he-goats, Alpomish was coming in the mask of Qultoy, Yodgor encountered him. Alpomish was said to be looking at him and telling the following words:**

You are a flower bloomed in spring,  
Your are a dear soul of someone's offspring.  
Whose child are you, my son, pushing goats,  
Here to what tribe do you belong, give notice,  
Pushing the he-goat where are you going, my child.  
Your face I resemble to the sky's moon,  
Your-self I resemble to a young falcon,  
Your brows I likened to a bended bow, son.  
I liken you to a rich with a thousand sheep.  
Whose son are you, looking like a rich man?  
From what pearl offspring you were born?  
The child like you is not born from mother,



From what house have you taken your flight?  
A high flying dear baby who is your father?  
This is the decree issued for me by god,  
Does she who has borne you have a luckless dream?  
Seeing you your grandpa's strength has gone,  
If I say your sire is humane you're paradise's angel,  
Whose child are you, looking like an angel, my son?  
At old age I say Allah, weep and cry,  
Making glances I look around,  
I am asking your ancestors, let me know,  
My son, whose child are you, bound?  
A so called bird falcon sits on the hill,  
What have you seen living in this immortal world,  
If shahs see your figure they'll go on food,  
You have a power more than that Rustam's,  
A stubborn looking lad, who son are you, child?

**Having heard these words and touched by them Yodgor was said to be telling the following words:**

You were a soul suffering in the body so far,  
Among the slaves you were my kindest before  
Have you also forgotten me, my dear grandpa?  
It is the cloud that covers the rocks, mounts, sure  
Isn't it a doomsday for the orphan like me, poor?  
When my bek father had gone to Kashal,  
I was a suspected baby in my mother's womb here,  
My dear grandpa, have you forgotten me too, dear?  
I am a flower bloomed in spring,  
I am also a dear soul of one's offspring,  
You've also forgotten me, dear grandpa  
I'm son of Alpomish who went to Kashal, far.  
Saying the words the Orpahn Yodgor gazed.  
The two horse-racers were coming in haste.  
The horse riders' coming he watched.  
Yodgor wept out being touched.  
I have died from the luckless fate, take care  
Hey, I enjoy your figure, come near,  
What did the orphan Yodgor tell his grandpa?  
Grandpa, save the baby like me so far,  
Take me to wool robe, dear grandpa,

Save me from these two hired men, here.  
Listen, my grandpa, to my word  
At the old age don't despise death,  
Dear grandpa, submit me not with your hand,  
Save me from your two slaves.  
Dear grandpa, if you submit me with your hand,  
These rascals will cause me bad days,  
They will make my tears pour like flood,  
With torture the slaves cut my head,  
With rage they hang my body,  
Your Alpomish's name will be lost, be an end,  
Dear grandpa, submit me not with your hand.  
These words the orphan Yodgor says,  
The two horse riders are coming from race,  
They approached Yodgar with threat,  
This orphan Yodgor was at a loss, sad.  
Grandpa, said he ...  
He seized the belt of Qultoy slave, of course,  
With anger they dismounted from their horse.  
This mother accursed has gone too far,  
He has battled with us for bekship, so,  
Coming the slaves fought with Yodgar.  
Fall coming in the garden the flowers dried,  
Allah has seized his sense and mind,  
The death reaching his time ended.

**He is his child, seeing him Qultoy could not but endure. Looking at the salves he said: once he had had his father, god did it, he came an orphan, how could the orphan be beaten, don't touch him, spend you time joyfully, said he, holding their hands. The brave is a brave, his fingers are grinding their wrists, the tears are filling their eyes, he could not put out their wrists. Qultoy remembered.**

**In case they might sense his strength he released their wrists. They also mounted on their horses, loaded two he-goats on two horses, man can not test a man, Qultoy has a young guy's strength, said they leaving. Looking at his grandpa, Yodgor was said to be telling the following words:**

Listen, my grandpa, to my word,  
You do not despise death,  
You parted from two of your slaves,  
If you are Qultoy,

You could not do such deeds always.  
Weren't you my father gone to Kashal, see?  
If you were my father, don't trick me.  
When the cloud covers the top of the mount,  
His people my Allah will keep safe and sound.  
On a hard day you were kind to me,  
I suspect you to be my father, see.  
If you were my father, don't trick me ever,  
Do good, don't face bad days, never.  
Don't let foes know your secrets, see,  
If you were my father, don't trick me.  
In front of you your child like me, weeps,  
On my head I have much trouble, grieves.  
Your figure do not resemble that of Qultay,  
You have an energy to throw Asqar mount,  
This power of your is that of any guy,  
Weren't you my father gone to Kashal, bound.  
I'll shed my tears from eyes like flood,  
Grandpa, I sensed you've wronged, I regret.  
You, listen to cries, woes do I shall,  
Weren't you my father gone to Kashal.  
If you were my father don't offend me,  
Don't stay here, father, as if not aware.

**Having heard these words, looking at Yodgor, his grandpa was said to be telling the following words:**

The tears from my eyes lined like pearls,  
My bones sickening there grieved my souls.  
How could I offend my dear child like you?  
Don't say father, I am touched deeply, too.  
Almighty god had made me a wanderer,  
May my god be merciful to a sad slave ever!  
Don't say father to Qultoy, Yodgorjan,  
Your father's house is a dark dungeon.  
My child, I'm not your father but Qultoy grandpa,  
Don't distract you thoughts being young so far.  
Don't guide your fool soul to any way,  
Don't suspect your grandpa as father today.  
Your father was left alien in Kashal land,  
He was put in the dungeon in Kalmaks hand.

As an alien your father is somewhere left,  
Your father had died in Qalmaq land.  
My silly son, don't be suspicious of me such,  
When you say "father", I'll feel touched.  
How could your father come back being dead rather?  
How could your Qultoy grandpa be your father?  
I grew old, my child, my body is bent,  
When I sigh, my tears fall pouring, said.  
Your father had gone to a far land,  
I'm unaware how he went.  
My silly child, you suspect me here,  
Were I your father, didn't I care?  
Didn't he caress and embrace you due?  
Didn't he go to the party carrying you?  
Wouldn't he see his beauty Barchin marry?  
Weren't foe slaves be dead in this party?  
In the dungeon your bek father Kalmaks detained,  
Wandering in Kalmak land your father died stunk.  
Your father was truly a very strong brave,  
Saying my father, don't suspect me, believe.  
If you say father, my father I recall,  
My old pains will be renovated at all.  
Orphan Yodgor, my father don't tell.

**Having heard these words, he said: I was unaware too, Qultoy grandpa was surprisingly strong, I must test him in a field, in any case I shall not have my mother marry Ultontoz. I have done so much wrong for Ultontoz. Saying let me sense his mind and soul, Yodgor was said to be telling the following words:**

When I sigh oh, my tears run like flood here,  
Let's share secrets, my dear grandpa, come near.  
Ultontoz taught me to what I have known not,  
Not stabbing a dagger he filled my breast with blood,  
He persuaded many what he had said.  
He had many sheep, fat bulls slaughtered in rows,  
All were fed up including the poor and widows.  
Meanwhile thirty days have passed and another,  
Matchmakers used to visit my beautiful mother.  
By origin I'm a ruler from Dobonbiy team.  
How could I have my mother marry him?

After my beauty mother married Ulton had,  
How could I reside facing Qunghirat land.  
Don't cause pain and suffering to my heart,  
Your child like me, don't offend.  
How can I have my mother marry Ultontaz, but.  
Ultontaz announced his power and might,  
Without break people visit my mother day and night.  
My mother persists ignoring the proposal,  
All approve his words, don't oppose others.  
My mother keeps persisting not to consent,  
Answer me, grandpa, what would happen it?

**Having heard these words his grandpa was said to be telling the following words:**

Ultontoz was a ruler in Qunghirat land,  
No one could be equal to him around.  
Perceive it, my child, he is a stamp owner,  
There is no need resist the stamp owner, never.  
Don't have grieves in your heart, but hurry,  
To survive you have to get your mother marry.  
I am aware you are a ruler from dobonbiy, sorry,  
To survive you have to get your mother marry.  
If your don't marry your mother to Ultontaz,  
Be aware, you shall die from torture in that case.  
My dear child, don't be such a fool,  
Don't go opposing to Ultontaz, cool.  
Don't die by Utontoz's hand being poor,  
"I shall not have her marry", say never.  
You are aware Ultontoz is a ruler of the land,  
His decree would be announced to all round.  
Using force he shall marry your mother,  
You are an orphan what can you do other?  
All will show consent to Ulton's word,  
He who leaves the crowd is a fool in the world.  
Be aware, this Ultontoz as a dragon has grown,  
The land like Boysun will shudder from his blow.  
Not delaying have your mother marry him, be kind,  
Being kind keep enchanting Ulton's mind.  
Be a leader under his government,  
Whatever he says give your consent.

This is the advice I have said, take care  
Don't meddle, your mother has a desire,  
You mother needs to marry him too there.  
In Qunghirat land people who toil there,  
The old and young are aware of this affair,  
If your mother marries Ultontoz in peace,  
Partly a wish you have too, a little piece.

**Having heard these words Yordgor was said to be telling the following words:**

As a grieved slave whom shall I disclose my pains,  
I should seek a friend from folks for my grieves.  
To have my flower mother marry Ultontoz, try.  
From the torture of Ultontoz I'd better die.  
Let me be whatever I might be, dear grandpa, not pity,  
Till I die I shall do what I can to spoil the party.  
If I can I shall keep opposing him, grim,  
I shall also do not consent, resist him.  
Till my head is cut off I shall oppose,  
While I'm alive I shan't admit Ultontoz.  
What he has said I shall not accept,  
I shan't ignore what I consider bes.  
What can I do if I am too young still,  
If I was made orphan by creator's will.  
If death comes I shall die some day,  
How could I have my mother marry him, why?  
Tears from my eyes let Ulton shed,  
If he is strong let him cut my head.  
Let him make my kith and kin weep,  
If he is strong let him do his deed.  
If he doesn't kill I shan't submit my mother,  
Let him cut off my head, hang my body rather.  
Ulton shall cause shame to us a lot,  
He'll cause hardships we've experienced not.  
Now I learned he is the ruler of the land  
As of orphan when has he asked my state?  
He destroyed, crashed us to earth, this man,  
He has not considered us as humane,  
Counting me an orphan he never asked my state,  
He acted as an arrogant, despised us in this lan

He did not treat us well, cared not gently,  
The accursed still behaves arrogantly,  
He was unaware of what Yodgor thinks simply.

