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# MANAS





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Dedicated to the  
1000th Anniversary  
of the Kirghiz epos  
"MANAS"

# MANAS

VOLUME 1

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH BY  
WALTER MAY

Moscow & Bishkek

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### **TRANSLATOR'S INTRODUCTION**

This is truly the greatest challenge that has been offered to me in my half-a-century as a translator of verse, and I count it a high honour to be deemed worthy of doing battle with Manas, the Kirghizian Champion. We struggled together many days and nights, neither defeating the other, and thus became the firmest of friends. In accordance with ancient Kirghizian custom I have presented him with a new English robe, which changes his looks, though not his nature, but which makes him recognisable to readers of English.

Many Kirgizian friends helped me with the cutting and sewing, thus 1,000th anniversary in 1995, with the appearance of this English edition of this great epic poem. These are difficult times for the Commonwealth of Independent States, and there are many material shortages, but I hope that they will get known him.

The road to understanding another folk is never easy, and there are many pitfalls on the way. Let me, as an old traveller, knowing Kirghizia and its folk very well, give a few words of advice which will help you attain this goal.

First of all the sign-posts! Numbers at the end of lines in the text relate the commentary found at the end of this book, and asterisks \* refer to the vocabulary.



also found there. They have been composed by Kirgizian and other experts, and you will find them of great help and interest.

So your road will take you back a thousand years or more, and for nine-tenths of the way will be a purely oral one, since nothing of this epic poem was written down until the 1850's! For about nine hundred years at least it remained solely on the lips of the old bards, and in the minds and hearts of the Kirghizian folk.

It was not created by one man, nor in one year, nor even in one century, but was the gradual accumulation of folk memories, of their tragedies, victories, and aspirations. Outstanding bards, pupils of their predecessors, further improved, polished, reorganized and prolonged this epic. No other heroic poem can compare with it in its magnitude, not even the Indian Mahabharata or the Greek Odyssey.

From 1920 onwards, under Soviet power, diverse fragments of the epic were published, but not until 1952, when a great conference was held in Frunze, to organize the collection and recording of all known versions of the epic, did serious work start, leading to the publication of the major part of the poem, in the late 1950's. In 1984 a beautiful 4-volume edition of the epic was published in Frunze, and in the same year a scientific line-for-line version was published in Russian, with parallel original text, by Oriental Literature Publishers, Moscow. The second and third volumes came out in 1988 and 1990 respectively, and the final volume is now in preparation. I extend to the authors of these books my deep thanks.

If the reader asks where and when does his road begin, I can only say that no one knows for certain, but it is obvious that the tap-roots go very deep into Kirghizian history, back to the time when they were small individual groups of wandering cattle-breeders, with no conception of unity as a whole people, or nation.

Three main opinions exist regarding the origin of the epic:

1. The VII - X century, when the Kirghiz lived near the Yenesei.

2. The IX - XII century, in typically feudal times, the day of the bey.

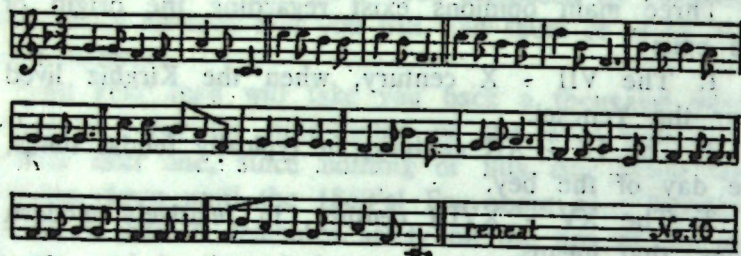
3. The XV - XVIII century, in relatively modern times, that means.

I certainly prefer the first, and for several good reasons. Having translated several epic poems, including the Russian "Lay of Prince Igor's Host" and the Ossetian folk-epic "Tales of the Narts", one sees many parallels. Folk-lore is universal, and strikingly similar wherever it comes from. Even the Greek tragedies fit into this picture, to say nothing of the Egyptian "Hymn to the Sun" c.3,200B.C.

This Kirghizian epic has the same flavour of antiquity. There are many indications of its early beginning. Take here just one - In Vol. 1. lines 6222-3, Kirghizian brothers, long parted, meet and greet with the Kirghizian "Mëndyu!" because the word "Salaam!" was not known then. That means this episode at least dates back before Islam religion came to the Kirghiz, in the 7-th century. There are also signs that matriarchs and Amazons had not quite died out, but are visible in Manas' wife Kanikei, and the warrior maid Saikal.

If the reader wishes to taste the real flavour of this poem, he should read it aloud, because its words make music, by themselves. The epic is usually recited by special trained bards "Manaschi" who generally sing it to the accompaniment of the three-stringed komuz. Here again, there are many various melodies, suiting the tastes of individual reciters. They get lost in the singing, almost go into a trance. They make gesticulations, and take poses, also in accord with standardised custom, and the first time I heard Manas sung so I was straightway simply captivated, and carried away by the drama.





This is one of a score of variations which I heard and liked. Look at the first six bars, counting two to a line of verse, and you will see seven notes to a line, four longer, and three shorter. accent falling on 1,3,5,7, leaving 2,4,6, unaccented. If we write this in the way accepted for poetic metre we get /-/-/-. So the verse is written in four-foot trochaic metre, truncated. But look in bars 9, and 17, and you will see triplets in the music. So in the trochaic metre we get dactyls mixed up so /-/-/-/ eight notes to a line. This is interesting, because we have here a likeness to English prosody, where we, in contradistinction to all other European languages, have the privilege of doing just this - it is termed "substitution". We can also mix anapaests with iambs. Moreover, we may do some more than once in one line, and this holds good for Kirghizians too. One other point of great importance for the reading of this epic - this means that all lines end with an accepted syllable, a so-called masculine rhyme, as 80% of English lines do, in fact. Dear reader, all Kirghizians words, names especially are accented on the last syllable. Please remember this when reading, as it will simplify the matter so.

Since I have advised you to read aloud to gain full satisfaction, I should now say a word or two about pronunciation, especially of vowel sounds. Kirghizians speak an oriental turkish tongue, where the vowel sounds are as follows: A = ah, E = ay, I = ee, O = oh, U = oo. ē = e(r) as in "her". Diphtongs AI = aye, EI = ay, OI = oy. Doubled vowels are always both pronounced. Most frequently occurring are AA =

ah-ah, OO = oh-oh and UU = oo-oo. The consonantal "dzh" is very near our English J, and for Manas' father Jakib, I have spelt it so. Elsewhere is is closer to "ch". Let us look at a few heroes and heroines and get them right, since they are repeated hundreds of times, and will spoil our reading if we don't pronounce them well.

Manas = Mahnas, not Man-ass! His father Jakib = Dzhakib, accent on last syllable, not first (not Jacob) Chiyirdi-Cheeyeerdy his mother, Kanikey-Kahneekay, his wife. Almambet = Ahlmahmbeyt, his closest friend, Alo-oke, an opponent whose name I have divided so because it appears so often, is pronounced Ahlo-okay, Alike-Ah-lee-kay (not alike!) A few place-names are almost recognizable, for example Mandzhuria = Manchuria, Mangul = Mongol, but one most frequently used, Kitai, will puzzle you, if you don't know it - for it is simply China! So Kitais are Chinese folk or Chinese tribes.

Several features of the epic's composition are unusual for most readers of English, but are part and parcel of the poem and originate in the way I have tried to preserve. First - frequent repetitions. One idea expressed in the several ways. Whole episodes are repeated, speeches are repeated, lines and individual words are repeated - all for the purpose of emphasis and balance. Because of these repetitions, the epic stuck in the minds of those who heard it, and so it passed on from generation to generation through a whole millennium. Alliteration, which is merely the repetition of the first letter in a word is accompanied by assonance, which is repetition of the vowels, and by the standardization of ajectives for certain characters and objects - thus Manas is either a lion, or a tiger, or a leopard, and elders on the counsil are always wise, white-bearded, eloquent, far-sighted, and so on.

Just a word about rhymes, which can be found in various patterns in many places. Very common is the couplet aa,bb,cc,dd, and so on, but triplets also occur, as well as alternating rhymes abab,cdcd. Sometimes one



Variations in length of line, rhyme patterns, musical tonality, emotional content, accentuation of horse-riding trotting or galloping motions, onomatopoeic words for the clash and clatter of battle, all make this a most colourful and convincing story, which I hope I have now helped the reader to enjoy. Open your eyes, open your hearts, and don't be put off by the unusual, and here you will find your road to the understanding of a wonderful people and their history.

Walter May

## 0.1



From those who lived before us these words have come down. After Kara-khan\* and Oguz-khan from the family of Alancha-khan,<sup>1</sup> came forth Baigur and Uigur. From Baigur's son, Babir-khan, came forth Tyubei, from Tyubei came Këgëi, and from him three sons - Nogoi,\* Shigai, and Chidir. These three sons had a whole lake of riches.

Nogoi had four sons: Orozdu, Usën, Bai, and Jakib. Kitai\* rulers divided them. Jakib, named here, lost his uncle on his father's side, who was called Chiyir. He then married the widow of Chiyir,<sup>2</sup> called Shakan. He also took a second wife, Bakdëälët, the daughter of Chayan,<sup>3</sup> who was the son of Bëën, from the folk of Mandzhuria.\* From neither of these wives had he a single son. He himself was already fifty years old, and was so rich that no one could compare with him. The name of his first wife, Shakan, was forgotten, and all called her after her first husband Chiyirdi.

That same bey Jakib, having no child,<sup>4</sup> began to weep and make complaint in this way:  
 "Lacking successors, I'll soon be dead.  
 Lacking a hoof, how live?" he said.<sup>5</sup>  
 Lonely, old, and still with no son,  
 Who then will hear my lonely groan?  
 Day and night no peace I've known.  
 With much care, I rich have grown.

If my death-day comes," he said,  
 "If I go to that world of the dead,  
 If no young hoof I leave behind,  
 10 I'll have no heir my wealth to mind!"  
 Bitter tears for a son he shed.  
 Blessed with children others he met,  
 Bey Jakib then with envy wept,  
 Bitter tears for a camel-foal shed.<sup>6</sup>  
 Bothered by other young foals around,  
 Burning with envy, he cried aloud.<sup>7</sup>  
 Torn in his soul with pangs of pain,  
 Tears poured forth from his eyes again.  
 Pleading with God he began to pray,  
 20 Promised a year-old camel to slay...<sup>8</sup>  
 With his bag o'er his shoulder thrown,<sup>9</sup>  
 When Jakib saw a graveyard stone,\*  
 Then he prayed with resounding groan:  
 What can I do if God leaves me alone?"  
 Five kinds of cattle I call my own,<sup>10</sup>  
 No one more honestly lives, not one.  
 Who now will saddle, bestraddle his steed,  
 Who now will wear a fur coat, indeed?  
 Standing beside me I have no son,<sup>11</sup>  
 30 No little hoof to support me, none!  
 From such relations cut off am I.  
 Sad as I in our folk there's none.  
 I've no support, all alone am I, Shut are my  
 wings which should lift me high.<sup>12</sup>  
 Sorry as I in our folk there's none.  
 I know that none can escape death, none.  
 I have no wish to live ever, no none.  
 When in that unknown world I lie,  
 He, who for his dear father should cry,  
 40 He, who should mourn for me — there's none!  
 I have three-year fat foals, you know,  
 No son to catch and saddle them though.  
 What can one do? God decrees it so!  
 I have young camels — away they go,  
 No son to catch and saddle them though.



