Selected Translations of Song Lyrics for 
Bukhara: Musical Crossroads of Asia

1. Shod-i (ba) Uforash and Ufor-i Tezash:

Dilbaram Shumo  ("You are My Dear One")
(In Tajik)

Soloist: Eh, my dear one, my dear one
Chorus: Eh, my dear one, my dear one  (refrain repeats after each solo verse)

Soloist: Eh, my dear one, my soul...
   You are my sweetheart...
   You are a shapely palm....
   You are my sweet-tongued....
(In Uzbek:)
   Your face is brighter than the moon...
   Your words are sweeter than honey...
   We congratulate you on your toi (wedding)...
   Let your life be long...
   Let your house be filled with happiness...
(In Tajik:)
Soloist: Congratulations on your toi and
   Again, congratulations on your toi

Chorus: Congratulations on your toi and
   Again, congratulations on your toi.  (refrain  repeats after each solo verse)

Soloist: We came to the beginning of your toi,
   We congratulate you once again.

   In order to gaze at the beauty of your face,
   We congratulate you once again.

   Whatever, whenever *****
   We congratulate you once again...

   May there always be toi-s
   We congratulate you once again...

Soloist: Sweet one, sweet one,
Chorus: Eh, my dear one (refrain repeats after each solo verse)
Soloist: Quiet my soul...
   Shapely like a palm...
   Mouth like a bud...
   This evening is windy
   Be perfect...
   I wish that you were perfect
   Soul to soul...
   I sacrifice my soul to yours...
(In Uzbek:)
   I'm walking around you
   I won't go away from you
2. **Mavrigi**

Dear one, be well, be well, be well, be well, be well
When I turn to the blossom, the blossom points its thorns at me.
When I turn to the bud, the bud bursts open
Dear one, be well, be well, be well, be well, be well.
I experienced my fate at the bazaar of fate
If for others, stones turn to gold, then for me, gold turns to stone.
Dear one, be well, be well, be well, be well, be well.
I have a surprising fate: my milk turns to yogurt.
If a falcon fell into my hands, and if a falcon turned into an eagle
Dear one, be well, be well, be well, be well, be well.
Oh my God,
Oh my beloved
Consider this moment precious!
In the steppe, I played on the *ney*,
And from that, flowers began to burn.
What a pity, the golden flowers
Were covered with dust and ash,
My bones finished burning,
My soul began to burn,
From the soul of my beloved,
My heart began to burn, pitilessly.
I knock at the door
Until midnight, no one opens it.
Midnight passed,
My beloved didn’t appear.
The king of the city came out
And took me by the hand.
No one like me
Has made a fool of himself in love, pitiless.

3. **Songs from the Sozanda Repertory:**

   a. Taralilalalai

Solo: Between four rivers
   You put your throne
   I repeat once again
   Don't get your hem wet
   Be vigilant
   *Taralilalalai, taralilalalai, taralilalalai, my dear*

Chorus: *Taralilalalai, taralilalalai, taralilalalai, yor eh (my dear)*
Solo: Your two eyes are bewitching
   *Taralilalalai, yor eh*
Chorus: repeats the same refrain after each solo verse
Solo: Why don’t you ask after me?
   *Taralilalalai, yor eh*
   Your burning black eyes...
   Let your mother not see your sadness...
   Let your father not see your sadness...
   May your mother live to see your toi...
   May your father live to see your toi...
   May everyone live to see your toi...

b. **Bahoram Tuyi** ("You Are My Spring Blossom") + **Ufori Tezash: Hoi Gul**
Solo: You are my unfolding spring blossom
Chorus: (repeats these same words)
Solo: Your body is like a flower
Chorus (repeats these same words)
Solo: You are a blood-drinker
And I desire that you drink my blood
Your body is like a flower blossom
Chorus (repeats)
Solo: You are the beginning of all of my desires...
   My soul, listen to me...
   Forget the promises of my rival...
   Sit and drink a glass of wine with me
   Fill a wine glass over the top
   Oh, blood-drinker, eyes of my desire
   Your smile, your body are like mint...
   Your coquetry, narcissus of my desires
   I love the twists of your curls
   The dust of your feet is a crown on my head...
   My tender friend and confident
   From my blossom, Hoi, gul
Chorus: Hoi, gul (repeats this refrain after each solo verse)
Solo: The apple of Samarkand...
   The pomegranate of Tashkent...
   Bring me the pomegranate...
   Cover the pomegranate...
   There's a wind on the roof...
   May you achieve perfection...
   You are sitting on the roof...
   You are killing your loved one...
   With the blood of the beloved...
   You write a letter...
   You steal my heart...
(in Uzbek:)
   My most beloved boy...
   From my dear little blossom...
   I won’t leave you...
   I won’t go away from you...
   c. Hoi, Yallalo, Yalli: Tuya Jonu, Mana Jonona Guyand
Solo: You, my dear one, they say that you’re a beauty
Chorus: Hoi, yallalo, yalli (variations on "Allah")
Solo: You’re a candle around which handsome Joseph flies like a moth
Chorus: Hoi, yallalo, yalli (refrain repeats after each solo verse)
Solo: I’m out of my mind with love, and you don’t pay any attention
   Your kalapush (cap) slipped down and covered your eyebrows
   What evil man took you away from me?
   Let the house (i.e., the life) of this evil person burn.
   You’ve bound me to my loved one
   My beauty, why such cruelty?
   Why doesn’t your soul ache for me?
   Let your soul long for me, look at me.
   My dear one walked to the edge of the roof and went back.
   Two times, your soul visited my body and went back.
   Like the holiday Idi Kurban, she came and went.
   The salt in my hand isn’t salty
   My soul doesn’t have any more patience
   Hoi, yallalo, yalli.
Chorus: Hoi, yallalo, yalli.
d. *Jurajon jonat ba jonam* ("My soul is lonely for your soul")