**Thus, having heard these words from Yodgor, he said bravo my son, be like this if you were born from mother, I am also coming to go and see this rascal's party and to spoil it as badly as I can. You are a young baby, and me an aged man, if we unite we shall make the complete as they say. My son, in any case let unite and see what you grandpa will be able to do, said he. Yodgor has never heard such warm words from anybody. Hearing these words from his grandpa, he followed him with pride. Standing up Qltoy said. If we go from the field they would say we might have agreed.**

**You, go from the side of kupkari (the horse race) I shall go from the side of the party. Let me always do wrong, said they , and both went along two sides. Qultoy was said to be telling these words going to the party:**

As talkative he spoke linking the words,  
Qultoy and Yodgor were going merrily, both.  
Both have promised each other thus,  
Whatever he says he will agree in case.  
Qultoy also set off at that time, and,  
With his stick in his hand he walked.  
From there on to the party Qultoy went,  
He who saw him called Qultoy going, said.  
Who knows he might be Alpomish, and.  
Saying I want to go to see Ultontoz khan, said  
What he is doing to know his power and might, said  
Saying my son to seize his mind, said  
Not letting him to test him deeply, said,  
To congratulate Ulton bek at the site, said,  
Saying these words Qultoy was going, no late.  
Listen to the words, their essence, the same.  
The world shudders from Qultoy's fame.  
At the moment dragging his stick,  
He has arrived at Qunghirat's gate.  
Through the gate inside he looked,  
At the old and young mass he gazed,  
He saw his mother who him had fed.

**His mother was sitting at the channel, washing and cleaning the slain goats and sheep' heads, legs, stomach, uchaks. There he recognized his**

**mother, though he recognized he pretended not to have recognize her, how are you doing, he said. She looked swiftly, when she senses Qultoy's voice resembles that of Alpomish. She was said to be looking at Qultoy and telling the following words:**

You said hey, my joints became weak, said,  
My healthy bones loosened in each joint.  
Your voice resembles that of Alpomish, my boy,  
Don't cheat, my child, saying I'm Qultoy.  
Seeing you I burn like a fire from inside,  
My breasts feel sucking the milk, white.  
When I sigh oh, flooding there ran my tears,  
My child, since you left it has been seven years.  
This is the life I have since I was left,  
From my tears my collars became wet.  
Don't cheat me, , saying I'm Qultoy, my child  
In front of judges there sit secretaries, blind.  
The wounded horse will fail a bold guy, truly.  
Did you come, my dear child, our land's ruler?  
The hooves' nails are made of silver,  
The helmet's collar is made of gold ever,  
Did you come, my dear child, our land's owner.  
The tortures of seven years captivity you suffered,  
I thank god you were released, became freed.  
Have seen Qaldirghoch pasturing the camel herds,  
Have you asked the state of the sad poor, her health.  
The poor might be weeping in Bobur desert,  
Haven't you turned once and asked her state.  
Being Qultoy, aren't you cheating me?  
Have you seized my mind with tricks, see?  
Have you come well, my black eyes?  
Have seen your folk among friends and foes?  
Saying Qultoy, don't cheat me, my child,  
Seeing you I can't but endure, don't hide.  
My lonely child, your are my pleasure, believe.  
You figure is not like to that Qultoy slave.  
You'd been a bek in such a land,  
My alone dear son, wealth on my head.  
Saying the slaves had tortured me so much,  
Saying my fully bloomed flower, watch.  
Saying thanks to Allah my dear soul came,



Saying I consider you my by- gone son, the same.  
Being Qultoy you show mercy to your mother,  
You are asking of my health and state, another.  
My dear son, don't do your tricks to me, one,  
Don't trick me, dear child, you are my son.  
Don't offend you mother who suffered woes,  
Don't put my flaming body in the fire, sighs.  
You shall go and see charming Barchin,  
Saying I'm Qultoy, don't cheat me, my fortune.

**Having heard these words from his mother, he said: dear sister-in-law, you have not recognize people, if Alpomish came he would better come as Alpomish than Qultoy. Having heard these words his mother: - How do I know I have a dim eyesight, said. Her mother was said to be telling the following words to share secrets with him:**

When I sigh o, like flood there runs my tear,  
Let's share secrets, dear brother-in-law, come near.  
Dear brother-in-law, listen to my words I tell,  
Is there any news from my lonely son from the hill?  
On deserts and fields you walk, Qultoy, so,  
Alpomish' death has touched me now.  
How could a son be by-gone lonely?  
How could such wealth leave Boybury?  
How could my lonely son disappear?  
How could his land be ruined like this here?  
How could the bride Barchin marry the slave, such?  
How could the great officials be suffering much?  
Let them not wear silk, velvet from their wealth,  
Let them not love Ultontoz saying him wealthy on earth.  
At old age making the grandpa weep at any size,  
I wish Barchin bride should not marry Ultontoz.  
From here you will go to the party palace,  
In the party you will see Barchinoy thus.  
Let my words be informed to her twice,  
To the beauty Barchin give my advice.  
A good man admits God's deeds, so,  
Listen to the groans of your sister-in-law.  
I fear for Ultontoz's torture,  
I can't go to see the bride Barchin.  
We all expect support from her, our fortune,

To replace Alpomish we admitted Barchin.  
Had that Alpomish died in what land?  
Having gone he made us wander around.  
This Barchin we will be losing soon,  
Whatever you say get her consent, son.  
Not offending have her laugh with pleasure,  
No matter what she shouldn't marry Ultontoz, never.  
Tell these words of mine to Barchinoy, my dear.  
Burning my breast from the separation fire,  
Saying Alpomish she wept from longing, here,  
May she not consent to Ultontoz, never.  
Among the folks she grunts like a foal,  
At old age where should she seek him?  
Saying Alpomish she is torturing her soul.  
She had lost her lonely son, her fortune,  
She lived with support of Barchin.  
When aged she had lost her son,  
Ulton had her serve him soon.  
Now Ulton is a ruler for our land,  
He would torture us much around.  
With force he shall marry Barchin, keep,  
If Barchin leaves her grandpa will weep.  
Could crying do her any good?  
She consents what there decrees god.  
The human admits to his fate, no lying,  
These words your sister-in-law is saying.  
I knew you have come from sheep flocks,  
By yourself you are idling in the party with folks.  
What I said have Barchin informed of it,  
Calling in give her a lot of advice, your debt.  
You would have Barchin listened to your word.  
May her biy grandpa not die again,  
May Alpomish's death be not known.  
May she never agree to Ultontoz's course.  
Advise her not to consent even if forced.  
She would be led by her grandpa,  
Serving him she'd make biy pleased, sure,  
He made Barchin listen to him ever.

**Having heard these words Qultoy said: Sister-in-law, don't mind, meeting her I shall talk to her. You are very close friend, talk to her, she assigned him.**

**He came to the party. He saw Ultontoz ‘ He was sitting on the throne. His father sulton Boybury was serving. He was carrying a black skin sack in his hands. He was carrying water in the party. To flatter many of them came to criticize Boybury to Ultontoz, cursing he was standing awkwardly. Seeing all this Qultoy was said to be telling a few words to advice Ultontoz:**

What you are wearing on is green or blue,  
The jugs emptied by shah’s are filled, due.  
In each country there are many rulers like you,  
The child who beats his father is cursed too.  
Don’t beat the biy, like Boybury, sadly,  
At his aged time don’t make him giddy.  
Don’t make him shed tears like flood,  
Don’t give torture to this old man, but.  
You have him loaded on with a water sack,  
God has called his bold Alpomish back.  
Aged as he might be he is serving you,  
To punish old biy is a shame too.  
It is pity Boysun land faced this misfortune,  
His brave had passed away in Kashal, torture.  
At old age he had done such a deed,  
At old age don’t make the leader weep.  
When aged he will render you service, few.  
If you torture him all will laugh at you.  
How could a man who beats his father endure?  
He was made a servant for you,  
Many are unaware of their state too.  
To torture him why do you need?  
This is the word Qulton slave said.  
You should perceive it with good words,  
He had suffered from lost of his son, the worst.

**Having said these words to Ultontoz, Yodgor was said to be telling the following words looking at his father:**

You, my mirza, listen to my words I tell,  
I had eaten your salt and food so much,  
You must sit, the service I have to render,  
Your brave son god had taken back such,  
At old age it is you who has served plenty.  
These words the poor like Qutoy is saying,

When I am here why you need serving.  
I'm your slave, let me be your servant, luck.  
This is Qultoy slave's dedication,  
My mirza, let me carry your water sack.  
Let me ask the sack you are carrying,  
Let me free you from this suffering.  
Much salt of yours I ate let me justify it,  
Let me carry it to the party palace, lead.  
Let me serve myself for your sake, said.  
You had been a bold brave, became weak,  
You must give me your water sack,  
At old age the slave made me poor, I pain,  
At old age you were made servant in vain.  
When spring comes again flowers will blossom,  
The nightingales sing drunken in the garden,  
The clouds being drunk, the lakes wave,  
For your sake let me be your servant man.  
I was also Qultoy I want to know my state,  
At old age let me ask your state, not late,  
Give me the sack I'll carry it with my hand.  
Let me carry it to the party palace, to the end.  
You might have a painful grief in your heart.  
Your supporting son had gone from the land,  
Seeing you I can't but endure,  
Let you rest, be it my service,  
At old age you have such an affair.

**Having heard these words Boybury was said to be also telling the following words:**

The heaven's circle is god's deed,  
Doesn't man consent to God' deed,  
A sad slave cries out "Allah",  
On my back is the water sack, filled.  
The god' fate is as follows:  
What god does people consent,  
He can't do anything but agree,  
To you Qultoy came for the sack.  
At old age I am unaware of my job,  
The severe fate has my head lost,  
If I give you my water sack,

The slaves will punish me a lot.  
They might torture and beat me,  
Many will laugh at my state, see  
It is the fate from god's decree.  
Qultoy, let me myself serve on,  
The only son was gone on his own,  
He had married his beloved, he's gone.  
Don't do service Qultoy being a leader,  
God imposed on us such misfortune ever,  
So much wealth was gone, however.  
When I sigh my tears ran flooding,  
My tears made my collars wet,  
As bek I governed the land many years  
At the end I faced such need.  
Qultoy, don't ask from me my sire,  
Be one of the many, don't care me, never  
If I give you the sack will they allow me?  
Go off, Qultoy, don't distract your silly heart,  
Don't buy a problem by yourself, be smart.  
Going round don't urge me feel touched,  
Asking the sack, don't delay me much.

**Having heard these words "Qultoy" was said to be further telling the following words:**

Being talkative I shall link words, bold.  
I keep telling what I have in my soul.  
Give me your sack these slaves I shall test,  
If they punish you I shall respond myself best.  
Night and day I weep for Almighty God,  
All my life I have dwelt in a cattle shed.  
Laboring I have reached here at last to help.  
If they punish you I shall respond myself.  
Seeing your state I became touched,  
Crying, weeping my heart broke, crushed.  
Why shouldn't I answer these words back?  
Having told these words he asked the sack.  
With hesitation Boybury hardly agreed,  
He is unaware where these slaves will lead.  
Qultoy insisted on asking with thanks,  
Lacking any reason he will give the sack.

