

CHAPTER 24 – Track 24.1

Introduction to *Abdurakhman Pasha*

Äy . . .

*Bu taghlar egiz taghlar,
Gheribning yolini baghlar.
Gherib ölsä kim yighlar?
Gheribqa yitim yighlar.
Gheribdur män bu alämdä,
Yitimdur män bu alämdä.
Tayinliq makan yoqtur,
Khotänni islam achtilär,
Migär Hajim Hebiybulla
Kütürdi qolini amingha,
Du'a qildi Räsulilla.
Yengi shähär baza aldida,
Kibir qildi Ghojam Pashsha,
Himmätlik Ghojam Pashsha,
On altä mährum ong qolida,
On altä mährum chap qolida,
Häy Khotänlik yash balilar,
Baghri yumshaq Qaraqashliq,
Shäri'ätini tutunglar,
Namaz qaza qilmanglar,
Ondin birni öshrini berip yänglar,
Qiriqtin birni zakatti berip yänglar.
Kishigä di lazar qilmanglar döp
Himmätlik Ghojam Pashsha.
Däwza aldida tursa,
Zang'guydiki Mimanbay,
Miminkhaning bir oghli,
Khät tashlapqina qachti.
Xetini körüp baqsa,
Ey Abdurakhman Pasha,
Märd-märdanä bolar bolsang,*

Hey . . .

These mountains are tall,
They hinder the path of the desolate.
If the desolate die, who will cry for them?
Orphans cry for the desolate.
I am desolate in this world,
I am an orphan in this world.
There is no land for me,
They opened Khotan to Islam,
Hajim Hebiybulla
Raised his hands to pray,
He prayed to the Prophet.
Boys in front of the city bazaar,
Ghojam Pasha was proud of himself,
Gracious Ghojam Pasha,
Sixteen companions to his right hand,
Sixteen companions to his left hand,
Hey, young boys of Khotan,
Kind people of Qaraqash,
Hold to Islamic law,
Do not delay prayer,
Give a tithe of one in ten,
Give a *zakat* of one in forty.
Do not hurt the hearts of others, said
Gracious Ghojam Pasha.
As he stood in front of the gate,
Mimanbay of Zangguy,
One of Mimankhan's sons,
Ran away to toss off a letter.
When he saw the letter,
"Hey, Abdurakhman Pasha,
If you are brave,

*Urush mäydanigha chiqqin sän,
Urush mäydanigha chiqalmisang,
Bu shähärni bikarlighin.
Degän khätni bir körüp,
Himmätlik Ghojam,
Anisining aldigha kälidi:
"Way ana jenim ana,
Kechidin körgän chüshümdä,
Yättä itning arisida qelip,
Bu chüshni körüp qaptim ana.
Ätigän tang atqanda,
Däwza aldida tursam,
Bir älchi haramzadä,
Khät tashlapqina qachti.
Khetini körüp baqsam:
'Ey Abdurakhman Pasha,
Oghul bala ärkäk bolar bolsang,
Urush mäydanimizgha kälgin,
Urush mäydanigha kelälmisäng,
Bu shähärni bikarlighin.'
Degän khätkän uz ana.
Bu jäng'gä barghili ana,
Äsli dilim tartmaydu.
Barmay desäm bolmaydu ana,
Qandaq qilimän," degändä.*

You will go out to the battlefield,
If you do not go out to the battlefield,
Please vacate this city."
He took a look at this letter,
Gracious Ghojam,
He came in front of his mother:
"Oh mother, dear mother,
In the dream I saw last night,
I was among seven dogs,
I saw this dream, mother.
When dawn broke in the morning,
As I stood in front of the gate,
A bastard messenger,
He ran away, having dropped off the letter.
When I looked at the letter:
'Hey, Abdurakhman Pasha,
If you want to be a real boy, a real man,
Come to the battlefield,
If you do not come to the battlefield,
Vacate the city.'
So says the letter, dear mother,
To go to the war, mother,
I have no will to go.
But I must go, mother,
What should I do?" he said.

Note:

Translation by Elise Anderson and Mutallip Iqbal