Babajyklar

Aşyklar şiwesi gara göz bolar
Gör tomaşa etgin bilden güllere
Gözeliň ýagşysy şirin söz bolar
Sözle gurban bolan şirin dillere

Al-ýaşyl geýinip kümüş guranda
Şitde çemle ince ýaly bile oranda
Suwsonasy ýaşyl başy görende
Laçyn göwnüm telwas eder köllere

Aýra düşsem elim kaddym ýaý bolar
Aýrylyşmasam köňlüm ajap jaý bolar
Her bir günüm aýdyr aýym ýyl bolar
Aýym uzap gitdi ýyldan ýyllara

Kemine goýmazlar ýar bilen ýary
Pelekden dad eder gelenleň bary
Seniň eliň meniň dilimiň hünäri
Nusga bolup galsyn ilden-illere

Babajyklar

The speech of lovers turns the dark eyes into something precious.
Look carefully and admire the flowers you recognize.
The best beauty is found in sweet words,
Words that people willingly sacrifice themselves for, spoken in gentle tongues.

Dressed in red and green, adorned with silver,
When the slender waist is embraced like a delicate branch,
Seeing the green-headed water bird,
My falcon-like heart becomes restless and drawn toward the lakes.

If we are separated, my body and strength will bend like a bow;
If we are not parted, my heart will become a wonderful home.
Each day will feel like a month, each month like a year,
And time will stretch endlessly, from years into more years.

They do not allow the beloved and the lover to remain apart;
Everyone who comes complains to fate.
Your hand is the skill of my tongue and my speech—
May it remain as an example passed from generation to generation.