Solo: My dear friend, my soul longs for your soul,
My beloved, calm my soul.

Chorus: repeats this refrain after each solo verse

Solo: My dear friend, where are you?
Why don't you ask about me?
Why don't you pay attention to me?
My dear friend, my soul longs for your soul.
My beloved, calm my soul.

Today I long for you,
The way I do every day and night.

You didn't make me happy,
My dear friend, my soul longs for your soul.

My dear friend, my soul longs for your soul
My beloved, calm my soul.

You smile at everyone,
But you don't pay any attention to me.

O..... ....A, Hoi.....
You take vengeance on me,
My dear friend, my soul longs for your soul.

Vai-ai, Hoi....

Suddenly an answer came,
News came from my beloved.

Her form came to me
My dear friend, my soul longs for your soul.
My dear friend, my soul longs for your soul.
My beloved, calm my soul.


e. *Hoi, Hoi, Yallo Ai* ("Hey, Hey, Be Happy")

Solo: *Hoi, hoi, yallo ai*

Chorus: *Hoi, hoi, yallo ai* (repeats this refrain after each solo verse)

Solo: My hand is on your hand
I'm a prisoner of your drunken eyes
Let me give you my hand
They put a *doire* (drum) in your hands.
What is there in this joyous gathering?
People of this time,
Let all achieve their dreams.
I'll come quietly to you.
I'll whisper words into your ears.
May you always want to hear my words
Eh, more, more, celebrate more *toi-s,*
Eh, *khai-ye,* your belt is an arc
*Khai-ye,* your eyebrows are an arc, *khai-ye,*
A European dress, *khai-ye,* in the middle of your eyebrows,
*khai-ye.*
A sweet birthmark, *khai-ye,* come more quickly, *khai-ye.*
Today is one today, kahi-ye, tomorrow is two days, khai-ye.
The guest's face, khai-ye, it's like a day of jealousy,
O, I love you, O, I desire you, my dear.
*Bai-bai* ('ooh-la-la!)

f. *Saqiyo, mai dar piyola* ("Oh wine-pourer, the wine is in the cup") + *Uforash: Saqisoqijon*

Eh, wine-pourer, there's wine in the glass
Raise it to the lips of a beauty.

Look in the mirror
While you paint your eyes with *surma*.

Eh, wine-pourer, there's wine in the glass. (refrain repeats)

My tender beauty,
Show me your tenderness....

I don't have any patience left,
When will you show your tenderness?

My beautiful one is more tender
Than all the rest

My most tender blossom of the garden of paradise
My most tender petal

Your body is shapely like a palm,
My soul desires it
Your face is like an iridescent sun,
My soul desires it.

Your smiling, sweet lips,
My soul desires them.

O, your black eyes and eyelids,
My soul desires them.

Wine-pourer, my dear wine-pourer.
Pour a full glass of wine.

First, go and look at her eyes.

Wine-pourer, my dear wine-pourer,
Pour a full glass of wine.

Second, look at her lips,
Third, look at her teeth.

Wine-pourer, my dear wine-pourer,
Pour a full glass of wine.

And if you go again a third time,
Look to see if she has a birthmark.

Wine-pourer, my dear wine-pourer,
Pour a full glass of wine.

The fourth time you go, sit near her
And sacrifice yourself to her.
Eh, you with the eyebrows like an arc.
Pour a full glass of wine.

Your sweet words,
Pour a full glass of wine.

Your suffering I’d gladly take on myself.
Pour a full glass of wine.