At the moment Qultoy felt happy, lucky.  
With both hands he held the water sack.  
Seizing the sack he put it on his shoulder,  
Carrying this sack Qultoy departed, wonder.  
Who is a friend, who is a foe he knows thus,  
He treats his father with kindness.  
The folks are looking in the party,  
Qultoy does the service smarter.  
Boybury's water sack he would bring,  
In the party people keep gossiping.  
What might happen to this Qultoy.  
He would bring Boybury's sack with joy.  
He makes bek's words a laughing stock, why?  
If bek Ultontoz notices Qultoy will die,  
Walking quietly, the accursed acts thus,  
He buys the evil for himself at last.  
If Ulton knows he will do as he likes,  
All people keep speaking, no luck.  
At old age Qultoy will face fool's death surely,  
If khan sees he will punish him severely.  
Walking Qultoy is well aware of all this, there,  
Even he knows he walks there as if unaware.  
He has gone as if he has not heard of it, so,  
To the party house he has reached now.  
The foes' secrets he has revealed thus,  
He who is poor he enjoys twice.  
Now he has dropped the sack in the party,  
The servants got him among themselves, pity.  
He has brought much water in the sack, a lot.  
The cooks poured the water into the pot.  
Everybody is engaged in his own duties,  
Bravo, grandpa, they say with questions.  
Without looking back Qultoy has departed,  
He comes back to Ulton bek's palace disturbed.

**Coming he congratulates with a party gift. Receiving the party gift Ultontoz, he said: - Grandpa, you came from the sheep flock. Standing up Qultoy said: - My son, pasturing the sheep I heard that you were giving a party, marrying Alpomish's widow. Whatever happens our time has come, said he , I didn't want to remain with the sheep flock. I said I should go to Ultontoz's party, feed up with his plow, opportunity permitting I shall receive**

his robe and belt. Standing up Ulton said. Grabdpa, you are welcome, go and join the cooks, make a fire for a pot, eat plow, fill your stomach very much. Then Qultoy got up and left. He walked into the cooks. Forty cooks were cooking plow in forty pots. So called bold guys were making fires for the pots. Qultoy was disturbing each of them. When they said what happened to you, grandpa, the time belongs to us, he said, gripping one guy's shoulder he hurled him high and dropped on the ground. Hardly breathing he said what did I do?,

In my son's party I shall make a fire myself, he seized a bunch of wood and worked as fire maker for one pot. All were busy cooking plow, he went to and fro and ate up one whole pot of plow. While Alpomish was a ruler he had a slave named Farmonqul. He saw him standing as a guard, at the moment Yodgor was coming walking through the party, the guard hit him: Mother-cursed, what are you doing in the party? As the ladle hit Yodgor's face and mouth, his mouth started bleeding, he made a screaming voice. Seeing this Qultoy was said to be speaking looking at the guard:

The poplars whisper when the wind blows,  
Don't torture Yodgor, hey, slaves.  
With a piece of bone will your meat be over?  
While Alpomish was here he was the ruler,  
Think, his father had released you, ever.  
Fall coming do flowers dry up in the garden?  
Doesn't God seize your sense and harden?  
You didn't respect the spirit of Alpomish?  
With a piece of bone will your meat finish?  
Of Yultoy's words you are also aware,  
Why are you torturing Yodgor here?  
Not admitting you are torturing him, glance?  
Fed up with meat you stand with arrogance?  
You are terribly striking Yodgor, severe?  
You are treating, acting meanly here.  
Can an official person like this cause pain?  
Isn't he torturing the orphan in vain?  
Giving out will there be end to your meat?  
Haven't you slaughtered Yodgor's sheep?  
With his support as an official you work here.  
Why are you beating the cattle owner?  
Of Qultoy's words you became aware.

**Having heard these words, he seized a big meaty bone and gave it to Yodgor. Holding the bone by one end, the other end in his mouth he went to his mother. Many chancellery officials said: Qultoy has influenced on the folks very much. Take the bone from Yodgor's hand. Some of them said: let it be so. Qultoy is also our elder. He gave one bone acting elderly. Let Yodgor be eating it. Having heard these words, the guard's wife came up and was said to be saying the following words:**

Why do you treat people with arrogant way?  
I know you shall be dead by the end of the day,  
Why are you torturing Yodgor such?  
Tomorrow you'll be also tortured much.  
You, listen to the sad humble one,  
Why did you strike Alpomish's son?  
You don't recognize the man who came here?  
Who has carried Boybury's water sack there?  
If you know the salves are serving a farewell feast,  
By midday morrow the slave's head will be cut first.  
You are treating arrogantly being unaware?  
Now you think of eating meat only, poor,  
I am aware by midday morrow you'll die, sure.  
Guard, into the land a tiger has come through,  
Morrow the poor like you will pass away morrow.  
The evil you have done will return to you,  
Tying your hands you will be arrested too.  
Your head being cut off, you'll be hung,  
Luckless poor, you have treated wrong.  
You arrogance will cause you misfortune,  
Morrow they will treat you as they like, torture.  
Your children will be left in the orphan-hood.  
The arrogant people like you will be hewed,  
All so called slaves will face a doomsday,  
Into the land its tiger has come today.

**Having heard this word, the guard was said to be telling the following words:**

You, sister-accursed, wicked from youth,  
How do you know Alpomish's coming thus?  
Speak lower, you, sister-accursed Satan, try?  
If my Ulton shah finds out, you shall die.



He will have your kith and kin weep,  
 If he knows he will give you a sweep.  
 Torturing Ulton will cut your head, of course.  
 Your Alpomish's brother, mother be cursed.  
 Speak lower, you, Satan, sister-accursed.  
 May my Ulton shah live long, die not on the spot!  
 Eh, Alpomish's name be wiped off, come not.  
 May these words of yours be not carried to shah!  
 He himself is good, let him be saved by Allah.  
 If he finds out, he will make you be aware.  
 Have your friend weep, a foe – laugh, sure.  
 Being young, why should you come to the party?  
 Go to hell, sister-accursed, now go home, and depart!  
 If my Ulton shah finds out, he will kill you,  
 Being young how you come gossiping too.  
 You gossip much in the party in vain,  
 Sister-cursed, you'll do some evi.  
 If found out, you Ulton will kill, finish,  
 You are recalling the death Alpomish.  
 If finds out he will burn you in the fire, bad,  
 Will have your mouth be filled with lead.  
 Who speaks saying Alpomish he will be killed,  
 You, sister-cursed, are unaware of this deed.  
 You come here gossiping what is not true, see,  
 Go to hell, why do you keep standing before me.  
 You keep gossiping words very much around.  
 You are aware of Ultonbek, ruler of the land,  
 Go home, sister-cursed , you shall surely die.

**Having heard these words from the guard, his wife was said to be telling the following words:**

I say Allah, weep for my creator god,  
 I was made a poor from childhood.  
 How do I know Alpomish's arrival in freedom?  
 In his land he used to care of the kingdom.  
 Who of you had Boybury's head?  
 Who has Boybury's water sack carreid?  
 For this reason that was Alpomish, I sensed.  
 Listen, from the tongue of the humble like me,  
 This water sack Qultoy could not carry?

For this reason I hoped for the biy's son, and,  
Nobody is aware of sultan's arrival to the land.  
With his eyes he recognizes foes in the land,  
He has seen his land and folks, its men.  
He might come being Qultoy without a sound,  
You do not recognize the brave on the land.  
In his land he arrives safe and sound, yes,  
On him he is wearing colorful clothes.  
By midday morrow the foes will face a doomsday,  
You aren't aware of the brave's coming anyway.  
He who is walking Qultoy is the bold brave,  
If you know he is walking as a scout now.  
Think over, your Ultontoz is sure to face death,  
The owner of this land might have arrived, it's truth.  
By midday morrow he'll cause confusion in the field,  
The foes he knows will not be left safe, be killed.  
If you know this sultan is observing without haste,  
At midday morrow it will turn into a dark fog, taste.  
You can't escape alive from him, of course,  
Of all your strike of Yodgor is the worst.  
The Muslim could not endure to see this, so,  
The doomsday he will make you morrow,  
That sultan who came safely to the land now.

**Having heard these words from his wife the guard was said to be telling the following words:**

The rays pouring from your eyes are a lot,  
Not knowing your Qultoy grandpa you went blind,  
Since childhood you have grown up quarrelsome,  
You, go home, have chattered awfully a lot, not some.  
Your black hair might be plaited like silk, stare,  
World's wealth is not enough to buy a single hair.  
You, mother-accursed, listen to my word,  
If the foes come all will be abolished on the ground.  
Being young what do you in the party gain?  
Don't die or else I shall be spending in vain?  
Now, go home, sister-accursed, its shame.  
You'll cause trouble to the famous like me, feel.  
You were not gone, are you chattering still,  
You are gossiping too much in the party, why?

Go to hell, sister-accursed, you are sure to die.  
In Qunghirat land Ultonbek is the ruler,  
In their hands they have many lands, leader.  
The ruler of the land is such stamp owner,  
Each day many hanged are a lot of sinner.  
Don't gossip much, sister-accursed, shut up,  
If he finds out he will not spare, kill you, be off.  
You are still a woman, don't act like a fool,  
Don't stay in these places gossiping dual.  
No need for you to know these words,  
Go home, don't delay from your roads.  
You are woman walking like a humble, depart.  
If my shah isn't aware, somebody will report.  
It is feasting, there would be people, a lot,  
After hearing he will drive you out.  
In the capital you'll be arrested, inquired much,  
Don't be a sinner being caught by your tongue such,  
Go to hell, sister-accursed, go home, no speech.

**Having these words the guard cursed his wife. Yodgor came up to his mother, holding the bone, smiling. His mother smiled, was pleased seeing him. She was said to be telling the following words:**

To the creator I wept wowing, a lot,  
May my vows reach Almighty God.  
This is your mother, humble prayer near,  
Why do you come smiling Yodgar?  
Or a silly deed have you done?  
Or you heard good news from someone,  
Did you smile for this reason, my silly son?  
May the beauty flying high be prepared,  
May everywhere be tied foes' hand.  
May foe's inside be filled with grieve,  
May your mother enjoy you figure, believe?  
Why you come smiling, Yodgor, best?  
Seeing you I feel touched deepest.  
Among girls I am the proudest, good,  
The falcon sits freely on the wood.  
Children push their cows to the cattle-field,  
Death reaches both the king and beggar, end.  
Be your mother to you a sacrifice thing,

Why do you, Yodgor come smiling?  
I am not aware of your smile, why?  
Seeing your figure I feel happy, high.  
For decoration I wear silk shawl too,  
My flower face paling I gaze at you.  
I'm asking the reason of your smile, child,  
Your father had been a bek in Qunghirat land.  
With kindness nobody had treated you,  
What I was wearing years was bek's blue.  
My child like you had never smiled,  
My child, your dear head had idled.  
Each time your mother saw, surprised, my son,  
You are my apple eye, my child, kind one.  
Of your state your mother asks, dear  
Why do you come smiling Yodgar?