What can one do? God decrees it so!  
 Such then is my predestined fate.  
 Now already I'm forty-eight.<sup>13</sup>  
 Riches of all kinds I've gathered here.  
 50 If I go to that other world there,  
 Gold and silver I'll leave behind.  
 My wife a widow herself will find.  
 Who will inherit the flocks one leaves?  
 From the Altai will come cattle-thieves!<sup>14</sup>  
 Here is velvet, satin and silk,  
 But I have no son of my ilk.  
 How many treasures both great and small  
 Have I gathered, but after all —  
 Dismal by day, at night can't sleep.  
 60 For a child I bitterly weep.  
 I've no support, all alone am I.  
 For happy laughter I daily grieve.  
 See the white falcon through cloud-banks weave —  
 Who is to tame him — here is none!  
 He has no master — I have no son!  
 Since early days my herds I hoard,  
 Thoughts about children I then ignored.  
 Now I see, I did so in vain —  
 Only a son can master remain.  
 With no son at all the wealth I own,  
 70 Like a seiged fortress will tumble down.  
 My own father was Khan Nogoi.  
 What has become of Jakib, his boy?  
 I can't count all the horses I own.  
 Many villagers round me have grown.  
 They all enjoy the fat of the land,  
 Once they were poor, now rich they stand.  
 Weapons and armour lie covered in rust,  
 Horses pack stables until they burst.  
 Seeing them, though, Jakib meanwhile  
 80 Even then cannot raise a smile.  
 He who would gallop on them, as heir,  
 As God decrees, is just not there!

That he might live to see a son,  
 Bold Jakib can't imagine, not one!

Saying such words Jakib wept, and poured forth  
 tears of sorrow as he returned from his horses and  
 camels. Trotting along on Tuuchnak he rode towards  
 his yurt. When he neared his village eleven-year-old  
 Mendibai, whose father was named Akimbek, went up  
 in his marten-fur cap to Jakib, and seeing tears in  
 his eyes, asked him: "Ah, ake\*! Why are you weeping?  
 Morning and evening you don't calm down!" Still  
 sobbing, and not answering the lad's words, he rode  
 on to his yurt hastily. He forgot to tether his horse,  
 and paid no attention to anything, he was so distracted.  
 He went into his yurt to his first wife. Chiyirdi saw  
 him come, and thought: "Why is he so sorrowful?"  
 and she asked him: "What has happened to you? What  
 has made you so sad?"

Then Jakib, it can't be denied,  
 Angrily, touched on the raw, replied:  
 "What a stupid woman you are!  
 Not straightforward with me, by far!  
 Early or late, whenever I'm gone,  
 90 You just remain at home alone.  
 You have no child to kiss and caress.  
 One to console you, in your distress.  
 You have no son, not one, to love.  
 None to support you, all others above.  
 Now, whenever I think of it, see,  
 All my strength slips away from me.  
 Craving to cuddle my child can't be curbed.  
 Then, at first, I was not disturbed,  
 Thought I'd be blessed with a son, you know —  
 100 Careless, for long I existed so.  
 From Kizir I blessings received —<sup>15</sup>  
 Lost be that world! It can't be believed!  
 "Childless Jakib" they called me then.  
 "Heirless old man!" said other men.  
 Then everybody spoke about you —



"She is infertile, fruitless too!"  
 Oh, what a world! When thinking of this,  
 I today fall so deep in distress.  
 She who follows your joyless life,  
 110 Bakdēēlēt, my second wife,  
 Also no child, no son has seen.  
 When I think how ill-served I've been,  
 Then I pray to Allah, and weep..."  
 So said Jakib, full of feeling deep.  
 Thus he saddened his old first wife.  
 "Such an old woman as I, in life,  
 Allah's tormented mercilessly,  
 And no favours has shown to me.  
 Now I've reached fifty years or so,  
 120 Therefore all hope I lost long ago.  
 Of a child no more I dream,  
 But your second wife, it would seem,  
 Though you caress her, bears no son?  
 Bakdēēlēt's name is a happy one,  
 Given to those who have borne a child.<sup>16</sup>  
 Proudly she walks, not meek nor mild.  
 Both we women had hopes in you,  
 As a real man, desirous too.  
 But your young wife with attention blessed,  
 130 Till this day bears no child at her breast!  
 From the beginning, Fate passed me by.  
 God decrees so, though I don't know why.  
 Trees without fruit are merely logs;  
 When a wife cannot bear, she sobs.  
 Most unhappy of all is she!"  
 There she stood, full of misery,  
 Like Jakib, sad-faced, uncheered.  
 Bakdēēlēt just then appeared,  
 Stumbling over the rushes she came,  
 140 Thus she spoke, and showed no shame,  
 Further saddening Chiyirdi:  
 "What is wrong with unhappy me?  
 I took my elder sister's way.  
 On my skirts no bloodstains stay.

On no new-born son did I look.  
 Chiyirdi's sad way I took.  
 When I speak of a child, I groan  
 That no babe I can call my own.  
 Chiyirdi will not die of offence;  
 150 My home is filled with precious gems.  
 I am young, and hope flies forth.  
 Boz-Dēbē is the centre of earth.  
 Allah above! May it not be moved!<sup>17</sup>  
 Know, Chiyirdi, by Allah unloved,  
 None like you does God so curse.  
 He will give me a son to nurse.  
 When I enter your home once more,<sup>18</sup>  
 Like a God I'll knock on your door,  
 Stand as a mother before you there!<sup>19</sup>  
 160 So did Bakdēēlēt declare  
 Then she turned around and left...  
 Seeing all this, the elder wife wept.  
 She could not find a word to say,  
 Stood and looked in a pensive way.  
 Feeling herself with anguish cursed,  
 Out of her eyes the tear-drops burst.  
 Losing control, then down she went,  
 Fell on the cushions, completely spent.  
 "Allah, take all that to me remains —  
 170 Horses and camels, and sheep on the plains —  
 Only keep my old man safe and sound.  
 I too, perchance, may be younger found?"  
 Will he hear, as in tears I call?  
 He is the master of one and all!  
 If the great Allah fulfils my will,  
 Nothing further I ask for still!"  
 After this, she had nought to say.  
 Her old head on the pillow lay.  
 But in Bakdēēlēt's young breast  
 180 Evil feelings crept in — no rest.  
 Hatred within her soul hid away,  
 Chiyirdi in tears still lay.  
 Closing her eyes, she ceased to weep,



Then, as the silence grew more deep,  
 Slowly at last she fell asleep.  
 Pins and needles she felt in her arms,  
 She slept lightly, from life's alarms...  
 With a white turban above his brow  
 Some grey-beard visits her now,  
 190 Stands before her, and makes a bow.  
 There the poor wretch who sobs and sighs  
 He sees with pity, and her wet eyes:  
 "Our high creator, Allah the great,  
 Tells you to cease your tears in spate.  
 That's what I have been sent to say.  
 Choose from what Allah sends down today:  
 This white apple, as big as a dish,  
 Sweeter than honey, a son if you wish.  
 That which you hunger for, eat!" said he,  
 200 Eat this red apple — a daughter there'll be!  
 We are servants of Allah," said he.  
 "Your request is fair as can be!  
 Hear the words I say to you,  
 Penetrate their meaning too.  
 Learn things right, and know no wrong.  
 Saddle a dragon sixty yards long,  
 In the place of a horse!" said he.  
 "That white apple I ate," said she,  
 Now has filled by bowels like this!<sup>20</sup>  
 210 Something has crept from me with a hiss!  
 'Twas a dragon, it seemed to me.  
 When in a fury his breath drew he,  
 Half the world down his throat did run.  
 Seeing that, I at once grew numb.  
 I too became much bigger, it seemed.  
 More than a hundred cubits, I dreamed,  
 Then in a fright I woke, half-blind.  
 Various thoughts overwhelmed my mind.  
 I looked round, and there by my side,  
 220 Bay Jakib, fast asleep I spied.  
 From his snoring my head was split.  
 He slept serene, did bey Jakib.

Soundly, roundly, he snored away.  
 I won't disturb him — let him stay!  
 So then his elder wife decides.  
 What will happen to him and his wives?"  
 Since there was none to tether his horse,  
 He had got loose, run off, of course!  
 Alimbek's son, young Medibai,  
 230 Chased after him both low and high.  
 "If there was none to tether his steed,  
 He was a careless swine, indeed —  
 Then Bakdēēlēt, or Chiyirdi  
 Should have done so, most certainly!"  
 Out aloud said Berdike.  
 "Since they have no son till this day,  
 That's what angers Jakib, I see,  
 Makes him complain to Allah. Ah, me!  
 Maybe Allah will send him a son.  
 240 He alone knows what's best to be done!"  
 If he has none to tether his steed —  
 Bakdēēlēt should do it, indeed!  
 So Berdike, insistent, said.  
 Bakdēēlēt then lost her head —  
 Satan, it seemed, on her shoulder sat:  
 "How can a grey-beard speak like that?  
 How can an old man gabble such stuff?  
 We have young servants, more than enough —  
 Fourty of them — for any request.  
 250 From our hired helpers I have no rest.<sup>21</sup>  
 From them all, as a matter of course,  
 Was there not one to tether his horse?  
 Was I accustomed such jobs to receive?"  
 "Well, can't Jakib his old woman leave  
 If such service she doesn't fulfil?  
 That poor bag of bones, hungry still,  
 Is he not tired of the way he's fed  
 By such a cunning old witch?" he said.  
 To Berdike she answered with hate:  
 260 "May you meet an unhappy fate!"  
 Bakdēēlēt went to pieces quite,



Spiteful, spitting, her voice full height.  
 Berdeke sat with silent stare.  
 Mende bai chased the runaway mare,  
 Crossed the crest, got lost on his own.  
 Darkness deepened, the night came down.  
 Chasing the horse, he quite disappeared.  
 For his safety his mother feared.  
 What had happened? What should she do?  
 270 Kanimdzhan was a bit of shrew!  
 Off to Jakib she made her way,  
 Looked in his yurt — there he lay,  
 On a soft cushion his old grey head,  
 Stretched out asleep as if he were dead.  
 Seeing him sleeping with never a care  
 Straightway she started scolding there,  
 Snarled and sneered at Chiyirdi,  
 Shouted aloud, as proud as could be:  
 "We, it appears, on you depend,  
 280 Servants of yours, it seems, to the end!  
 Wake up that sleepy old man of yours,  
 Think about what I've said, of course,  
 You, who have no son near you,  
 Do you want me to be childless too,  
 That I should lose my eleven-year son?  
 You are proud to be called "number one",  
 But not everybody, I see,  
 Do you think worthy of sympathy.  
 Long already my son I've sought,  
 290 But not once did you give him a thought!  
 There are bandits and robbers around.  
 If without a son I am found,  
 Who then will give your spirit peace?  
 Your herds of horses, at them I sneeze!  
 They are not worth one hair of his head!  
 Your thousand horses, on hill-slopes led,  
 His little finger aren't worth!" said she.  
 "Your great herds that roam the hills  
 His small toe's little place never fills!