You have an ant-like waist.
Wine-pourer, pour a full glass of wine.

Eh, wine-pourer, dear wine-pourer
Pour a full glass of wine.

4. Murghak ("Chicklet")

Bravo chicken, poor chicken.
A farmer dammed up the water.
Which water did he dam up?
The water that put out a fire.
Which fire did it put out?
The fire that burned a stick.
Which stick was burned?
The stick that killed a dog.
Which dog did it kill?
The dog that ate a wolf.
Which wolf did it eat?
The wolf that ate the chicken.
Which chicken did it eat?
On top, it was a red chicken
It gave two eggs at once.
The tail was white
And it had a comb
My grandfather bought it for 100,000 dinars
He bought it for himself.
Bravo, little chicken,
Poor chicken, bravo.

The chicken was mine
I’m the owner of the chicken.
Don’t end up on the grill
Run, chicken, on the street.
The king knows,
The poor know,
All the scholars know,
All the jewelers know,
All the sewers know,
All the goldsmiths know,
All the tabib-s know,
All the craftsmen know,
All the beekeepers know,
Oh, my little chicken,
I’m your owner.
Don’t end up on the grill,
Run on the streets
I’ll run after the little chicken.
If the boots are small for my feet,
I’ll even sacrifice my feet.
Bravo, little chicken, poor chicken, bravo
The chicken with the long tail, bravo.
The chicken that lays two eggs at once, bravo
From above, the red chicken, bravo
The chicken with the white tail, bravo.
The chicken with the crest, bravo,
Little chicken, bravo.
Poor little chicken, bravo.
Coo-coo-re-coo,
Little chicken, bravo.
Poor little chicken, bravo.

6. Ushshaq-i Kalon

You made me a captive of suffering,
My appearance is disheveled like rays of suffering
Where do these sweet thoughts of love come from?
If I see in the wine glass the curls of my beautiful one,
Then, I experience something like the suffering of a prisoner in the desert.

I rust like unworked silver
In thoughts about the beauty who is like the moon, like transparent silver,
If I will be the wine-pourer at the gathering of lovers of wine,
If I will decorate her eyes with surma,
I will overshadow the life of Leilah.

If I will be at the meeting of wine connoisseurs,
In drinking wine I will find the sweetness of the world.
If I demonstrate my art of bewitchment,
With one glance, I can kill him.
With a second glance, I can lengthen his life.

I am a flower blossom, decorating the blossoms of love,
I am an incomparable moon, in the zodiac of beauty.
I fly high in the heavens of beauty.
I am not a nightingale, but a bird of desire.
My feet will never touch the arm of the Anga (mythic bird).

I am more dear than all of the beauties,
I am the soul in the shadow of all the beloved ones.
I am the faith, the hope, the desire of Mejnun,
Since Taj-i Davlat is the king among lovers,
In the morning, take everything that I said to the king of kings.

8. Na‘at

Eh, Master of the world, Lord of the faithful,
Lover of God, author of the incomparable Kor’an.
On the throne of truth, you are the King of the faithful
In one night, you fly to the starry skies from the earthly home.
Among the prophets, you are incomparable, and approach God.
A heavenly angel brought you to your worshippers.
At the moment of your birth the heavens trembled.
With joy, Gabriel brings you safely from the heavens.
And in this world, they gave you the name Muhammed.
From this day forth, you have been separated from people,
You, great leader of the faithful, your path is outstanding.
You, invigorating spray from the sea of beauty, in truth, your miracles are unending. This first ray of light that preceded you into existence is incomparable among the sea of light rays.

By birth, you are from the tribe of Quresh,
The reason that you became beloved was this ray.
Your ray was so splendid, that from this day, all the prophets acknowledged it.
Your life was lived in modesty, but you cared for us from the beginning to the end of your days.
Your soul didn't know a day of peace,
Eternal cares about your people
When the time came to part with this world,
This world lost your remains.
Goodness and faithfulness were always with you, which God gave you for your servants.
God raised you up to be higher than the heavenly angels,
And let you drink from the cup of immortality.
Oh, God, we have one wish: to be your servant,
Our God, bring us nearer the good; save us from the bad.

12. Qalandar

God, don't separate us faithful from our prophet,
Don't separate us from Abu Baqra, Omar, Osman, Haidar.
Faith is a jewel, don't separate your servants from faith.
Amen, amen, amen.
If you want to know my essence, know that it is from the cleanest rays.
This precious jewel is higher than the very depth of good.
I am eternally yearning for you, our Lord.
Don't separate us from you until the Day of Judgment.

(first four lines repeat)

When the Day of Judgment approaches, Truth will triumph,
Everyone will find his prophets.
Whoever renounces his faith will regret it.

(first four lines repeat)