**Having heard these words Yodgor was said to be looking at his mother and telling the following words:**

My dear mother, listen to my word,  
I might be free in my Qunghirat land,  
My grandpa Qultoy gave me a bone, calling,  
For this reason I came up to you smiling.  
For many years I have wandered too long,  
From my head the sad cloud seemed gone.  
I had many foes seem frightened cowardly,  
My grandpa Qultoy had treated me kindly.  
That guard had punished with beating,  
Looking grandpa Qultoy saw it, pitying.  
Reproaching the guard he caused him shy,  
Smoothed my forehead saying don't cry.  
All people stood there like a stone,  
He had treated me with a meaty bone.  
I'm happy, I can't but smile with joy, bless,  
In the folks he treated me with kindness.  
Smoothing my forehead asked my will,  
From head to foot he examined me well.  
Could grandpa treat me thus, Qultoy?  
Yodgor's soul became happy with joy.  
Being happy he came in smiling, safe.  
In my dream Grandpa Qultoy is brave,

To oppose my grandpa many slaves dared not,  
Many officials standing there kept silent.  
Grandpa Qultoy has done such deed,  
Being kind he encourages me, indeed.  
Saying my child he treated me kindly,  
This is the reason why I smiled fondly,  
Yodgor was happy, came smiling mildly.

**Having heard these words from Yodgor his mother was said to be telling the following words:**

Your Qultoy gandpa can hardly live alone,  
Qultoy grandpa can not give you a bone.  
In the guile of Qultoy your father came  
When they offended he saw you at that time.  
He was walking in the party as Qultoy,  
Seeing you he might treat you with joy.  
For you the bone your father gave,  
Inshaallah, we'll see such a brave.  
Fall coming the flowers may dry up,  
On the dry flower a nightingale may jump.  
Your father who had gone to Kashal came, best,  
He was captured in Kashal for seven years.  
Safe and sound he might be released,  
He came, seeing his land and folks, pleased,  
Inshaallah, we'll see such a brave.  
In the land your father was a ruler,  
He was well-known obstinate leader.  
Among us he had grunting camels,  
In Qunghirat he was a lonely brave, famous.  
Seeing a foe he attacked as a hungry wolf,  
If you know he was like a dragon himself.  
My child, such a father you had,  
He used to enjoy Boysun land.  
The foe could not cross his road,  
He used to hold a diamond sword.  
He used to shed blood in foes house,  
If you know such a brave your father was.  
This Yodgor is the son of this man,  
For many years he has suffered in the land.  
This brave's step has disappeared from here, farther.

Your mother like me is waiting for him rather,  
Dear child, there had been your stubborn father.

**Saying these words she entertained Yodgor's time. Now this is the place of the party where the slaves are said to be competing on games for bow drawing:**

All slaves got together in the city,  
To show up their feasting party.  
All folks gathered there for talks  
Old and young are the folks.  
The folks are in full swing,  
Many slaves are leader's wing.  
Plow is served for forty days,  
The slaves tied target signs.  
The rascals lay there drunk, foes,  
The folks displayed their shows,  
Each draw his own bow a lot,  
Aiming the target they shoot,  
Seeing this party show, Qultoy,  
Came up to the people with joy.  
A good time, said amazed,  
Girls and maidens gathered.  
The party danced happily,  
All were jolly and merry.  
Folks' minds they seized, gay,  
All were unaware of Qultoy.  
To Barchinoy came people hurried,  
Advised her to get married.  
She'd refuse the marriage, sad.  
Know Utonbek is a ruler,  
Of many lands he is an owner.  
Accept him, Barchinoy,  
You persist in vain now.  
Many told their words a lot,  
The plaited charmer listens not.  
From there envoys returned,  
To Ultontoz they came straight,  
Answered she would marry, agreed.  
On her was green and blue, a liar,  
To you Barchinoy he had a desire.

In vain words were spoken,  
The fools were gossiping then.  
Ultontoz was said like a lion there  
Of this word Barchin was unaware,  
She wouldn't see Ulton her match, never.  
Barchin's soul they perceived with tender.  
Envoys, one after the other visited her.  
Who came got suffered too,  
Who is that who fooled you?  
Let him do what he can,  
Such slave I don't want.  
Folks, what happened to you,  
This word Barchin told, due.  
With shame some returned,  
To and from people went.  
People came crowded there  
Brave's deed Qultoy showed here,  
Slave's bow he would get,  
Aiming shot the target.  
Shattering drew the bow,  
The bows they brought,  
Broke out at all now  
Many people were shocked,  
Such energy how Qultoy had,  
The bow he drew broke out,  
Such strength Qultoy lacked.  
We are well aware of Qultoy ever,  
Didn't God bestow him the power.  
This Qultoy had some devil's heat.  
With him no one could compete.  
Those who saw him recently,  
All became curious to know decently.  
Grandpa, how could you do bowing?  
Where did you learn bow-drawing.  
Many bows you have broken,  
Who have you a lesson taken?  
Where did you learn bow-drawing?  
To Qultoy all would come bowing.  
Ask him as they like, indeed,  
Being amazed by Qultoy's deed.  
Answer them grandpa Qultoy would,

He would hardly speak with high mood.  
You are unaware Qultoy is a brave,  
He was an amateur for a slave.  
Dobonbiy's silk bow, Qultoy  
Used to draw for learning with joy.  
In Arpa lake where he resided,  
He drew a bow of fourteen botman,  
At which Alpomish got shocked.

**Qultoy: let me tell you the secret of my strength. Alpomish had a bow inherited from his grand-grandpa named Alpinbiy, with the weight of fourteen botman, made of barich. Arpali had kept it, with Alpomish we used to draw this bow, lifting fourteen botman of bow we drew it, the arrow of the bow flew like a lightning, it would pass cracking the big peaks of the Asqar mount. My arrow could pass further than Alpmosh's bow arrow, said he. Hearing these words the people said: Grandpa, aging you grew silly. Now you became a boaster. Fourteen botman is very heavy. Qultoy said: come on, do speak, we were never interested in their weight, we did not feel them even not mesquite. The slaves said: we don't know where Alpomish's bow is, if we knew we could bring it and have it down. Qultoy said: we don't know I know it. Seven years has passed since Alpomish left and passed away. When Alpomish left it was in Arpali's hands, since then it might be under growing grasses. Thus, the slaves sent people, saw there was the bow, brought many plough bulls, they couldn't even move the bow. Then threatening Ultontoz was said to be telling the following words:**

All of you enjoyed Qunghiro land,  
With Alomish talks you had had,  
With him you had eaten feasts around,  
With Alpomish you resided in the land.  
By being a bek you all got presents, gifts  
You saw the deeds of old lions like beks.  
Of Ulton bek's words you are aware,  
As old beks you do services still, here.  
You are well aware of this bow's secrets,  
All shall go to Arpali, or else do regrets.  
Drag here the fourteen botman bow,  
This way you serve Ultonbek so.  
Informing all go together, no back,  
See the decree by Ultonbek,  
Old beks who stay here I will break.



I enjoy life in Qunghirat land,  
I'll stain my sword with red blood.  
All of you I'll drive to Arpali lake,  
I shall drive you for Arpali's sake.  
I did want to see you draw that bow,  
I'll cause you the days not seen so.  
Of my might I'll let you know,  
The fourteen botman bow I'll bring now.  
I want to see Qultoy draw the bow,  
Know my word is very strict blow.  
Let's go all, swift, without emotion,  
Be energetic with faith, devotion.  
Don't accept bek's words as joke,  
All, be gone excluding anyone, he spoke.  
Staying here, don't die in vain,  
Suffering, fall in a hard day in pain,  
Not going to the bow, be not detained.

**Having heard these words dear beks saying what we can do now, they feared much, staying at, knowing the abuse caused by Ultontoz, seeing that these beks are trembling Barchin was said to be telling the following words:**

Listen, beks, to my vows,  
Don't ruin here my humble house.  
For you, I shall give my orphan child,  
What can I do, don't offend the charm.  
My dear beks, listen to my words, clever,  
To you the slaves caused tortures, sever.  
May I give you my orphan child for you,  
Drive him onto the silk bow, urging him too.  
May my God be merciful to his tears, full.  
My son shall be submissive to god's will,  
Fall coming flowers dry in the garden thus,  
The nightingale is made to sit on dry flowers.  
My dear camel's load brings my dear foal,  
Any horse will be killed by camel's load.  
The brave's son is a lion too, orphan Yodgor,  
His father's bow Yodgor is due to bring far.  
I'm a sad humble, listen to my words, be safe,  
If you go to the bow, hope not to your life.  
To bring the bow you won't be able, Alas!

May my Allah save us from unfair death!  
For decoration I shall comb my hair more,  
For your sake I shall give my Yodgor.  
I should not have you all killed in vain,  
Shall I see them kill my Yodgor son in pain?  
The bow is heavy, he is brave too, know,  
He is both powerful and energetic somehow.  
How could you be strong enough to move it,  
Move it four-five hundred men could not.  
Going to fetch the bow don't die from torture, alas!  
Take Yodgor with you, don't go yourselves.

**Having heard these words from Barchin Ultontoz said: now she developed desire towards me, this accursed child Yodgor had affected her against me, his stubbornness failed him. Her mother is sending him to the claws of death, he said. Whipping Yodgor on his head they started to drive him off. Barchin was said to be telling the following words looking at Ultontoz:**

You, listen to my words I tell,  
Don't dry my flower face like an apple,  
You are both my brother-in-law and mirza,  
Don't beat my orphan son, torture neither.  
Give your ear to my moans and wows fully,  
The broken hearts my god treats mercifully.  
Your sad sister-in-law is pleading crying,  
Don't torture my son, don't beat I'm sighing.  
Don't torture this orphan, don't do,  
Don't drive my dear soul off me, you.  
Don't offend my orphan son by beating,  
Begging my creator woes I'm weeping.  
Wasn't his father the bek, Yodgor will suffer,  
At the moment Yodgor is being led with torture.  
With prayers your mother is weeping sadly,  
May your fathers pirs be your support godly!  
May god grant you your father's power so far!  
The morning star leaned at the weight star.  
Those who served have seats next to the khan,  
Mother who is praying with weeps is woman.  
Weep my son for the wounded hearts,  
Today slaves do not listen to the words.