300 If you don't bring back my son to me  
 I shall give you no rest till you die!  
 Chiyirdi, your herds you rate high,  
 But for me my son is most dear!  
 Why am I sitting complaining here,  
 Tangling and wrangling along with you?  
 Midnight is here, the moon shines too,  
 Millions of stars besprinkle the night,  
 But till now no news in sight!  
 None has gone in search of him yet!  
 310 I can't catch your old man's pet,  
 I just haven't the power inside!"  
 Bey Jakib left his horse untied.  
 Kanimdzhan who arrived, you see,  
 Fuddled the head of Chiyirdi.  
 She, Chiyirdi, imposing arose.  
 In her velvet coat she goes.  
 "There are bandits and robbers around!  
 If my son they've seized and bound,  
 Then, you cursed old shrew," she said,  
 320 "I shall not pity your old grey head.  
 I'll have no mercy upon your soul,  
 If my child's lost, or fell down some hole.  
 No compensation in cattle I'll take!  
 Now go and make your old man awake.  
 There are wolves and jackals about,  
 I shall travel with him, no doubt.<sup>22</sup>  
 If I suddenly lose my child  
 Shame on my head would drive me wild!  
 Bears and tigers maybe abound.  
 330 If, of a sudden, by them he's found,  
 Bears will not leave him long to live,  
 Tigers no chances to him will give.  
 Will not catastrophe fall on me?  
 If a swine bores him, dead he'll be!  
 Will not sorrow fall to my course?  
 You were too lazy to tie the horse.  
 You do not see how time runs out,



You just proudly go strutting about.  
 Your times have passed of the better sort,  
 340 You do not see that your days run short  
 Like a young maiden you go, indeed,  
 Chasing after your runaway steed.  
 Has my young foal then come to woe? <sup>23</sup>  
 You think: 'Why does she go on so?'  
 Seems you no longer listen to me.  
 My dear son left last evening, you see,  
 When the sun was just setting low,  
 Nobody went to look for him though.  
 Not a thought did you give him, not you!  
 350 Herdsmen you have, and shepherds too,  
 They by themselves a good time keep,  
 Those who pasture the camels and sheep,  
 Pompous about their affairs they go.  
 Proud are you, and the elder spouse too,  
 Yet you know not what children mean.  
 I speak and speak, unheard, unseen,  
 Yet you remain a cursed old shrew,  
 For your ears just let nothing through.  
 Chiyirdi grew angry too,  
 360 Furious off to Jakib she flew.  
 "If you'd but sit on a peaceful steed,  
 If you'd but see you're not young, indeed!  
 What kind of master, then, have we,  
 Who such ill-fated beasts can't see?  
 Here's no misfortune — your own worthless horse —  
 Left untied has run off, of course!  
 You came home in such a sad state,  
 How can I order now create?  
 Kanimdzhan has upset me quite —  
 370 Things she said just can't be put right!  
 My time to die has not yet come.  
 Asrael has not left me numb.  
 If I still have no child in sight,  
 I, poor wretch, in head-kerchief white, <sup>24</sup>  
 Shan't cease regretting my dream undone!"  
 Kanimdzhan said, 'Go search for my son!'

I was ashamed, felt guilty, you see.  
 All night long she swore at me.  
 Never before have I felt such hurt,  
 380 That in what has just occurred!  
 'Go and seek for her son' say I.  
 You've gone all soft, and there you lie.  
 Go and seek, and find her child,  
 Don't be lazy and drive me wild!  
 Now it's not so long ere dawn,  
 Shake off your sorrow, don't feel forlorn.  
 Yesterday eve you just flopped out.  
 What in your sleep did you dream about?  
 Still, ere nightfall down you lay —  
 390 What did you see, that you snored away?  
 Did your horse want to die, maybe,  
 Therefore away to the hills ran he?  
 Or when Tuuchnak sped away  
 Was it a sign of your dying day?  
 Why did he gallop away — bad luck?  
 Well, let him perish, that swine Tuuchnak!  
 Maybe the mountain crest he crossed?  
 Alimbek's son himself got lost.  
 Trying to catch him and make him stay?  
 , 400 Telling me all in the harshest way,  
 That coarse old woman I couldn't prevent.  
 She could not see that her son was bent  
 On sheer mischief, when off he went.  
 She only saw — and that was bad —  
 That I had no such self-willed lad.  
 You came home sad, and down you sat,  
 Just as if no good wife stood there,  
 Whom you could ask 'Wife, tie up my mare!'  
 You couldn't think to tie him, of course,  
 410 So that young lad went after your horse.  
 Half the night she was gnawing at me,  
 That lad's mother, jawing at me,  
 Soon the dawn will begin to break.  
 No one has seen him. For goodness sake,  
 Get up now, and search for her son.



Much time's been lost, and nothing's done!  
 Still you lie there, a heaving heap!  
 Our young wife cursed me, and went to sleep,  
 Then that old hag with reproaches came,  
 420 Cried 'Find my son' and cursed my name!  
 All night long she wished me dead!"  
 Chiyirdi her whole story read...  
 Bey Jakib then lifted his head.  
 Turning to his first wife he said:  
 "Don't be grieved, old dear, be at ease -  
 If mighty Allah so decrees,  
 You will receive what still you lack.  
 Don't be upset, if skies look black.  
 If your dearest wish comes true  
 430 Every day will be full for you.  
 In my sleep I saw a good sign.  
 Not for nothing I slept all that time.  
 Not in vain my slumber I deem -  
 Dozing, I had a most marvellous dream:  
 There came a bird and called, 'twould seem,  
 With a strange cry, like no other bird.  
 Gleaming from head to tail he whirled,  
 Plumage as white as a swan's, and pale,  
 Golden feathers on wings and tail,  
 440 Gold were his legs, and his claws as well.  
 Everywhere gold on its feathery fluff;  
 Claws on its feet like steel, and tough.  
 Bird of prey, who strikes what he seeks.  
 Allah supports him, and safely keeps.  
 He is a hawk, with a beak of steel,<sup>25</sup>  
 Talons as sharp as a dagger to feel.  
 Washed in fragrant streams which sped,  
 Silken the hood which I placed on his head.  
 Silken the snare, and sixty steps long,  
 450 Which on his leg I fastened strong.  
 With bright moonlight I fed him so,  
 Trained him, carefully saw him grow.  
 Then I placed on him a silvery hood,  
 Stroked him, and saw that all was good.

Feathered friends which in heaven flew  
 Fluttered in fear when he came in view.  
 All the beasts which ran upon earth  
 Scarcely dare stir when he flew forth.  
 Gold perch I made him to sit and peck.  
 460 There a white falcon, with fluffy neck  
 Right beside him I tethered too,  
 Knowing that sometime good they'd do.  
 But just when will it happen though -  
 I in my ignorance suffer so!"  
 Thus bey Jakib described his dream.  
 Chiyirdi understood, 'twould seem:  
 "God will send down to you," she said,  
 "Bluebird of happiness, on your head.  
 Don't let strangers your secret know,  
 470 Only your nearest and dearest though!"<sup>26</sup>  
 I too saw a dream which speaks well -  
 Allah simply has something to tell,  
 Melting the ice in your heart with his words.<sup>27</sup>  
 Why should we worry about our herds?  
 Why begrudge others? Let's break the yoke,  
 So, tomorrow, let's gather the folk,  
 Slay some forty or fifty beasts,  
 If that boy is found, at least.  
 Come, slay some steeds, and have no doubt!  
 480 Who knows how everything may turn out?  
 Come, let's arrange a moderate feast!"\*  
 Bey Jakib to listen then ceased -  
 He was touched on the raw, looked grim  
 After what Chiyirdi said to him.  
 "What, have I all Manguls\* then slain -  
 Thus should I slay my horses in vain?  
 Does it cost nought such goods to acquire?  
 What, did I slay all Kitais in my ire  
 Thus to slaughter some forty mares?  
 490 Was it you, then, who earned this share?  
 Not just a son, even daughter I've none,  
 Still full of woe which is never done.  
 Why should I slay so many a beast,



And when nothing remains, at least,  
What shall I do with a son of yours?  
Let's have our herds, and a child indoors.  
Let long-maned horses run on the plain.  
Does not each one of us work amain  
In accord with his own affairs?

- 500 While the old man and woman sat there  
Keeping up conversation, this pair,  
Venus the golden morning star  
Showed in the brightening sky afar.

Jakib, having grown cross with Chiyirdi, who still  
having no desired child; proposed killing forty mares,  
went outside in the direction of Bakdēälēt's yurta.  
Suddenly he heard a pleasant voice:

- "Why are you sorrowful, old man there?  
Has your reason begun to yield?  
Six river dales with herds you filled!  
And you upset your wife yourself.  
Don't grow sorry about your wealth.  
Worlds of treasure you yet will find.  
510 From possessions don't ever go blind!"  
"Worlds of treasure you yet will find!"  
Someone's voice penetrated his mind.  
Now he heard a brave's words arise,<sup>28</sup>  
But nobody he saw with his eyes.  
Looked around, both there and there -  
Nobody visible anywhere!  
Then he thought "I must not leave -  
If I do my old wife will grieve"  
Bey Jakib turned back again.  
520 Into his eyes came tears of pain.  
Bakdēälēt came to meet him then,  
And to Jakib went up again:  
"Bey Jakib, I have seen a dream,  
Wonderful things in sleep I've seen!  
One grey hawk with a brazen hood,  
Black was his breast, fat-necked he stood,  
On your right wrist you set him there

- Then let him soar in the highest air.  
On your left wrist your hawk did take,  
530 Then let him soar in search of a drake.  
First you beckoned, then you called.  
Down on your wrist he settled, stalled.  
All the prey you freed him to seize  
Fell, with pinions wide, at your knees.  
In the yurta of Chiyirdi  
Him on a golden perch did I see.  
He was not quiet, he flapped his wings,  
Frightened many small living things.  
They fell before him, ready to die.  
540 I tell the truth - I do not lie!"  
And your cunning old wife got her share!  
When that hawk was just perching there,  
Crane-like neck, and wings like brass,  
Beak like steel, and hood - atlas,\*  
When two hawks from my yurta came,  
Tried to enter, they both fell lame.  
Scared they fluttered, and left the scene.  
What could such a dream, then, mean?"  
Bey Jakib, he groaned, half-wild.  
550 He was a man who desired a child.  
"If such a dream has come to you,  
Then may Allah assist you too!  
This is your night, and what a night!  
Yesterday was my day all right.  
Yesterday visions came to me.  
This is almighty Allah's decree.  
I was so troubled I could not see,  
Though my thoughts in dreams ran free.  
I was amazed as I could be  
560 When my old woman said to me:  
'What if we slay a bunch of our mares,  
Ask then that Allah his will declares?"'  
Thus bey Jakib then made retort,  
Went to the yurta of Bakdēälēt,  
She beside him did gladly tread,  
Then to Jakib she up and said:



"Why to regrets do you make recourse,  
 Over those ill-fated herds of yours?  
 What Chiyirdi has said to you  
 570 Seems quite right. I think so too!  
 We both feel the same at heart.  
 Well, I'm listening, how did she start?  
 How many mares would she have you slay?  
 Then Jakib growled straight away:  
 "Forty mares, with no foals beside!  
 "Slay them all, to the last!" she cried.  
 This was what she would have preferred.  
 That's how much she dislikes my herd!  
 Now it's the same idea you've got!  
 580 Empty words! What a lot of rot!  
 Take care of herds, and the multiply!  
 Thus enriched, be a Khan by and by.  
 I don't intend to slay my mares  
 Who've had no foals, just to please such prayers!  
 That's my business! That's my part,  
 So no feast for the folk I'll start!  
 I'm no ruler - a cattle-man I -  
 Not in vain shall my horses die!  
 I'll treat them well, at any price.  
 590 Woman, I won't take your advice!  
 I don't wish to be 'butcher' called.  
 If from my hands my riches fall,  
 I'll be a beggar, and know great need!"  
 So said Jakib, and paid no heed.  
 Then on her his back he turned.  
 Bakdēlēt fell weeping, spurned.  
 Then she clutched the hem of his sleeve:  
 "Slay forty mares with no foals" said she.  
 Even stingy was Chiyirdi!  
 600 Did but the right to decide rest with me,  
 If you gave your consent, my bey,  
 Eighty such mares I then would slay:  
 I would invite so many a guest,  
 Eight whole tribes, and all the rest!  
 Then I would spread a generous feast -

Fat up to your eyebrows, at least!<sup>29</sup>  
 But you don't see, don't want to know  
 That fifty years have rolled on so.  
 Herds and riches in heaps you've won -  
 610 Still you shed tears without a son!  
 Still you weep, never dry your eyes.  
 Slaves to your herds and you likewise  
 People remain, but no offspring have you.  
 But to you ill-fated herds stay true.  
 You possess - I can only say thus -  
 Not enough wisdom to rule over us.  
 You are not generous towards your folk.  
 Can't make them happy, with them can't joke.  
 If you took Chiyirdi's advise,  
 620 You'd slay those mares, and not think twice!  
 They'd call you 'lad', though you're an old man.  
 Vainly to hoard your herds you began.  
 Greedy and mean you've become, it seems.  
 Thus my words fade away like dreams.  
 Soon now death may come to you,  
 Then you'll get what you've earned, it's true!  
 Maybe I've hurt you feelings, old dear?"  
 Bakdēlēt stood silent there...  
 Bey Jakib grew angry, in pain.  
 630 Chiyirdi's yurta he sought again.  
 As he was going towards her tent  
 Kanimdzhan to meet him went.  
 "Wat's the matter, Jakib, with you?  
 Where is my son? If I only knew!  
 When are you going to find him for me?  
 You have sent after your horse, I see,  
 But you forgot my son, by the way -  
 He's been missing since yesterday.  
 Quite worn out my soul you've made  
 640 You don't sharpen your blunted blade,  
 Not a shot from your flintlock you've fired,<sup>30</sup>  
 Up till now for my son not enquired.  
 You have not gone in search of him -  
 I speak plain, my words are grim. ✓



I don't say 'my dear', I say 'you',<sup>31</sup>  
 But you don't value my son, it's true.  
 You go swearing at servants, wild.  
 You don't now how to value a child.<sup>32</sup>  
 Cursing slaves, as hard as you can,  
 650 Show yourself up as a childless man.  
 You don't now how to value a child,  
 Show yourself up, an old man gone wild.  
 I am distracted about my son.  
 Black liver's battered, I feel done!  
 I can't find any rest or sleep,  
 To my bed I can scarcely creep.  
 Can you not see with your selfish eyes  
 That the sun has begun to rise?  
 Many Kirghiz, and tribes more than one,  
 660 See you don't seek my missing son!  
 Many Kazakhs, with my people one,<sup>34</sup>  
 See you don't seek my missing son!  
 Can they refrain from crowing at that?  
 Any woman would understand pat!"  
 Then Jakib said this in reply:  
 "You're unhappy - I well see why.  
 One fine sheep that's lost its mind  
 Can a shepherd's horse then find?  
 One fine cow that's lost, half-blind,  
 670 Can a cow-herd's horse then find?<sup>35</sup>  
 I'll find out my horse's whim!  
 Bring me another, I'll saddle him.  
 Let me first just comb my beard -  
 Kanimdzhan - do not be a-feared.  
 I shall try to find your son,  
 He who after my horse has gone.  
 If to do so I don't succeed -  
 Then you may slander me, indeed!"  
 So a dark brown herdsman's horse  
 680 He bestraddled to ride his course.  
 There was no dust, no dried-up cracks,  
 There were no traces, no horse's tracks,  
 There was no one to give him news.

Bey Jakib, so grand and huge,  
 Frowning, set off upon that day,  
 Over the hills and far away.  
 Over paths where deer run sleek,  
 Over the crests, from peak to peak,  
 Over the slopes where the doe still roves,  
 690 Through dense thickets, and forest groves.  
 Thinking: "Where has my horse disappeared,  
 My Tuuchnak - by heathens speared?  
 Where's that rascal, Mendebai,  
 On a pony or dock-tailed bay?  
 Though he chased, he'd fail indeed,  
 He'd never catch nor stop my steed!  
 Where did he get to? Where did he go?  
 Nowhere here to get lost, I know!  
 In dark night, with a broken spine,  
 700 Has he been gored by some wild swine?  
 Has not the Devil trapped me here?...  
 I must pay recompense, so I fear.<sup>36</sup>  
 Has not a tiger seized that lad?  
 I must pay ransom for him, that's bad!  
 Shall I not into poverty fall?"  
 Like a camel, he snorted his gall.  
 Bey Jakib, 'neath a lonely sky  
 Started to shout: "Mendebai! Mendebai!  
 Head began spinning beneath his load,  
 710 When o'er the hillocky steppe he rode.  
 All that day, tormenting his soul,  
 Bey Jakib sought the lad, like a foal.  
 Thinking: "Like barefoot beggar I go,  
 Bey Jakib started groaning so.  
 On the banks of the Salkindu\*  
 Bey Jakib went searching too.  
 "Evidently, the lad is dead!"  
 Thus the thought came into his head.  
 Nothing he missed, turned bush and stone,  
 720 Everything searched as he rode alone.  
 Each of the river's six isles in turn  
 Bey Jakib checked, both strict and stern.



To the isle, Ak-Otëk\* by name,  
 Over the parting stream he came.  
 Leapt across it, and rode and reared,  
 "May Tuuchnak by heathen's be speared!"  
 Suddenly he appeared, by chance,  
 On his own steed he threw a glance -  
 Saw his steed, though somewhat thin,  
 730 Covered with a white tiger's skin!  
 Soon as he saw him, Jakib felt faint,  
 Lost his reason, his head rang quaint:  
 "So a tiger attacked the lad?  
 Woe is me, but this is bad!  
 Allah has brought misfortune on me;  
 When the tiger ate him, I see,  
 Then some hunter shot him dead!  
 Now the ransom falls on my head.  
 Woe comes to me for my horse's sake.  
 740 Further he thought: "Full payment they'll take!  
 Clearly some hunter covered the steed,  
 Seeing the tiger on boy's bones feed!  
 Shot and skinned the beast straightway.  
 No way out - I'll recompense pay.  
 Clearly misfortune my head won't quit,  
 They'll see my horse as witness to it.  
 On my horse they'll see that skin.  
 Curse that lad - I'll pay ransom for him!  
 But his mother will give me no peace,  
 750 Scandalous talk she never will cease!  
 Therefore must I misfortune bear -  
 My horse alone is standing there.  
 Oh, what a baneful, painful night!  
 Grieving I passed it, sleepless quite.  
 Sound and whole I have found my horse.  
 May he be cursed, though caught of course!  
 But then why was that tiger's skin  
 Stripped and stretched to cover him?  
 Maybe the lad was lost on the way,  
 760 Saw no tiger at all, let's say?  
 Maybe, seeing a runaway horse,

Him the tiger attacked of course?  
 When he leapt at the riderless steed,  
 Ill-fated Tuuchnak, indeed,  
 Maybe he got kicked in the heart,  
 Or with black liver he had to part?  
 Maybe the tiger, attacking his prey,  
 Died instead, full price did pay?  
 Maybe then someone found him dead,  
 770 Skinned him for fun, for the horse instead?  
 Thought the rider would know his steed,  
 Covered my horse, as his good deed?  
 May he be pierced by a heathen spear!  
 What are all these droppings round here?  
 Seems he was in one place all night -  
 Grazing the grass to his delight.  
 Why then no tiger's carcass here?  
 Mendibai's mother I rather fear -  
 She's such a quarrelsome, shameless hen!  
 780 She tired me out - the saddest of men  
 No ill intentions then had I -  
 Ordered no one my horse to tie,  
 Sent no lad after him to race.  
 Why did all this chasing take place  
 By that young pup, who mooches around -  
 He for whom no use I found?  
 So that I'd suffer torment, and pay,  
 Knowing no peace till my dying day?..  
 Taking in hand his horse's rein,  
 790 He decided - "Go home again!"  
 Bey Jakib then glanced around -  
 Someone from the forest he found,  
 Walking slowly, face a-shine -  
 Mendebai! And looking fine!  
 To the suffering bey Jakib  
 Youthful greetings did he give.  
 "Ah, Jakib! my dear old bey,  
 What kind of man are you then say?  
 You are head of our village, sure,



800 And we met on the road before.  
 You were weeping, had tears in your eyes,  
 So I thought "Why is it he cries?  
 Why can he not hold back his tears?  
 And I asked you, what were your fears?  
 I didn't stay - you looked lost and wild.  
 I understood - he cries for a child!  
 I too was pained, and felt sympathy,  
 You passed on talking to Chiyirdi,  
 Went in her yurt, to rest inside,

810 So Tuuchnak, on whom you ride,  
 Had nobody to tether him then,  
 Didn't stay long when you went in -  
 Trotted off, a-trailing his reins,  
 Galloping over the hills and plains...  
 "I'll overtake him, and cut him short  
 If I chase after him now!" I thought.  
 So I spurred on my three-year steed,  
 Soon overtook your horse, indeed.  
 Then, as the sun went down in the west,

820 From behind the high mountain crest,  
 Forty youngsters came galloping by.  
 "Bey Jakib!" they began to cry.  
 Started to shout "Manas! Manas!"<sup>37</sup>  
 Tuuchnak was startled thus.  
 Forty youngsters chased him back,  
 Then and there all along the track,  
 Small birds fell, and more than one.  
 From the start, hiding news of your son,  
 You let your horse run over the pass,

830 When he came to the forest thus,  
 Then the tiger attacked, sharp-clawed.  
 One of those lads took a staff and bawled,  
 Gave the tiger a terrible blow.  
 Then your horse kicked, brought the tiger low.  
 Then the lad beat him again and cried,  
 With a last roar the tiger died,  
 Only the cause I do not know -

Kick in the liver, or bitter blow  
 Which the lad had struck on his head,  
 840 Made the striped tiger fall down dead?  
 One of the lads then stripped off the skin,  
 Caught your horse and placed it on him.  
 Then he said to me "Mendebai,  
 We won't leave you, my friends and I.  
 Let's ride along, some games we'll play,  
 Let's enjoy ourselves on our way!"  
 So we went on to the Salkindu,  
 Played all night, in a good mood too.  
 Not for a moment did we sleep,

850 But good-humoured ourselves did keep.  
 I could not go against their will -  
 One against forty, powerless still.  
 Those forty lads to you are true -  
 Bey Jakib - there are sons for you!  
 Why then look so sad as you do?"  
 Warmly Mendebai spoke to him.  
 Bey Jakib replied, rather grim:  
 "Laddie, don't utter such empty words.  
 Forty you say! Not one! Absurd!  
 860 I feel half-dead after all I've heard!  
 Laddie, you joke is out of place.  
 What are you saying, straight to my face?  
 Laddie, don't make a mock of me.  
 Let's go back home now, it's time!" said he.  
 Your old mother has raised such a row,  
 I could not sleep all night nohow!  
 She torments me through thick and thin.  
 Now I'll say 'Liar!' and show her the skin!  
 Those forty lads were good spirits!" said he,

870 Maybe they really led you to me...  
 My first wife is named Chiyirdi.  
 Weeping and wailing, childless goes she.  
 My second wife is named Bakdëelët,  
 And with riches all round I'm girt.  
 But because she, too, has no son,  
 She weeps and wails, like the other one.



If great Allah would grant me a child,  
 Then with joy we all should go wild!  
 Just last night, thus wonders befall,  
 880 Though I saw nobody at all -  
 I heard a voice cry 'Bey Jakib'  
 Like a voice from a baby's crib.  
 Then a great lump arose in my throat,  
 And my heart my mid-ribs smote!  
 Really, if Allah has sent me a son,  
 That means a treasure for everyone.  
 Shall I lose anything from the shock?  
 Such an old man - won't people mock?  
 Let's ride home, my lad, come on!"  
 890 Taking the boy and the horse, he's gone...  
 Back to his own yurta came he.  
 Bakdēlēt and Chiyirdi  
 Both came out to meet their old man.  
 Bobbing beside came Kanimdzhan.  
 Poor old wretch! When she saw her son,  
 Into her bosom her tears did run.  
 "I was so scared, I wept!" said she,  
 "Didn't go out of doors!" said she,  
 "Didn't get up till midday came -  
 900 Slept without waking, all the same!  
 How did you sleep 'neath the open sky?  
 Not until dawn did I close an eye!  
 All in vain I wanted to know,  
 How from tigers you managed to go?  
 All of us here were troubled!" she said,  
 "We were concerned, lest you were dead!"  
 So his old mother put questions then -  
 How could he not answer them?  
 Though incredible all he'd seen,  
 910 Yet he answered how all had been:  
 "Tuuchnak his freedom sought -  
 He'll get lost, for sure! I thought.  
 I understood, when he broke loose -  
 I must stop him! I had to choose!  
 My dapple-grey on which I sat

Gladly broke into a gallop at that.  
 Sunset came, he'd escaped o'er the crest,  
 My horse and I on his heels close-pressed.  
 Suddenly forty lads appeared,  
 920 Tuuchnak they straightway scared.  
 They went after him, fast as could be,  
 Forty good lads who befriended me.  
 It was a wonder that we survived,  
 When the tiger threatened our lives.  
 Now his skin lies on the bey's horse...  
 Playful, we raised the dust, of course.  
 Racing and chasing by Salkindu,  
 Showing each other tricks we knew.  
 Then, near noon, Jakib came by,  
 930 At full voice began to cry:  
 "Mendebai! Where can you be?"  
 When he saw me, a start gave he.  
 When he called one lad then said:  
 "My poor father has lost his head.  
 Yearning for me, he suffers so!  
 Burning for me, he blubbers so!  
 While I don't go to him," he said,  
 Grieving for me, he'll soon be dead!<sup>38</sup>  
 Both wives looked at Mendebai,  
 940 Listening hard they both stood nigh.  
 "Is that the truth, or is it a lie?"  
 Both at once they asked Mendebai.  
 "He's a simple, innocent lad,  
 He wouldn't tell a lie, that's bad!  
 Truly he must have seen and heard.  
 Truly a wonderful secret word!  
 Allah, the great Creator knows -  
 Yesterday did a great change propose.  
 But what a change will he make for me?  
 950 Both my wives already you see,  
 They have tormented me" he thought.  
 Still no signs this day has brought.  
 Yet they swore at me, left and right,  
 Saying 'Let's make a feast tonight!'



Saying 'Let us kill forty mares!'  
 Did I seize steeds from Kalmaks, my dears,<sup>39</sup>  
 That such good horses I should slay?  
 Has either wife had a son today?  
 Or have warriors come from Kitai?

960 Why must so many mares then die?  
 Have I a daughter, just getting wed?  
 Why must my mares to death be bled?  
 Am I a hunter who shoots goats dead?  
 Call for bey Akbalta!" he said.  
 He and I from one village come.  
 He is rich in brains, that one.  
 Councils his wise judgments employ -  
 He's from the Kirghiz tribe Nogoi\*.  
 Expert on customs, good man, I'll say!

970 Call as well for Berdike!  
 "Let the others come too!" said he,  
 "Weak ones, poor ones, come to me.  
 Wives, prepare some presents, will you?<sup>40</sup>  
 Call as well for Damuldu -  
 Let him come to us as well.  
 Others in need, just go and tell.  
 Wives, prepare some presents, will you?  
 From Kambarboz's\* horses too,  
 Where best foals are found, therefore,

980 All predestined to fight in war,  
 Where best mares are found always,  
 All prepared for sacrifice days,  
 Begging for blessing in time of woe,  
 Times of fighting and loss also.  
 Take one young mare and bring her here,  
 And nine older ones, not so rare.  
 Then bring ninety full-grown sheep,  
 After that we'll put them to sleep...  
 We'll have a plentiful feast, I swear!

990 "Yes, two white camels also slay there."<sup>41</sup>  
 Those without horses come on foot.  
 Seven cows to the slaughter put.  
 Let those thin and hungry feed well -

"God gives them sons, who others fill!"  
 All excited goes Chiyirdi:  
 "God gives sons where a feast will be!"  
 Bakdēlēt goes fussing about:  
 "I'll make a feast, then we'll soon find out -  
 We shall see then how things will be!"

1000 Whoever comes, my wives," said he,  
 "Call Kyuldyur, and don't forget!"  
 Oh, how his wives are bustling yet!  
 Bey Jakib informed all about -  
 Heralds and messengers sent to shout,  
 Cattle were slain, and there lay dead...  
 To Iyonan, his herdsman, he said:  
 "Bring the horses here - ten head!"  
 To Baibol, his his cow-herd, he said:  
 "Bring the cows here - seven head!"

1010 To Kubat, his shepherd, he said:  
 "Go, tell the others to come, well-spiced.  
 Bring the sheep in - ninety head!"  
 To Sarban, who his camel-herd led:  
 "Bring here two white camels!" he said.  
 Those four fellows, he sent them off then.  
 Four kinds of beasts they brought with them.  
 These were intended for the feast.  
 With Jakib there worked at least  
 Seventy families, so it appears,<sup>42</sup>

1020 And throughout all his fifty years  
 Nothing before like this they knew.  
 Ninety sheep and ten mares he slew.  
 What a feast it was going to be!  
 Seven cows in a row slew he!  
 Then two white-headed camels he slew,  
 Thinking "Jakib, something's wrong with you!"  
 Others were guessing - in doubt they stayed.  
 Then he ordered a trench to be made.  
 If he counted all over again,

1030 Almost a score of large cattle he'd slain.  
 Forty servants attended his guests  
 On that day, at his behests.



From twelve tribes Kirghizians came.  
 Both wives suffered, just the same!  
 "Let Kazakhs be called," he said,  
 And to Manguls the heralds sped,  
 And to Kalmaks they went their ways.  
 Meat was prepared to last two days.  
 They began to attend each guest.  
 1040 Bey Jakib said "Give them the best!"  
 Then with fat they were fed to the ears.  
 Fine scraps for women were left, it appears.  
 From the Kalmaks of Kara-Shaar\*  
 Young ones and old ones came from afar.  
 From the Kirghiz who lived on high crests  
 Many appeared that day as guests.  
 From the Kazakhs who lived on Altai,  
 Many that day to the feast did hie.  
 Meat was carried around each day,  
 1050 Races were run, then folk went away  
 "Don't let my near relations go!"  
 Said Jakib, as they ran to and fro.  
 From the Kirghiz came bey Baktigul,  
 Kinsman of his, and surely no fool!  
 From the Kazakhs came old Wishun,  
 Others, Alchins\* and Abaks\* came soon.  
 From every tribe came someone to fit -  
 From the Kirghiz came bey Baidzhigit.  
 From Kipchaks\* came Taz, there you are!  
 1060 From the Noyguts came Akbalta.  
 From the Nogois bold Eshtek came he,<sup>43</sup>  
 Damulda, the son of Tyurki,  
 Abdilda, son of Tyumenbai,  
 ✓ All had gathered round Jakib bey.  
 Into his yurt he took them then -  
 Fur-coats and dressing gowns gave the men.  
 Fitted each one, and none could want more.  
 For the rest, simple folk at the door,  
 Three hundred gowns he gave therefore. ✓  
 1070 Children of folk who were very poor,  
 Those who had come to see the feast,

They received satin sashes, at least.<sup>44</sup>  
 Those whom he thought might start to pout,  
 Five silver pieces to each gave out.  
 Children collected scraps from the floor,  
 Found meaty bones, and sheep-kulls galore.  
 Orphan children were there likewise,  
 Stood with tear-drops in their eyes.<sup>45</sup>  
 Bakdēlēt and Chiyirdi,  
 1080 Both together said "Come to me!"  
 Having called these little dears,  
 Touched by their tepid childish tears,  
 There they gave them each a gown,  
 Mounds of mutton, and sat them down.  
 Having satisfied every wish,  
 Sent them off from the empty dish...  
 When the orphans had gone off home,  
 When the old men were left alone,  
 They all gathered, as oft they did,  
 1090 In the yurt of bey Jakib.  
 Wise old men, to his heart so dear.  
 Eloquent, open-souled, and near -  
 There they sat all gathered around.  
 Mid them many famous were found.  
 Bey Jakib then told his dream,  
 Every detail of what he'd seen -  
 How the hawk he'd trained gained fame,  
 How he'd been out hunting the game,  
 How the cry of that young bird  
 1100 Differed from all the others he'd heard.  
 How he gleamed from head to tail,  
 Swan-white pinions spread as well.  
 ✓ How when he glanced with gaze severe,  
 Alpkarakush\* seemed standing there.  
 Golden plumes on his tail there grew,  
 Golden-feathered his legs were too,  
 Golden fluffiness, soft to feel,  
 But his talons were hard as steel. ✓  
 Fierce he was, and struck what he sought.