This deed the beauty like me is running,  
My dear son, come back being serving.  
May dear beks not die along your father!  
Be energetic, go to fetch the bow, Yodgar.  
There together with you are many officials,  
These words Barichoyim is saying with wishes.  
The whip is falling on Yodgor's head,  
Ulton has driven them off with threat.  
These words Barchin is saying to Ultontoz,  
Listen to the vows of your mother, loose.  
To god's will my son has been submissive,  
On Yodgor's head don't whip massive.  
At his face don't stare with rage and pity,  
On Yodgor's skin don't whip bitterly.  
After his father comes from Kashal land,  
You shall drive sheep uttering hey, ha, and!  
You are a flower bloomed in spring rather,  
Now you are a dear soul of each other.  
You don't accept the good as your equal, sure,  
To tell the truth this orphan's slave you are.  
When the wind blows the poplar whispers,  
Your mother is a slave, a peasant by birth.  
I'm charming, a thin shawl flies on my head,  
Why should you need so much ado and threat?  
You don't accept the good as your equal, sure,  
Why should you overwhelm, batirak, never?  
I'm trying to speak kind words so much,  
I'm upset, I have my silly heart touched.  
To these beks I am surrendering my son,  
This is the way how I keep thank you, khan.  
I said in good terms, you never admitted,  
You would not stop beating Yodgor, hit.  
You have done evil, been unaware of goodwill,  
You have not respected his father's spirit still.  
On his face and eyes you are beating, derogated.  
From birth you were spoiled, been arrogant.  
These words the plaited beauty is saying,  
With threats these slaves went on driving,  
The slaves would beat Yodgor much striking.

**Inspired by his mother's words Yodgor has become lionhearted and was said to be telling the following words:**

The wealth has left our ancestors, alas!  
The wealth was obtained by slaves.  
With your blow the earth is crushed,  
Yodgor has wandered and idled much.  
Beat me, beat me, it is your turn, foes,  
On a sad day I weep grieving woes.  
What he does Almighty God is powerful,  
The orphan Yodgor was left sorrowful.  
Take your time and do whatever you like,  
In any case use your turn for your sake.  
If I don't die I'll become well developed,  
Some day on my father's throne I shall sit.  
One by one I shall hang you all with rage,  
On these day I shall take my revenge.  
Beat me, beat me, it is your turn, not sparing.  
These words the orphan Yodgor is saying.  
Though he says he is a child, what can he do?  
No one pities for the tears shed from his eyes too.  
On his head the whip fell like rain and snow,  
In front of these slaves he went on weeping now.  
Yodgor driving this off the slaves went,  
The dears were going saying this word.  
Your father had been Qunghirat's ruler,  
Child of my dear one who was gone poor.  
Your father's counseling places are here.  
Saying these words they were going together,  
It is your mother who is to blame for the torture.  
If fortune of luck smiles at a fly so,  
The semurgh birds greet with bow,  
What god does the people must follow.  
The slaves were driving Yodgor along,  
With him grandpa Qultoy was going.  
He was witnessing torture caused by a slave,  
He was calming Yodgor down much to save.  
Our Qultoy grandpa the slaves say altogether,  
Saying we want to go with Qultoy, no other.  
Saying we should respect him as our leader,  
Saying we should punish the official, ever.

Saying we should drive them to pull the silk bow,  
Saying who refuses we should cut their heads, so.  
Saying some we should go and see Arpa lake,  
Saying lets enjoy life for Ultontoy's sake.  
Saying we should respect Ultonbek very much,  
Saying lets lead life among folks as such.  
Saying let's have Barchin and khan marry,  
Saying let's make Beks party joyful, very.  
Saying let's take duppi and belts, really,  
Saying these words they are going merrily.  
Today Ultontoz is the ruler of the land,  
From here to Qrpalake is a long road.  
When horse runs the mount vales thunder,  
The sign of the lake is not seen yet neither.  
The child orphan is Alpomish's son, no other.  
No one was listening to the brave's word,  
He was going on a distant road.  
He was covering the road to Arpa lake,  
On the road the slaves thought of a trick.  
Yodgor was made to go in front of them,  
No one looked up and down the road then.  
On the horses back the leaders were riding,  
Yodgor treaded, his heart breaking,  
In some places he felt touched and wept,  
He went on par with horse riders he went.  
What not beauties were going sighing woes,  
Saying god he wept for creator with noise.  
Now to the lake he came near,  
The sparkling Arpa lake he saw there.  
The sky trembles from Yodgor's woe,  
They drove him up to the feather bow.  
On a sad day he used to make wow,  
May god be merciful to people, sorrow.  
The feather bow was a fourteen botman steel.  
He saw the fourteen botmand steel bow well.  
Now he would remember his father,  
Thanks this is my father's bow of feather.  
His heart being touched Yodgor wept either.  
Crying, weeping his lung swelled,  
His father Yodgor remembered.  
At everybody's face the orphan stared,

Saying pull it, the slaves tortured.  
On Yodgor's head they whipped,  
Hurting Yodgor the stick went.  
Saying Help God, the bow he seized  
Onto his shoulder he lifted its edge.  
The feather bow was fourteen botman,  
The edge would press hard on the son.  
The orphan Yodgor labored tired,  
To pull Yodgor's energy had expired.  
The rascal slaves didn't let his will,  
On Yodgor's head the whip fell.  
That was how him God decreed,  
In his heart he had much grieved.  
"Qultoy" who stared was Qunghirat's khan,  
The silly slaves tortured much the son.  
Saying pull it Yodgor they tortured,  
To drag it Yodgor lacked strength.  
Much threat the slaves would make,  
At each he would keep staring, his fate.

**When Yodgor kept staring at everybody, Qultoy was said to be telling him the following words:**

Orphan Yodgor, you're brave's son, a lion,  
Why need to stare at everybody, not fine.  
No matter what worship only the mentor,  
Sighing Yah Allah, pull it, Yodgor.  
May god grant your father's power too,  
May imams, chiltans support you.  
Among friends and foes you were ashamed,  
From his sughuni God Almighty created.  
If you bless him they'll do nothing,  
My wise God, you have the will, everything.  
Take care of this child, very good,  
I submitted you to almighty god.  
Qultoy was saying this word,  
He asked Allah to support.  
He accepted what was done by God,  
The slaves has tortured Yodgor, a lot.  
Being his son "Qultoy" yearned,  
The first is God, then Nabi helped.

The imam, chiltan came to his support  
The Shahimardon pir made a glance hard.  
The mature pirs provided him with might,  
To assist him there came 12 holy Ahmad.  
God has given Yodgor a strong logic,  
The pirs have rendered such a magic.  
At the moment Yodgor stiffed his body, great,  
The people who were looking were glad.  
My pir said Yodgor and pulled the bow,  
The fourteen botman bow made a jerk now.  
The grass broke out from the bow much,  
The Muslims who were staring were touched.  
Balancing himself off he went from the lake,  
The slaves got surprised at the orphan, look.  
Many of them went on with suspicion,  
He himself is such an orphan child, patient.  
The son is more powerful than his father,  
He'll seize the throne if we don't kill rather.  
To him who could be equal,  
Very soon he will cause us evil.  
What can Ultonbek do with him, try,  
If he doesn't take measures he'll die.  
Of him the slaves go for counseling, but,  
The death blade was penetrating the heart.  
The separation was tearing the heart now,  
He dragged the fourteen botman bow.  
Of went the son of an obstinate man,  
As a bloomed flower in the garden.  
As a nightingale in the orchard,  
Pleased were those who saw, and.  
Being victorious over the foe,  
Carrying the fourteen botman bow.  
Leading himself on this road, drawing,  
The obstinate man's son was going.  
The cloud covered the mount,  
My god kept him safe and sound.  
Many foes were shocked by his win,  
Yogor was like a lion at that time.  
The obstinate man's son set off now,  
Dragging the fourteen botman bow.  
His name reaching the world,

The whip pressed on his back.  
Yodgor was treading alone,  
Counting many numbers along.  
To bring his errand to the finish so,  
Yodgor brought his father's bow.  
The obstinate's son was going with thunders,  
At Yodgor's voice the world shudders.  
Listen to the essence of this word,  
Pulling the fourteen botman bow,  
Qunghirat's gate he reached now.  
When sighed, the sick merrily went,  
Many foes' secrets were revealed.  
Dropped the bow at the party palace,  
It was announced in the party palace.  
He brought the fourteen botman bow, reached,  
At the moment there came beauty Barchin.  
She saw what her son had done, best  
She encircled Yodgor several times,  
On Yodgor's face Barchin kissed.  
Saying my woe has reached God,  
Saying my humble house'd be prospered.  
Saying to you your mother be sacrificed,  
Saying my son'd go on his father's track, end.  
Housing the words in "Qultoy's breast, and,  
Displayed many shows in Qulghiro land.  
He might come up to this bow,  
At that moment he shook it so.  
Many furs made much noise around,  
He showed energy to people of the land.  
Now see the brave Qultoy act,  
He shot at that pine exactly.  
The bek "Qultoy" made an attempt,  
His attempt has borne an attempt.  
His bravery leveled with the cloud,  
He smoked off like a fire round.  
He drew the bow with a clutter,  
Off flew the bow's arrow, no matter.  
Like a lightning at the moment's sign,  
Look, the arrow reached the pine.  
This branch of the pine tree,  
The bow's arrow torn off free.



The branch torn by the arrow,  
Has shaken the earth just now.  
We might have spoken a lot,  
Seeing the slaves shocked got.  
His deed "Qultoy" demonstrated,  
Of it the land to speak they started,  
It has been gossiped much, and.  
How could "Qultoy" shot the bow,  
Many of them have disappeared so.  
He was not "Qultoy" but a devil,  
He would cause an evil.  
Be accursed Utlontoz's wedding,  
All who stood there would die hiding.  
Many would suspect him here,  
Alpomish was to arrive, for sure,  
Couldn't "Qultoy" have such power?

**Besides, each was doing his own job. There began wedding son "ulan" competition. There were coming many girls, the thin jumping like a goat, the fat walking breathing hard. Qaldirghochoyim had come from the field where she was pasturing the camel herds. Her coming ; today it is said to be a wedding night. I pasture camels on the desert. Though he is a slave he is like a devil. As soon as he wears wedding clothes he will go in and then there would be so seeing. I came with the hope to see her today. The Bodom bekach had Qaldirghoch sit in the middle of the maidens, was given two torchars to her hands, one other torchar she had on her head, Qalirghochoyim stayed like that. Yodgor came in from outside. Qaldirghoch was said to be telling the following words to Yodgor:**

Dear Yodgor, listen to my woes,  
I came to my kith and kin, nice.  
They put a torchar on my head,  
Why did you come in smiling, my lad.  
Did you find out good news?  
Were you laughing at me, or else.  
If I sigh my heart breaks into pieces,  
My torchar who replaced my brother.  
My dear son, you aren't young, are you?  
Did you see me stand in this party too?  
My dear son, have you done wrong?  
Why did you come laughing, Yodgorjon?