- 1110 Mighty Allah gave him support.  
 Here is a hawk with a beak of steel,  
 Talons as sharp as a dagger to feel.  
 Washed in fragrant streams which sped,  
 Silken the hood which I placed on his head.  
 Silken the snare, and sixty steps long,  
 Which on his leg I fastened strong.  
 With bright moonlight I fed him so,  
 Trained him carefully, saw him grow.  
 Then I placed on him a silver hood,
- 1120 Stroked him and saw that all was good.  
 Feathered friends which in heaven flew,  
 Fluttered in fear when he came in view.  
 All the beasts which ran on the earth  
 Scarcely dare stir when he flew forth.  
 Gold perch I made him to sit and peck,  
 There a white falcon with fluffy neck  
 Right beside him I tethered too,  
 Knowing that sometime good they'd do!  
 You are my nearest and dearest, I deem.
- 1130 You are my friends, so explain my dream!  
 That white hawk with silvery wings -  
 When shall I see before me such things?  
 My Chiyirdi a dream also had,  
 Such a wonder, it made her glad -  
 One white apple she ate - felt full.  
 Something out of her seemed to pull -  
 That was a dragon, sixty strides long,  
 Which then became a stallion strong!  
 What does that mean, can you make it clear,
- 1140 You wise men who are sitting here?  
 Can you explain it? Good or bad?  
 Bakdēēlēt a dream also had:  
 Two young hawks in her yurta came,  
 Both black-breasted, eyes aflame,  
 Claws of steel, and a brazen hood.  
 On the left, there a perch she stood.  
 Both these hawks she hooded and tied -

- What could that dream mean beside?  
 They were wise, experienced men,
- 1150 So Jakib told all to them.  
 "Think things over, old friends!" said he,  
 Then tell what's their meaning, maybe.  
 You, my old friends, I value high!"  
 Said Jakib. "I wait your reply!"  
 From his friends, the same age as he,  
 Not a word did he hear. Just see!  
 All stroked their beards, no word advanced,  
 Each at the other glumly glanced.  
 Nothing was there that they could say.
- 1160 They were confused, and looked away.  
 They remained silent, let food digest.  
 Not a sound broke forth from their breast.<sup>46</sup>  
 There was not one who had ought to say,  
 Till digestion had found its way.  
 While they were thinking, and still felt weak,  
 Baidzhigit stood up to speak:  
 Berdike, and Damulda,  
 Eloquent Taz, far-famed you are!  
 Our Jakib has dreamed a dream,
- 1170 Telling good fortune, it would seem!  
 If he really this dream did see,  
 Then he's different - not like me.  
 Seeing a hawk means having a son -  
 For at present - he has none!  
 Bey Jakib, you're a restless soul!  
 All the earth, when the moon shines whole,  
 Then will recognize, praise you son,  
 You may be certain, the time has come!  
 All the earth, when the sun shines down,
- 1180 There will see a khan of reknown!  
 You will be satisfied, never fear,  
 Since you trained him with hood and snare,  
 Since with moonlight you fed him too,  
 Since you taught him what to do,  
 Since you trained him prey to slay,  
 All the world will respects to him pay.



Right to the end of sixty years  
 He'll rule his people, have no fears!  
 He will be glorified by all -  
 1190 Allah's blessing on him will fall!  
 Since on a dragon, as on a mare,  
 Your first wife went riding there,  
 That must mean that your first child  
 Will be famous throughout the world.  
 Fierce as a dragon he will be,  
 Fearless as a lion be he.  
 Boldest of soldiers will be your son,  
 Other rulers to him will come,  
 They will submit then to his rule,  
 1200 They will serve as his foot-stool.  
 You will be deeply respected then,  
 By the aged and younger men.  
 What you saw was the form of your son -  
 First to you his image has come!"  
 Then Jakib glad tear-drops shed,  
 Hearing what Baidzhigit had said.  
 Then he remembered the falcon tied  
 On the same perch, the white hawk beside.  
 "Seeing a hawk, no son is denied.  
 1210 Near him a fine white falcon I tied!  
 Can you explain the meaning of it?"  
 "Cold winter days," said Baidzhigit,  
 "Seeing a falcon - a daughter there'll be!"  
 Then Jakib recalled, you see,  
 That strange dream of Bakdēlēt -  
 And the meaning of that he sought.  
 She two hawks in her tent kept tied,  
 They, black-breasted, sat side by side.  
 "Tell me what they might mean?" he said.  
 1220 Here Damulda broke in instead:  
 "Praise to Baidzhigit!" said he.  
 "Well he explained your dream, you see!  
 Bakdēlēt will bear you two sons.  
 Judging by all, they'll be fine ones!  
 That is the meaning, it seems to me,

Of the dream which she did see.  
 Both will be like the elder son,  
 And in spirit, they'll all be one.  
 You three saw, to me it seems,  
 1230 Most significant, wonderful dreams!"  
 He who blows sorrow from your breast -  
 Allah the great - may he bring what's best!  
 May St. Joseph fulfil your dream,  
 Which you described as you had seen!"  
 Thanking Jakib, they went their ways,  
 Thus they finished their feasting days.  
 When they all had dispersed at last,  
 See what with bey Jakib had passed,  
 How a poor wretch, who lived in woe,  
 1240 Finally got all his wishes so!  
 Son of Nogoi, our bey Jakib,  
 To himself was used to live.  
 Settled on the shores of Aral,\*  
 Near the Altai's fine heights as well.  
 From Aksi,\* from the Kucha's\* brink,  
 He received tasty tea to drink.  
 By the upper Ili,\* spreading far,  
 Pastured his herds near Kara-Shaar.  
 Put up with pressure from many Kalmaks,\*  
 1250 Those of who were humbled by Kazakhs.  
 Those who Kalmak coercion knew,  
 They were ruined, impoverished too.  
 They with bey Jakib stood firm,  
 Having been made by many to squirm,  
 Violence of Kitais knowing too -  
 All ten sons of Khan Orozdu  
 On the heights of Opol\* remained.  
 Bey Jakib, tormented and pained,  
 Did not return to native Nogois.  
 1260 Two of his brother Bai's bold boys  
 Wandered Kashgar's\* vast steppe each day.  
 "How's Jakib?" thought his brother Bai.  
 Troubled feelings faced him likewise.  
 Usena, nick-named "Wild boar's eyes"



By the Kitais, found "good luck" there.  
 Sons of Bai grew strangers rare,  
 When they camped and their yurtas set  
 Out on the wide Mandzhuria\* steppe,  
 On the other side from Tibet,  
 1270 There they remained, and no news yet!  
 Then Kitais came trampling in.  
 Bey Jakib, cut off from his kin,  
 Though not to be blame, yet suffered much,  
 Pressure from the Kalmaks, and such.  
 Bey Jakib, he gave a groan.  
 Those who were hungry, had no home,  
 Those whom father and mother left,  
 Those who came of homes bereft,  
 All together he gathered them in,  
 1280 Seventy families made his kin.  
 Bey Jakib said "Forgive and forget!"  
 Sought and attained more pasture yet,  
 Eki-Aral,\* on the upper Ili  
 Fell to his lot, and content was he.  
 Summer-camp for his herds as well  
 Lies on the pass of Azoo-Bel.\*  
 But to tell all, more words I'd require.  
 Listen, I have another desire -  
 Of the lion Manas I would tell!  
 1290 After the feast had gone off well,  
 Two whole years away had passed  
 Since the conception of bold Manas.  
 Three whole months had rolled on by,  
 Then Chiyirdi began to sigh -  
 Wanted something unusual to eat -  
 Usual food didn't wish to meet.  
 Didn't want even to look at such.  
 Didn't want sugar or honey much.  
 One thing alone desired for her part -  
 1300 "I'd like to taste a tiger's heart!"<sup>47</sup>  
 Nothing else Chiyirdi desired!  
 Where can a tiger's heart be acquired?  
 That old wife her reason had lost,

Being finicky - paid the cost.  
 Then a herdsman with news came by -  
 How a marksman from Kangai\*  
 There a tiger in sight had got,  
 Shot him and killed him on the spot.  
 There lay the carcass, of skin bereft -  
 1310 Liver and heart and meat were left  
 Near his tent! So the herdsman said.  
 This news went to the old wife's head.  
 And the herdsman she ran to meet,  
 And with joy that man did greet.  
 With her she took a silver bar,  
 Precious treasure - there you are!  
 "You will be rich" she said to him,  
 If you will only fulfil my whim -  
 Don't delay, but might and main,  
 1320 Quickly gallop back there again -  
 Don't hide anything from the start -  
 Straightway cut out that tiger's heart,  
 Straightway then bring it back to me -  
 Dearer than kith and kin you'll be!  
 All that you wish for, all you ask,  
 All you demand for such a task,  
 I will give you, as you'll see!"  
 So said the eager Chiyirdi.  
 So the herdsman rode straightway,  
 1330 Wondering what she next would say!  
 He took with him the silver bar.  
 Night came down - he'd ridden far.  
 There he rested, then off next day,  
 Came at last where the tiger lay,  
 Still and stagnant, stiff and stark,  
 So he hecked out the tiger's heart.  
 Straightway he galloped back again.  
 On the road a dead mare was lain.  
 How had she died, or how been slain?  
 1340 Thus the herdsman then drew rein.  
 Then that carcass he set about,  
 Then that horse's heart hacked out,



So that he'd have an extra one,  
 With the old wife would have some fun.  
 What would she do, and what would she say?  
 So the herdsman rode on his way.  
 And at noon on the following day  
 He arrived back, quite glad and gay.  
 Went with a smile to Chiyirdi.

1350 'Neath her white turban he could see  
 Tears were trembling in both her eyes.  
 Thus Chiyirdi towards him flies...  
 That old herdsman was called Badalbai.  
 She run up to him and asked "Why,  
 Dear Badalbai, did you two hearts bring?  
 Two from one tiger - there's no such thing!  
 Or did that marksman from Kangai  
 Shoot two at once - then how, and why?  
 You have made a mistake, just look -

1360 Some mare's heart for a tiger's you took!  
 If I'm mistaken, I'm sorry too!  
 Dear Badalbai, please tell me do -  
 I want to know the truth, that's all!"  
 Chiyirdi then did silent fall.  
 "This is a tiger's heart, you see!"  
 Badalbai said solemnly -  
 "That I swear by Allah on high.  
 If I am lying, then may I die!  
 Would not your curse then come on me?"

1370 What are you making, then?" asked he,  
 "What are you cooking so carefully?  
 From the tiger's heart-blood, you see,  
 Bright and red, I tell no lie!"  
 So replied herdsman Badalbai.  
 Chiyirdi then calmed her doubt.  
 Going slowly, tummy thrust out,  
 Brought a bucket of water, she did,  
 Filled a bronze cauldron which had a lid,  
 Then inside the two hearts she laid -

1380 Till all was cooked could hardly wait!  
 Greedily then she ate them both,

"Tasty!" she cried - to share was loth.  
 Them from the soup she skimmed the froth.  
 Almost two wooden dishes of broth  
 Then she swallowed, left not a drop!  
 After all that she had to stop.  
 Her deep wish had been fulfilled,  
 She was satisfied, fancy stilled.  
 Now please listen, don't let things slip,  
 1390 I shal speak more about bey Jakib.  
 Since the conception of bold Manas,  
 Nine whole months had rolled on past.  
 Nine whole months, and nine whole days.  
 On that Thursday, as twilight fades,  
 Chiyirdi her first birth-pangs has.  
 Since the conception of bold Manas,  
 Old Jakib's agitation is rife.  
 Wishing all should go well with his wife,  
 He brought cattle to sacrifice thus.