Qunghirat land is all my folks land,  
Arriving I have not accomplished my goal.  
My lonely support, orphan Yodgor,  
There stirred my old pain, once more.  
Why did you come smiling, my sweet?  
I pastured camels, suffered on the desert.  
I suffered from separation long,  
I came for the soul burned, strong.  
I came here, no one cared, nothing,  
No one asked what I was doing?  
I had no supporter except you, anything.  
Why did you come, Yodgor, laughing.  
Offending your aunt you feel touched, why?  
If I see your face you seem happy and gay.  
You are well aware of good news, then,  
Let me know why you laughed, my son.

**Having heard these words Yodgor was said to be telling the following words looking at his mother:**

Listen to my words, my kind mother,  
We were gossiped, diverse one than other.  
Why don't you visit this aunt of mine?  
The spirit of my father, went dead, its sign  
Why don't you respect, my dear mother, kind?  
Why don't you lift his torch to the sky,  
Why should one and all as one die?  
Having not died you shouldn't agree with the slave?  
Until the slaves come and cut your head, be brave.  
Why don't you render service, my dear mom  
Fall coming the flowers wouldn't dry, some.  
Did god seize you mind and sense?  
Did the time belong only to the slaves?  
Did the slaves have all power, hell?  
The saves and servants did very well.  
Look, mother, what's the matter with this job?  
There is a torch on my aunt's head, by god.  
Why should one and all die as one head?  
These words the orphan Yodgor said.  
Might the beauty Barchin stand up?  
Might suffer the soul in her body, soft?

Fall coming the crows sit in the orchard,  
Off into the sky she hurled her torch hard.  
The beauty Barchin did such an affair,  
It became dark inside the house here.  
All maids make whispering from each site,  
When Bodom bekach comes from outside.  
Qaldirghochoy pulls hair one by one,  
She causes hard days she has not done.  
When Bodom comes she'll do as she likes,  
Hearing these words she sadly wept, quick.  
She consents what god has done,  
She stands here as a submissive one.  
There is much woe in my heart,  
He who has mind perceives the word,  
Wasn't I a maiden in the palace to be kept?  
I was a wanderer, a camel breeder on the steppe.  
Don't whisper, thank god, hey, maidens, such,  
We had enjoyed life, we had seen much.  
My have become an alien in our place,  
What was in our fate we took it as it is.  
We came to this wedding thinking our way,  
Arriving the party we faced a hard day,  
Seeing Yodgorjon we were happy, gay.

**From outside Bodom bekach came in. when she looked around it was already dark in the house. If she cursed saying this or that Barchin was in a bad mood. With the hope to make her a bride, she put fire in the torch, to go on the merry making, hey, maidens, lets sing the wedding song "ulan".**

**The Ulan ended, the dawn came next day, it was almost a midday, there was gossip going on sill. As soon as the two men got together they would say that one of them might be Alpomish, said Qultoy. At that time there came Qultoy who was riding Boychibor. Standing he said to Qultoy: Bobo, call the slaves and let them know my arrival. Qultoy said: - these accursed have overwhelmed very much. If I say Alpomish came they might beat me to death.**

**Don't fear to tell, I shall guard you, he said. By that time I had ridden Boychibor. Having heard these words, he came up to the gate of the palace, pulling the rein Qultoy was said to be telling the following words calling the slaves:**

Today it is a praying night,  
The buds blossom in the garden site.

The children of Qunghirat land,  
Scream Alpomish has arrived.  
On me I wear green and blue,  
Some are calm and pleased, few.  
Some visit each other tired,  
The cannons never fired,  
Let them be shot, Alpomish arrived.  
The flowers blossomed in spring, best.  
The nightingales got drunken of flowers.  
Those who enjoyed seven years, slaves,  
Come on, Alpomish arrived, off flee.  
Th sad fog would disappear,  
Many foes would die there.  
Listen slaves, fools, shame,  
Qunghirat's khan came.  
Alpomish arrived, death, fear.  
The pure flower, blossomed well,  
He is also a garden's nightingale,  
Boysun land would be prospered, very,  
who carried a water is khan Boybury.  
Boybury's dear soul, survived,  
Meet him Alpomish arrived.  
Don't shed your tears in vain,  
What burned us is your pain.  
Open you eyes, raise your head,  
His kith and kin are in Qunghirat,  
Come on, meet, Alpomish arrived.  
He who went hunting being not allowed,  
He who seven years in the dungeon dwelt,  
Of whom Kalmak folks had wept.  
He who reached safe his land,  
Come on, meet Alpomsh arrived.  
He whose head idled in the deserts,  
He who had said much complaints.  
The Beauty Qaldighoch is a milk sharer,  
Come on, meet, Alpomish came here.  
Qunghirat's ruler had come, but,  
He had much injures in his heart.  
Nothing the people could do, no ilk,  
Her mother fed him with white milk,  
Come on, meet, Alomish arrived.

His hardships might be made easy,  
When his red tongue spoke, dizzy.  
In the womb his baby was left, same,  
Come on, meet, Alpomish came.  
Mny years he wept as a camel such,  
Had foes hearts salted much,  
Those who lost sought each,  
Come on, meet, Alpomish arrived.  
The grieves might go from his heart,  
What I am riding is khan's steed, smart.  
To his land came the brave now,  
All toils and deeds would grow.  
She who was widowed at eighteen,  
Had Hakimbek's Barchin bride been?  
Come on, meet, Alpomish came.  
A wealthy brave has come today,  
Qultoy announced in such a way.  
The slaves got confused and sad,  
Now how would be their days, bad?  
The slaved visited each other,  
Screaming and being lost altogether.  
There happened a crowd's riot in places,  
Such gossips grew in the party palaces,  
Such words Qultoy was saying there,  
Such a curious screaming happened here.  
Alpomish had declared himself, due,  
Putting off the outer clothes he threw.  
The bek's face radiated, shown.  
Bek's arrival became known,  
He has a golden belt to match him,  
May god forgive his mistake, grim?  
Woe, my son, stretching his hands, very,  
There came his father like Boybury.  
To his own land its ruler arrived,  
The brave's woe might reach god.  
The poor man's son arrived at his lands,  
My son, he says, comes, stretching hands.  
At the moment his dear mother who fed him,  
May beks honor and dignity not leave them!  
May people's woes reach god although,  
May the bek's government flourish now?

Saying my beloved there comes stretching her hands,  
 Bek's Barchinoy, beloved one who was left on the land.  
 When she sighed her tears ran from her eyes,  
 There came out with grief the bek's voice.  
 Saying brother there comes stretching her hands,  
 His milk sharer Qaldirghoch pasturing the camels.  
 Coming there each sees the bek in the dim,  
 Order by order they keep embracing him.  
 Weeping they ask about each other's state,  
 Those who confused find one another, great.  
 Each slave was gone to different errands,  
 Every one was doing his own  
 Kalimai shahodat is Muslim's word,  
 The clever is a leader for a religious road.  
 A notice was sent to sixteen tribes,  
 Such notice was disseminated to the folks.  
 All sixteen tribes of Qunghirat were aware,  
 This was announced among the folks, near.  
 From all parts the old and young came back,  
 Coming they worship and see their beck.  
 Coming people overfilled each road,  
 In the direction of the throne he went.  
 On the throne the wealthy khan seated,  
 Seeing this Ulton felt touched.  
 "I'd better die than be a bek", the humble cried  
 Very much he pitied this affair around.  
 If thought his soul remained as before, swift  
 Where was his stick to pasture the herd left?  
 Ultontoz didn't know what to do, woe,  
 Seeing Alpomish he was shocked, so.  
 He who came to the land is a leader Alpomish there.  
 What Ulton had done Yodgor was well aware.  
 Up jumped Yodgor from his seat,  
 Up to Ultontoz he has reached.  
 He would not listen when he sighed.  
 Ultontoz's hands he just tied.  
 He thought how Ultotoz had beaten,  
 You, accursed, how you'd treated.  
 Go to my father, said he pushing him,  
 Saying I shan't go", persisted Ultontoz, firm.  
 Saying I shan't go, tried to do tricks,

Saying why you don't go, Yodgor beats.  
He who bit yesterday is beaten back today,  
Thus he drove him pushing and beating anyway.  
Yodgor has demonstrated his power,  
He has reached close to the capital tower.  
Ultontoz looked up raising his head,  
On the throne he saw Alpomish, set.  
Seeing Alpomish he grew weak  
Bowing he welcomed him, meek.  
Bek Alpomish saw Ultontoz fear,  
He was aware of each affair.  
Seeing the bek Ultontoz looked down,  
The khan blamed Ultontoz, frowned.  
He submitted him to the guards,  
Ultontoz was driven off the yards.  
He was arrested in the dungeon,  
When wealth leaves there remains none.  
In dungeon Ultontoz was kept,  
What is predestined he saw it.  
It is my arrogance that failed me,  
The old and young crowded, see.  
This state all as one supported,  
He asked Qorajon at the moment.  
Why didn't Alp Qorajon come?  
He didn't visit me on this day, one.  
My dear friend didn't come to me, see,  
He who had always accompanied me.  
He who had served in the races,  
He who had beaten off ninety alps.  
He who had visited the narrow dungeon,  
He who had wept saying my bek friend on.  
Alp Qorajon was not around seen,  
May my soul be sacrificed to him.  
I have become a sultan of the land,  
My dear guest he is on the ground.  
I'm lacking my Qorajon, ever  
Did he dry opening like a flower?  
Or was he of me and tired?  
Death reaching him he died.  
Was he lost in some place?  
Was he left unaware of me in case?

Did god seize his mind for someone?  
Where would be my dear Qorajon?

**Having heard these words from among the crowd a man answered: after you had gone, Ultonyoz had seized the throne, all who had accompanied you had them serve well, he decreed Qorajon to dwell on Olatogh mount without joining or talking with folks. Qorajon had no right to come, join and talk with the people. Ultonbek had issued such a decree. He was given a writ with a stamp. He said: If I see you come and talk to a person I shall cut your head off and hang you. This letter Qorajon had in his hands. For this reason he was not seen to anybody. If death encountered him he might be dead, if not he might be still dwelling on this Olatogh mount. Having heard this word Alpomish was said to be telling the following words:**

Now I knew my friend became an alien, see,  
As he was wandering he didn't notice me.  
Being sad he had lived there, hopeless,  
His head dizzy he was left senseless.  
Without delay do ride a steed, more,  
Don't go lonely, but three-four.  
For Qorajon get clothes and a horse,  
Thus, go to Qorajon with a good news.  
Be him informed of my arrival, said  
These words the wealthy brave said.  
This news is to be informed, sure,  
He might be living sadly unaware.  
Let Qorajon famous come up to me,  
Qorajon was also my companion, see.  
He was a trusted sharer of my secrets,  
He was my spurred supporter, no regrets.  
If I see Qorajon my affair will be done,  
He who made bek Ultontoz - my kin one.  
These words Hakim says, obstinate,  
Many beks were touched by the word.  
Each knows what deed to do here with joy,  
Clothes, a horse was taken for Qorajon.  
All four men had gone to Olatogh,  
Not looking they went urging, tough.  
If reached they'd fulfill bek's order,  
Seeing there surprised a cattle herder.  
Why they came nobody knew,



They urged passing Olatogh few.  
The land's leader came to the finish,  
That was the threat of Alpomish.  
The servants' endurance expired, heating,  
Beneath them the horses ran sweating.  
To Olatogh they reached at last,  
Eyed the settlement of Qorajon fast.  
To Qorajon's dwelling they went thus,  
Alp Qorajon saw them in his place.  
From Ultontoz the envoys came,  
Might cause me some evil shame.  
They might come by Ultontoz's order,  
They must be coming with errand, other.  
To do some order they sweated the horses,  
Qorajon was unaware why they came this course.  
Only now they reached Qorajon, of course.

**Seeing them Qorajon asked: What is the matter? Informing him of Alpomish's arrival the envoys were said to be telling the following words:**

May Almighty god save us,  
May my Allah be merciful thus.  
There came Hakim Sultan,  
Quick, be ready, Qorajon.  
Arriving the bek asked you, a lot,  
Alpomish is looking at the road.  
For you the khan yearns, of course,  
Thus they came running the horse.  
He who secrets with you had shared,  
He who had lived long in Kalmak land.  
He who had been aware of one another's state,  
The bek Alpomish had arrived the land.  
Khan Qorajon is the bek's friend,  
Both the top and low are not seen.  
From your soul would be gone your wound,  
He who sent you clothes and horse is your friend.  
Don't delay, off we go, do ride, quick,  
Listen to the words we're going back.  
Being late, don't delay us too,  
If you go and see the drummer.  
We have told you the errand,

This word there told the servant.  
Qorajon brave got arranged, nippy  
His soul would be again happy.  
He would dress and ride the horse,  
Qorajon would join their course.  
The team of four would become five,  
Qorajon obstinate would go on, fine.  
Off the dangerous days gone,  
Qorajon made strives, tried on.  
Very much his horse he urged,  
I want to see the leader, said.  
He whose life in Olatogh had passed,  
He who for Alpomish had suffered.  
He who had sipped blood when cried,  
He who had left his own land, beside.  
He who had accepted Islam and,  
He who had himself ignored.  
Who came to Qunghirat with Alpomish,  
It all happened at the finish.  
The khan Alpomish was said arrived,  
He who was going is Qorajon brave.  
Now there suffered much the soul,  
To the alien slave my god is merciful.  
He had wandered on Olatogh mount, few  
Qorajon was coming dressed, new,  
Qorajon bek looked up raising high, better,  
If he didn't see with his eyes no matter.  
Qunghirat land seemed prospered,  
Arriving Qorajon entered Boysun spared.  
Qorajon was known to go for sure,  
To Alpomish somebody informed there.  
The moment he came down his throne,  
The old officials reached him round.  
Coming out to meet the brave looked,  
He saw Qorajon coming here, shocked.  
Down flew Qorajon from his horse, end.  
On the weed sit a bird named falcon would,  
He'd done toils in the mortal world.  
Against each other they walked,  
Both alps met each other, talked.  
Their hearts broke of separation fire.

Went stretching hands to one another.  
The almighty god is merciful to an alien slave,  
They came close to each other, both braves.  
A dark cloud seemed gone over him,  
At that time both braves greeted firm:  
- Seven years my house had been a dark dungeon,  
You had wandered worse than I had done.  
The foes had caused you troubles too,  
Hearing I had much pitied you.  
Seeing you my pity was gone, said,  
You had been my friend, very kind.  
On worst days Qorajon had visited, few,  
Coming safe I have seen you.  
Qorajon, my friend, are you alive on earth?  
Seeing each other they shed tears.  
Greeting they became glad and gay,  
There gathered Qunghirat's folks, pray.  
Famous were Qorajon and Alpomish,  
They lead them to the capital to the finish.  
Many people, servants paved the way,  
Tribes, folks saw such powerful brave.  
Now towards the throne off the beks set,  
With many warrior leaders he sat.  
Seated they asked each other's state,  
Though told not seemed as if all said.  
All passed deeds both had known,  
Envoys came asking Boybury now.  
He who came said greetings, a lot,  
Those who came would stay, left not.  
To god's deeds they had consented,  
Now today the time had become late.

**It being pretty late they counseled, the meal was served to those who came to congratulate. The feast was provided, served was done in running, the evening passed thus, there came the next morning. The arrangements were made for the feasting party:**

Throwing pumpkin jugs were filled with gold,  
At the moment white tents were erected fold.  
To demonstrate huge cannons were fired,  
To folks the party was announced at site.

Alpomish's arrival was declared,  
All, cooks, bread-bakers appeared.  
Coming there all together they got,  
In line they made ovens and pots.  
Today in Qunghirat the party has begun,  
The sheep, fat oxen were slaughtered, fun.  
Horse racers gathered from each part,  
The bek Alpomish is such a ruler, smart.  
To folks he gave feast, food much,  
A wonderful party it was such.  
The widows, poor were fed up well,  
Fed up they went to horseracing on the hill.  
Many were coming on foot too with sway,  
Who couldn't reach looked from away.  
Those whose horses were strong, pushed ahead,  
The folks gathered, overcrowded around.  
The alps Alpomish and Qorajon stood,  
The old and young all came gathered.  
Looking the bek Alpomish got happy, and  
Everywhere the foes were discovered,  
The horse racers were in full swing,  
There was an announcer among.  
The wealthy khan presented silk, velvet,  
He made them consent to god's will set.  
He who was a foe lost his property, owner,  
This is the way he displayed his power.  
Offering a party riders happy he made,  
Additionally slave Bodom was offered.  
With both hands her the riders seized,  
Like a lion each hit his horse, dizzy.  
Those who were foes all went dead,  
Thus, his power known he made.  
Forty days Ulton was beaten with pain,  
After forty days Ulton was slain.  
He showed his deed in the land,  
He had a butcher cut Ulton's head,  
Thus there was hung his body,  
His flesh was eaten up by birds.  
The bek Alpomish is land's ruler, smarter,  
For forty days and nights he made a party.  
After forty days the party ended,

Getting permission the riders left.  
Many gained a lot prizes and gift,  
Arriving he had his city prospered.  
Seeing his events performed nicely,  
Remarried his beloved Barchin wisely,  
Had all grieves from his soul gone finally.

**On that day it was evening. The dawn came quickly. Three-four  
Horsemen reached Boybury's palace. Coming they were asking about  
Barchin. Seeing Alpomish they were said to be telling their complaints:**

The words were said have many errors either,  
Khan Boysary is the beauty Barchin's father.  
Fall coming the flowers dry up in the garden,  
First Allah might seize her sense, so sudden.  
Arriving Barchin might stay in Kalmak land,  
From the beginning god had been kind.  
He got all his wealth back he had lost,  
He came back seeking his land most.  
Having labored he might see a lot of deed,  
Saying my land he might be seeking his land.  
Many men were accompanying him around,  
He might come leaving Kalmak land.  
He might stop on the lake Kukqamish,  
As before remembered his land, Alpomish,  
Sitting there Barchinoy he would miss.  
When I sigh you are my words I said,  
Or you are my eyes to see with, said  
Barchinoy is my only daughter, said,  
We came by Boysary's order,  
We'd inform Barchin of her father.  
We are asking about Barchinoy,  
If we see her we'll get a present now.  
We're asking Boysary's daughter, our wish.  
Laboring we came from Kukqamish.  
For Boysary's sake we shall serve,  
If we meet we'll answer Barchin ever.

**Having heard these words, having them dismount their horse, having  
served them feasts, giving presents he saw them off. Again gathering the old  
and young people, he sent ten famous boys to bring Boysary. This Kukqamish**

is his own pasture, his land close to the folks, these ten people set off to bring Boysary.

Coming they showed themselves to Boysary, told him their advices, Boysary also listened to them, gave up his previous complaints, reproaches, arrogance, he thanked for seeing his kith and kin without being dead, he approved their words, and he was willing to go and see Barchinoy, with much wealth and famous people came close to Qunghirat. These people being aware of their coming had people to go and meet them. Saying what the matter is Barchinoy saw her parents, walked to meet them she was said to be telling the following words:

What is gone from my heart is it grief or pity,  
What I saw it is my dream or my reality.  
Is she my feeder mother who is coming,  
Is it a gold belt tied around her waist, we think?  
Is he my father who stayed in Kalmak land?  
Saying these words she is going stretching hands.  
Pearls of tear drops are running from her eyes,  
She has her father touched and loudly she cries.  
Boysary's heart was broken into pieces,  
Seeing Barchin he became weak, nice.  
All dismounted from horses and walked,  
His lonely daughter Boysary saw, talked.  
Embracing Barchin the famous wept.  
- My father has suffered for me, said  
In Kalmak's land he was ashamed.  
After I came he remained weeping blood,  
I heard from foes and friends in this land.  
My father had died in Kalmak land, said,  
My soul's torch might brighten up, light.  
My dead father came from Kalmak land,  
Coming here he saw his humble girl, sad.  
My lamp put out was again lit,  
The foes had been destroyed.  
Night and day I thank Allah, grand,  
My wishes god has granted.  
Many years the beauty like I wept,  
Here my humble house was ruined.  
Now a lot of grieves, pity was gone, sad,  
I saw my leader who had been said dead.

For seven years I had suffered much,  
 Thanks to god again I saw him, watch.  
 Till aging I wish I enjoyed this land, nice,  
 Inshaallah, I got rid of grieves, woes,  
 Now I can enjoy life in Qunqirof land, of course.  
 Saying these words they saw each other quite,  
 Embracing Barchin now he wept at the sight.  
 On Kukqamish lake she dwelt,  
 Embracing Barchin her mother wept.  
 - To Qunghirat you came back, Barchin beauty,  
 After you were gone those places were ruined, pity.  
 For many years we have wandered,  
 These deeds almighty god had willed.  
 For several years we had a doomsday,  
 Here god did mercy to us today.  
 Again our old wealth came to us filled,  
 Sitting with your father we counseled.  
 We came back to our land safe and sound,  
 Many gossips have been spread around.  
 A day came when on Kukqamish we settled,  
 Safe and sound we had seen you, my child.  
 We seemed not to have suffered this torture,  
 Our Allah would provide all with fortune.  
 Nothing would happen without god's decree,  
 Did you come safe and sound, Hakimjon, free.  
 Embracing Hakim at that moment,  
 Seeing each other they would lose their mind.  
 Those who disappeared found one another,  
 Exchange of reproaches there was much, rather.  
 With each other Boybury and Boysary met,  
 Since they are brothers their love stirred.  
 Weeping they asked each other's states,  
 So much misfortune they suffered.  
 They seemed not to have undergone torture,  
 For Alpomish's arrival they were grateful, sure.  
 The cause of all these events was Hakim,  
 Old and young kinsmen would visit him.  
 All would come to see one after the other,  
 They would prosper the land made poorer.  
 Barchin would take her mother along the place,  
 At that time they went towards the palace.