1400 Since the conception of bold Manas,  
 Old Jakib felt a flush of strength.  
 So that his son should fare well at length,  
 Such a fine beast he gave to be slain -  
 Dapple-grey mare, which had known no rein.<sup>48</sup>  
 Bright gold pole in the yurta he stood.<sup>49</sup>  
 Chiyirdi, in imposing mood,  
 Suffered her pangs, and loud she cried  
 All the neighbours gathered inside.  
 Soon as the foetus kicked, she cried  
 1410 Suffering her pangs, aloud she cried.  
 Women crowded her yurta so.  
 Chiyirdi screamed aloud "Oh! oh!  
 When, when, will my child be born?"  
 Bey Jakib in two has torn.  
 Soon as the child in her uterus kicked  
 Chiyirdi to tears was pricked.  
 Soon as the child in her did roll,  
 Then she clutched the golden pole.  
 Soon as the child again stretched forth,



1420 Women who helped her giving birth,  
 Almost, then, fell flat on their face.<sup>50</sup>  
 In the first wife's womb held place  
 Dragon, maybe, or tiger, maybe?  
 Something which humans cannot flee?  
 Soon as the babe begins to kick  
 Chiyirdi, eyes closed, stiffens quick.  
 Then the bands of her woman's skirt  
 Break in five places, flutter and flirt.  
 Bey Jakib to Allah now prays -

1430 Yellow-headed white sheep he slays.  
 Mare, with crescent hooves he slew,  
 Cow, with crescent horns slew too.  
 Two-humped camel an offering made.<sup>51</sup>  
 Chiyirdi in imposing mood  
 Did not cease to shriek and cry:  
 "With this birth, shall I not die?  
 Maybe cut me - take it out?  
 With this birth shall I fade out?  
 Will Jakib a widower be?

1440 Have I a panther, or lion in me?  
 Shall I not lie in damp dark earth?  
 What kind of babe sends me to death,  
 O, Creator, almighty God?"  
 Thus she cried, by the pole she stood.  
 Sorceresses, and witches too,  
 They were called, their best to do.  
 Sharply she raised her arms on high.  
 Those who saw her had to cry.  
 Labour-pains lasted seven whole days.

1450 Kith and kin tired out all ways.  
 Labour-pains lasted another six days.  
 Everyone tired out always.  
 Thinking: "Time has come to bear!  
 Thursday tomorrow, that's quite clear."<sup>52</sup>  
 Time has come for her to bear!"  
 Berdike's good wife was there,  
 For the event did all prepare.

Damuldi's good wife was there  
 Every thing did they prepare.

1460 Akbalta's good wife was there,  
 All together did they prepare.  
 Kutubai's good wife was there,  
 Chiyirdi's belly massaged bare:  
 "God may further birth-pangs spare!"  
 Then to poor Jakib they run -  
 Tell him "The birth has just begun!"  
 When at least he heard this news  
 Bey Jakib became all confused,  
 Groaned and moaned aloud, half-mad:

1470 I was lost, since no son I had!  
 If you come and say 'You've a son!'  
 Then my heart's work soon is done.  
 I was sad that no foal I had -  
 Snorted and spit like a camel bad.  
 If somebody cries 'Happy news!'  
 All control of feelings I'll lose  
 Of myself I had better take care!  
 Forty or fifty grey four-year mares  
 Tethered here I shall have to quit.

1480 Better than here in the square to sit,  
 Better I travel off to the hills.  
 Why stay here and nurse my ills?  
 Better to take the mountain road,  
 Or my joy will become my load!  
 Or I shall not withstand this stroke,  
 And for people become a joke!  
 I'll go away to some lonely place.<sup>53</sup>  
 All the village news I'll trace -  
 Messengers there will come to me!"

1490 So said Jakib, so decided he.  
 Hobbles of horse-hair lassoes were made,  
 Forty grey four-year steed thus stayed.  
 "Tether them near each other!" said he,  
 "If not enough, take others" said he.  
 Seven fat mares then tether anew,  
 Oh! for a son, a bold one too!



Oh! not a daughter, that would be bad,  
 Don't send news about such as that!  
 Don't come running, don't come indeed!  
 1500 If it's a son - then gallop at speed!  
 Seek me out on the steppeland, come,  
 If God pleases to send me a son.  
 Take whatever you'd like to have had,  
 If God pleases to send me a lad.  
 I will give you the fattest steed -  
 Find out first what I have, indeed.  
 If a son - come seek for me.  
 Out on the hills somewhere I'll be!"  
 So said Jakib, and off did ride,  
 1510 Saying, "The mares for the feast are tied!"  
 Everyone in the village was glad  
 When Jakib climbed up on his nag.  
 Pacer foals he met on his way,  
 In a herd of them, all dapple-grey.  
 One such grey, a black-maned mare,  
 Frisked around so restless there -  
 Thinking "Where have they come from, where?"  
 "She'll have a foal today, I swear!  
 Therefore they left the highlands then.  
 1520 She prances round like a turkey-hen!  
 Then he thought "It's all quite clear,  
 She'll have a foal, that dapple-grey mare!  
 If it's a stallion foal, that one,  
 I shall preserve it for my son.  
 Will the Almighty, I enquire,  
 Now fulfil my heart's desire?  
 If my wife should bear me a son,  
 That young stallion, just that one,  
 I'll not call otherwise, because  
 1530 I shall name it Kambarboz!  
 All the mares from that same herd  
 I shall sacrifice, take my word.  
 All the stallions I shall then  
 Set aside for the fighting-men."  
 Thinking it over, thus indeed,

He slid down from his faithful steed,  
 Started to watch the herd awhile,  
 All the horses, in single file,  
 Into a hollow place had gone,  
 1540 Into a gully they had run,  
 Covered over with sorrel-grass.  
 There they stayed on the mountain pass,  
 Started to nibble, now here, now there.  
 There she stood, the dapple-grey mare.  
 Seemingly she would cast her foal,  
 So Jakib to her nearer stole,  
 Saying "Take it easy, now!"...  
 Well, we'll leave them anyhow,  
 Well, we'll go back to Chiyirdi,  
 1550 So just listen closely to me!  
 Eight days more her pangs she bore -  
 Who has heard such a thing before?  
 Those who were helping her to bear  
 All were exhausted completely there.  
 Then the angel of birth, Umai,  
 Urging the child from the womb, drew nigh.  
 Pushing and poking the baby, she  
 Made it struggle for liberty,  
 Saying "It is God's will, get free!"  
 1560 Saying "Come out now, listen to me!"  
 Then the baby cried out in pain:  
 "Do not poke and push me in vain!  
 What will my lot in life then be?"<sup>54</sup>  
 Angel Umai still prodded him free.  
 This, she knew, was God's own will.  
 "Of this mortal world take your fill,  
 And make haste towards the light!  
 In the womb, if you still stay tight,  
 You'll get nothing good from that -  
 1570 There is no place for a little brat!  
 Come out into the world - it's wide!"  
 So to burst forth the babe then tried.  
 Like an osier he was bent.  
 As he emerged Chiyirdi was spent,



Could not stand it, and madly cried.  
 One young wife who stood beside  
 Said "Press down on her belly so!  
 Thus they did, a dozen or so!  
 Pressed and said "God send success!"  
 1580 Waters of birth flowed forth 'neath stress,  
 Then came a child's resounding screech.  
 Butting from the belly's breach'  
 Bearing blood in both his hands,  
 There on the carpet at least he lands!  
 Quivering, shivering on the ground,  
 Deafening rang his cry all round...  
 Thinking "Is it a boy or girl -  
 When will they tell me, my head's in a whirl?"  
 Chiyirdi could not stay her tears -  
 1590 Then she grew quieter, calmed her fears.  
 One young wife then glanced with joy,  
 Saw straightway that it was a boy -  
 Little penis sticking straight out.  
 "It's a boy!" she began to shout.  
 Chiyirdi fell flat in a fit -  
 Sprawled on the bed with senses split.  
 "What's wrong with Chiyirdi?" they cried,  
 "Is the devil Martu inside?"  
 Those young wives were scared to death,  
 1600 Till, at last she again drew breath.  
 Quiet she sat, recovering thus,  
 Then she said "Now, don't make a fuss!  
 Good-for-nothings, look after the lad!  
 Look, wife of Damulda, that's bad -  
 Lift my son quickly off the floor,  
 Cut the navel-cord, what's more!"  
 Kanimdzhan took a napkin up,  
 Wanted to swaddle the infant pup,  
 But the lad to resist began,  
 1610 Stretched his right hand, like a ruling man,  
 Cried aloud "Well, what is that?"  
 Like a thirteen-year-old he sat.  
 He stretched that right hand of his,

Cried in wonder "Well, what is this?  
 Like a man of forty years old,  
 Then he stretched his legs, quite bold:  
 "Women, why do you stand and stare?  
 Help me to hold him upright here!"  
 So said the fuss-pot Kanimdzhan.  
 1620 "Nonsense those words which you began -  
 If you've no strenght his hand to stay,  
 Run while you can, and get away!"  
 Bakdēēlēt said, lifting him,  
 Crying, and making faces grim.  
 Heavy as a fifteen-year-old  
 Was that lad, if truth be told.  
 "God, it seems, sent down to us  
 One strong youngster to test us thus!"  
 Bakdēēlēt, who craved a child,  
 1630 Lifted him up, and kissed him wild!  
 Kanishbek, Kurtka's young wife,  
 So that the babe should taste of life,  
 Raised her nipple then to his mouth,  
 But he sucked with such force uncouth,  
 That she almost died at his pull.  
 "Boxex with butter" she said, "are full!"<sup>55</sup>  
 Mixed with honey as well, I trow.  
 Two or three skinfuls I'll give him now,  
 Put them into his mouth, I'd say.  
 1640 Three skins of butter she took, anyway  
 Thrice she placed butter between his lips,<sup>56</sup>  
 Three times a dishful, and made no slips.  
 After three hours or so had passed,  
 Chiyirdi took him up at last,  
 Gave to him her full right breast:  
 First time he with milk was blessed,  
 Second time, though, water came,  
 Third time - blood in heaven's name!  
 She felt faint, her mind astray,  
 1650 So she took her breast away.  
 Then she later arranged a feast,  
 Eight mares then were slain at least.



All the hungry mouths were fed.  
 Many a beast then lost its head.  
 Women brought their babes with them,  
 Took away fat in their skirts with them.  
 Many were warmed who cold had been,  
 Everywhere mounds of meat were seen.  
 "Where's bey Jakib?" then everyone thought.

1660 Riders from the villages sought,  
 Hurried here, and scurried where?  
 Anyhow, we must leave them there.  
 To Jakib we'll return instead:  
 Forty-eight steeds he'd bound, well-bred.  
 All, as one, were racers sound...  
 Many village men horses found,  
 Hurriedly sat astride of them,  
 As if mad they made off then,  
 Galloped to hill-slopes, not a few,

1670 Galloped through mountain passes too,  
 Galloped up to the mountain side,  
 Some made off to the steppelands wide.  
 "Where's Jakib?" they all enquired,  
 Galloped jingling, interest fired.  
 None of the men were left behind,  
 None of them failed two steeds to find.  
 Empty the stables were long since.  
 Sulaika, she began to mince,  
 Went to the horse-yard, looked around -

1680 Albalta, though, was not found!  
 If he's gone too - then rightly so!  
 Why look in the stable to know?  
 So her steps back home she bent -  
 Sulaika to her yurta went.  
 There she took a look within -  
 Akbalta was there, frowning, grim.  
 In the yurta, there sat he -  
 Sulaika he chanced to see,  
 Startled, couldn't control himself.