The servants were at Barchin's service,  
Till morning they displayed politeness.  
Each other's state they asked much,  
They did not sleep, served guests such.  
With Barchin they all were pleased,  
Barchin was charming, clever, wise, best.  
She is a woman, jack of all trades,  
Those who know not she guides.  
Her mother was satisfied with Barchin,  
The days she recalled were her lot, much.  
When she sighs she grows weak, said,  
When she recalled her soul felt sad.  
Much grieves she forgot at that time, and,  
She was merry, her luckless fate faded.  
There began a happy life again in Qunghirat,  
The beks and khans gathered in the capital, a lot.  
With trumpets and drums they did merrymaking,  
There gathered musicians, jokers, barns, all in swing.  
On his own tune and music each danced  
Girls and maids came to watch the concert.  
There was merrymaking in the palace,  
The watchers stood in squads and lines.  
The roads and paths the people would fill,  
Those who could not see watched from the hill.  
Many poets and barns kept reciting beneath,  
They received gifts from bek's wealth.  
The girls and maidens got mixed at the peak,  
How curious there was no hide and seek.  
All came to do watching the show in the land,  
This is how bek's arrival was declared.  
There was merrymaking all night and day, believe,  
At that moment they were permitted to leave.  
With permission the party they ended, best,  
The watchers were gone to their houses.  
Those who came gathered in the palace,  
Having set they exchanged reproaches.  
To forget their blames and fault,  
The others also got up and left.  
Thus the brave had seen his own land,  
He arrived his country safe and sound.  
The sinners were killed by Hakimbek,



Thus he saw the land he had grown, back.  
He got remarried his beloved Barchin, due,  
Thus they had their dreams come true.  
The Fozilbakhshi said what he had known, alas.  
Some of these words are true , some – false.  
May the day to live be spent with joy, and,  
This is the end of my words I recalled, said.  
If you say hey, a good word would come well,  
Be aware, a poet is poor among the humane world,  
Thus this is the end of the story I've told.

**The end**

**Vocabulary comments**  
**on specific notions, words used in the epic poem based on the literature**  
**sources provided below<sup>25</sup>:**

**Alp** - a strong, brave, undefeatable, knight, fighter, man

**Alpomish** – Name of the main, leading hero of the poem, his original name is Hakimbek, sometimes called as Hakim, Alp Hakim, Hakimkhan, Hakimjan

**Barchin** – beloved girl, the then wife of Alpomish, addressed as Barchinoy, Oybarshin, “oy” can be used both in preposition and in postposition. It means the moon.

**Allayor/Olloh yor** - is a main song addressed to the audience holding a glass of wine.

**Kalmak** - a Russian spelling of Qalmaq, name of a Turkic nation in ancient times

**Bek** – official, ruler, leader, mayor, governor

**Qorajon** – a brave, bold, strong man, heracle of Kalmak people, Hakim’s obtained friend.

**Boyburi** – name of the khan, shah of Qunghirat land, ruler of Qunghirat.

**Boysary** – Boyburi’s brother, a rich man.

**Toychikhan** – khan, bek, ruler of Kalmak land.

**Kukqamish** – residential area

**Boysun** - town, residential area on Qunghirat land, a town on the territory of Uzbekistan

**Qunghirat** – name of a country on the territory of Uzbekistan.

**Kukqamich** – name of a lake

**Kashal** – a name of an epic country

**Kashak cave** – name of a mythologic cave

**Oykul** - name of a lake,

**Uzbek** – dialectical version of an ancient Uzbek folk

**Surkhayil Maston /Surkhailo** - one of the mythological heroes in Uzbek epic poems, a woman - sorcerer who leads people to evil

**Tuqayiston** – a residential area on the steppe

**Oynali** - a lake discredit

**Chilbir** - the name of the steppe, deser,

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<sup>25</sup> Tura Murzayev, Jabbor Eshonqul, Sepami Fidokor. “Interpreting vocabulary of the epic poem Alpomish, “Elmis-Press –Media”, Tashkent 2007, pp.162;  
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**“Ablohu Akbar“** – address to God, “God, help us”  
**Oyqashqa** – alp, brave from Kalmak warriors  
**Kashmir** – used indirectly meaning a sorcerer, wicked  
**Achchiqkul** - a lake  
**Hala** - an onomatopoeia to push camels  
**Kukqamish** - a lake,  
**Biy** –synonym to bek, ruler in the meaning a mayor, governor of a certain territory  
**Qaldirghoch** – Alpomish’s sister  
**Padishah** – a shah, podshoh, padshah of different dialectical pronunciation of shah  
**Kalmakshah** -shah of Kalmak land  
**ha-ha!** – yes, yes  
**Murot tepa** – name of an epic hill, very high, to climb it is meant to accomplish ones wishes.  
**Tuqayiston** - a lake  
**Qanjighali** – one of the names of Qunghirat tribes  
**Kalimai Shahodat** – is a surra from Quran to believe in the uniqueness of Allah  
**Layli and Majnun** – names of legendary beloved couples, Layli – female, Majnun – male  
**Sultan** – a bek, biy, bey in the meaning of a ruler, governor  
**Biy** – a bek, khan, governor, mayor, a rich man  
**Boychibor** – the name of Alpomish’s horse, clever, understands human language has wings, sometimes written as Chibor  
**Bektimir** – name of a rich man  
**Boyvachcha** - a rich man  
**Shohimardon** – a name of an alcove in Fergana valley of Uzbekistan on the border with Kyrgyzstan  
**Botman** – a unit of weight measure equal to ten pood, one pood is 16 kg.  
**Kebanak** - is a wool robe for shepherds  
**Kunak** – is dish made of processed goat skin for keeping qimiz  
**Ultontoz /Ulton** - the name of Boybury’s son from his another wife who later becomes a ruler of Qunghirov for seven years when Alpomish had been a captive of Kalmakshah  
**Bobir** – the name of a lake  
**Yodgor (memory)/Yodgorjon**,- the name of Alpomish’s son born while he was a captive of Kalmakshah  
**Shakaman** – the name of an mythological mountain  
**Olatogh** – the name of a epic mountain,  
**Tovka / Tovkaoyim** – **the name of Qalmpoqshah’s daughter**  
**Yangi bazaar** - a new market

**Tanga** - is a name of money, currency

**Kayqubod** – the name of Kalmakshah’s shepherd

**Olatoy** – the name of Kayqubod’s breed horse

**Hazrati Joltong** - robber’s spiritual teacher on local legends

**Chanqovus** – a musical instrument, played with mouth

**Chilim** - is smoked like a chewing gum under the tongue to feel dizzy

**Isirq** - a local incense grass with a good flavor, dried and made to smoke for driving off evil, still used for healing

**Kavsar, Ali, Qambar, Moliki Ajdar**, – , saint, holy and prophesy people in Muslim world

**Imams, Chiltans, Twelve Ahmads** – sainf, holy and prophesy people in Muslim world close to prophet Muhammad

**Rasul Muhammad** - prophet Muhammad

**Hazrati Nughoy, Er Bakhshoyish, Ghazira Shaykh Khudoydod, Jamshid, Ahmad** - all are holy and prophesy people in Muslim world close to prophet Muhammad

**Muhammad Mustafa** - prophet Muhammad

**Bosafo, Imam Rizo, father Parpi** - saints, holy and prophesy people in Muslim world

**Novqa, Boghmozor, Yormozor, Hazrati Mirkulol, Quchqor** - all are holy and sacred places of pilgrimage for muslims

**Chiltans** – forty divine spirits, invisible men with great power

**Kholiq, Karim, Shohizinda, Donyor, Khujai Ahror, Khujai Zumrat, Er Khujamozor, Esoni sulik, Sufi Olloyor, Manchil, Khuja Isoq, Hazrati Langar, Khuja Yusuf Hamadoniy, Khuja Ahmad, Bashir, Khujayi Chorchinor, Sheri Yazdon** are all- all are holy and sacred places of pilgrimage for muslims

**Anqa** – the name of one of the braves of Hakimshah.

**Chilbir chul** – Chilbir steppe is an epic space, location.

**Chega** – is screw nail

**Mashriq** – East

**Maghrib**- West

**Qalami** - fabric with lines, stripes

**Jihazi/jihoz** – equipment,

**Abjush** – mold, a hard substance molded from seven mineral substances.

**Khatab** -

**Dahmarda** – service man, hired man, a worker.

**Adras** – is a tender fabric, made from pure silk

**Ajdahor** - a dragon, mythologic image, indirect meaning is brave, strong warrior

**Ang** - wild animals for hunting

**Anqa polvon** - one of the braves of Kalmaks

**Arpalikul** - name of an epic lake  
**Asqartogh** - mythologic mountain  
**Badirak** – a slave, a server  
**Baydoq** - a sward of troops with flags.  
**Baqan** – rope or a stick  
**Vallamat** – owner, one’s prince  
**Gajjakdor** - a girl with braids,with curly hair on the cheeks.  
**Dahsari** – one forth of a botman.  
**Dobilboz** – brave, courageous man  
**Shakaman** – name of an epic mountain  
**Jigha** – is jewelary made of precius stone for decorating heard wears  
**Jihgador** - an official who wears such head wear decorated with with precious stones.  
**Zulfakdor** – a girl with beautiful braids  
**Muzofot** – means aterritory, region, boder  
**Puta** is a long belt, rolled round the waist.  
**Solim** - is an award given to a winner in kupkari horse game.  
**Tabla** - a name of a barn where horses are kept.  
**Tura** – owner of the land, ruler, governor.  
**Qalami** - fabric with strips, lines  
**Chotir** - chodir, harbiy qunalgha  
Chubir - a bad, simple horse.  
**Shirboz** - is a fat lamd still sucking mother sheep’s milk  
**Shomiyon** – turbon, a cover for a face, fixing ther edge of the turbon under the roll  
**Sholi-shaldam** – a tender precious fabric made of pure wool.  
**Eliboy** - a rich tribe who resides on steppe by pasturing cattle.  
**Qurr – hait** - an anomatopia use for pushing sheep flocks  
**Ghuchchoq** – brave, bold, courageous guy  
**Chanqovus** – an ancient musical instrument, played with mouth  
**Chilim**- is smoked like a chewing gum under the tongue to feel dizzy  
**Pir** - a spiritual teacher  
**Qatlama, quymok, bughirsak** – names of folk meals, made of flour and butter  
**Mirza** – secretary, a person who used to write official letters, documents  
**“Ulan”** – competition for reciting folklore in wedding parties.

**Literature**  
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