1690 "My old man, have you too much wealth?  
 From the one who gives us all,

Nothing into your hands does fall!  
 Bey Jakib is helped by Kizir.\*  
 Good news comes to you, don't fear!  
 Forty grey horses all were tied -  
 Why didn't you take one beside?  
 Why did you cut yourself off so?  
 Eight more waiting still I know!  
 Not a single one you've sought -

1700 Shame on you, lazy, and taking nought!"  
 Thus did Akbalta's young wife  
 Angrily start up family strife.  
 Akbalta grew angry too,  
 Glowering at his wife anew:  
 "Eh, you dangerous Sulaika -  
 Not a God-fearing wife you are!  
 There is hunger, here and there.  
 There are poor folk everywhere!"  
 Thus to her the husband speaks:

1710 "There are pretenders, there are cheats,  
 There are folk - no sheep in the least,  
 There are those who live like a beast.  
 There are neighbours on pastures near,  
 Will they leave me anything here?  
 Not even knowing - a son, or no -  
 Off to brave Jakib did they go!  
 Not having taken a look around,  
 Off they went where goods are found!  
 God it is who decrees my lot.

1720 If from Jakib no gift I got,  
 What do you think will happen to me?  
 Not asking God for their lot, you see,  
 Slaves who from Jakib daren't swerve,  
 Let them receive what they deserve!  
 Not asking Allah what they preferred,  
 Simpletons, waiting Jakib's last word,  
 Let them receive what they've not got!  
 I did not go and grab my lot -  
 Still much ill I escaped, indeed.



1730 Now to saddle and straddle a steed  
 I have not got sufficient strength!  
 How many days of pangs at length  
 Did you devote to old Chiyirdi?  
 What did you get for that, you see?"

✓ Akbalta to his wife thus spoke -  
 "Camel's-wool gown like the other folk!  
 That's what you got, my Sulaika!"  
 "Two head scarves as well - there you are!  
 Them I received, I must declare!" -

1740 Threw them before her husband there. ✓  
 "Rich men are God's great treasure chest!  
 Go to Jakib, like all the rest!"  
 So said his wife, her point she pressed.  
 Akbalta paid her little heed,  
 Stood in opposition, indeed.  
 "Forty men chased after him then!  
 If there were fifty, another ten,  
 Could Jakib hold out, would you say?  
 In the stables eight fat mares stay,

1750 Any who wished could whisk one away!  
 What if his wife has borne him a son -  
 In his old age to slay every one -  
 All his best stock, what's wrong with him, then?  
 If he's been called on by fifty men,  
 Shall Akbalta as well be seen?  
 Begging his share - you see what I mean?  
 I have one old steed - Këkcholok.  
 How will he mount the rising rock?  
 Why find Jakib, and be made a mock?

1760 I'll keep my old steed - Këkcholok!"  
 How should I ride down from the height?  
 None of those slaves remain in sight.  
 Where shall I their traces find?  
 Like a dog hunting, left behind,  
 Where alone should I wander so?"  
 Thus Akbalta refused to go.  
 "Go and find him, my husband, do!

He will give a reward to you!  
 So Sulaika urged her old man.

1770 Akbalta to shout began:  
 "What a wicked old woman you are!  
 Scandalous, tricky, not honest by far!  
 To Jakib you insist I go -  
 Never a moment's peace, oh no!  
 Those who saddled a racing steed,  
 Slaves of his, found what they need.  
 Having taken whatever they may,  
 They already have ridden away!"  
 So cried Akbalta, and fell dumb.

1780 Back to the point his wife did come.  
 She began to shout "What's what?  
 Whether they got their lot or not,  
 Or remained there with empty hands,  
 Whether each whipped steed snorting stands,  
 Or has collapsed and fallen flat -  
 Only Allah above knows that!  
 Even if you rode on a cloud,  
 Nothing remains, by God not allowed.  
 Only the ones ordained will receive.

1790 Others stay giftless, I do believe!  
 But if God has decreed it so -  
 Even the sick would have to go!  
 On Këkcholok will you not ride,  
 If great Allah should so decide?  
 Maybe bey Jakib you'll find?"  
 Her suggestion can't be declined -  
 So Akbalta decided to go -  
 Couldn't find words to tell her "No!"  
 Këkcholok, who was tethered nearby,

1800 Raced away with his head held high!  
 Akbalta, bent-backed and bowed,  
 Hunched-up on his horse he rode.  
 Thought "I was sick of lying about.  
 Bey Jakib I must find out!  
 So he galloped off on his way.  
 Near the village a cosy spot lay.



There a hollow he chanced to pass,  
 All overgrown with sorrel-grass,  
 There flowed a bubbling mountain brook -  
 1810 Këk-Otëk,\* - a comfy nook!..  
 Leaving his horse to cool off there  
 By a black-maned fine grey mare,  
 Taking a light-grey foal in hand,  
 There was Jakib, who helped it stand,  
 Wiped its muzzle, and rubbed its legs,  
 Helped it take first shaky steps,  
 Let it go back to its mother again -  
 Yes! it was bey Jakib, that's plain!  
 Akbalta could not make it out -  
 1820 There is nobody else about!  
 Bey Jakib was all alone -  
 No others near him - no not one!  
 Akbalta no time did lose -  
 Shouted out aloud "Good news!"  
 Bey Jakib looked up, so gay,  
 And replied "What's that you say?"  
 Akbalta cried out anew -  
 "Listen to what I say to you,  
 Lion Jakib, Good news! Good news!  
 1830 Your old wife could not refuse -  
 Lad like a leopard she's given you!  
 When she had birth-pangs, then it's true,  
 Tiger-cub she bore! Good news!  
 Nothing better alive did chose -  
 Bore you a son and heir! Good news!  
 Seeing that you had got sad views,  
 Consolation she bore! Good news!  
 When you grieved, no time to lose,  
 Bore you a comrade-son! Good news!"  
 1840 Akbalta simply cries and coos...  
 Bey Jakib felt great delight.  
 Hearing this, lost his senses quite.  
 Tears from his eyes in ten streams flowed -  
 "Really, a son on me bestowed?!  
 God at last has heard my prayer!

To the Creator, I declare  
 Heart-felt gratitude I give.  
 Long may he reign, and long may live!  
 May he save my son, from on high.  
 1850 Ah! I thought in sorrow I'd die!  
 Childless would pass to that other land!"  
 Then he collapsed and fell, out of hand.  
 Senseless bey Jakib was found.  
 Akbalta ran to him on the ground.  
 They were same-aged, those two old men.  
 He was touched by his tear-drops then.  
 To his call there came no reply -  
 Akbalta like a moth did fly,<sup>57</sup>  
 Fluttered about him, tried to lift,  
 1860 Started to shake him - he did not shift.  
 Akbalta was scared all right!  
 Took in hand his white cap tight,  
 Off he went to the spuming spring,  
 Capful of water back did bring.  
 Bey Jakib still senseless lay -  
 Brow and breast he began to spray,  
 Cooling water splashed on his face.  
 Slowly Jakib his lids did raise,  
 Shivered a little, and shook his head,  
 1870 Then to Akbalta he said:  
 "What has happened, my dear old friend?  
 From what land have you been sent?  
 When did you come here. What did you do?  
 Soaked me with water, through and through!  
 Nothing could I see with my eyes,  
 Robbed of my senses all, likewise.  
 What has happened, I do not know.  
 Why have you splashed me and soaked me so?  
 Why did you come and make such a din?  
 1880 I feel flames flare up within.  
 I should like you to tell me all.  
 Pleasant your speech on my ears does fall!  
 Why have you come here, Akbalta?  
 Tell me all, now here you are!"



He replied "For this I've come  
Your first wife has borne you a son,  
Now you must tell me, I believe,  
What reward shall I receive?"

"Really! Is that the beginning and end?"

1890 Won't you tell me the truth, dear friend!

Is the child, as you say, a boy?  
Did you your own eyes employ?  
Or when you left, please make it clear,  
Women's talk did you just hear?  
Tell me all about it, my friend,  
From the beginning to the end!"

Akbalta began his tale -

Bey Jakib looked calm, but pale.

Then as all the story he hears,

1900 More and more he turns to tears:

"Chiyirdi to a son gave birth!

Listen Jakib, what my words are worth!

His first deafening infant roar

Echoed far and wide, what's more.<sup>58</sup>

I was sitting at home all right,

But my heart had a spasm tight,

And I choked for all I was worth!

Women who were helping at birth,

Younger wives who round did stand,

1910 Neighbours who'd come to lend a hand,

People and servants all as well,

Young and old they all did tell -

All the folk as one did say

Each of them in her own way -

"First he butted his mother's womb,

Then with handfuls of blood did come,

Fists clenched tight, then out he fell.

When we turned him, he stretched as well,

Strong as a thirty-year-old grown man,

1920 Though but a baby, thus he began!

Clutching her mother's liver tight

Like clumps of clay, he came to light!"

"What do you say, Akbalta? So bold?..

In my coat-pocket, packed with gold,  
Lies my purse, which I shall count,  
And shall give you the whole amount.

Then, besides, some cattle of mine!

You say 'Good news!' Those words ring fine!

Your whole story pleases me well,

1930 But it were better the truth to tell -

That - so they say - I'll lose all my wealth!

Woe is me! Goodby to my health!

Say, is it true - he's a war-like lad?

Will he start fires? That will be bad!

Say, is it true - he's a cunning boy -

Mid my folk will his tricks employ?

Say, is it true - he's a lover of blood?

Rivers will all run red in flood?<sup>59</sup>

Say, is it true - he will agitate?

1940 What crafty creature was born by my mate?

Maybe his mother he will not spare?

Her own death she gave birth to there!

Maybe away from the folk he's torn,

One of the fiercest has she born?

Maybe he'll slay in murderous mood,

Make me pay ransom for shedding of blood?

Maybe someone's camel he'll slay,

And the redemption I'll have to pay?

Maybe some beauty he'll see unplucked,

1950 Then that maiden he will abduct?

Will all my riches thus fall, splash away?

Did he tear out mother's liver, say?

Woe is me! Has she not died?"

Akbalta to his questions replied,

Angrily, fiercely, furious, wild:

"How you grieved when you had no child,

How you moaned 'Support I have none!'

Now when at last you have a son,

What, Jakib, makes you feel so bad?

1960 Seems you love cattle more than your lad?

You are a mingy fellow, 'twould seem,

Only of riches do you dream.



You will die unhonoured somehow.  
 If you mean to give, give now!  
 If you cannot give, Jakib,  
 You should say 'I'll nothing give'  
 You should name, if you're going to name  
 Cattle you'll give me, all the same!  
 If you've nothing, I'll go off home!"  
 1970 Said Akbalta in an angry tone.  
 Bey Jakib, when these words were said  
 Smiled, then kindly shook his head:  
 "If it's like that, Balta," said he,  
 "Take this purse of pure gold from me!  
 Take all the colts for warriors saved,  
 Take all the mares with manes all waved,  
 Which for sacrifice long I've kept,  
 When in misfortune many have wept.  
 Three hundred steeds you'll find in the fold.  
 1980 Kambarboz is seven years old.<sup>60</sup>  
 From his herd your choice you may make,  
 Nine fine stallions from him may take,  
 From the camels then take four.  
 Cows, sheep and goats, four nines - not more.<sup>61</sup>  
 If, Akbalta, that's little for you,  
 Take from the women's portion too.  
 Take from the portion for girls as well,  
 Take from the youths, your lot to swell.  
 All that pleases you take - you may!  
 1990 All that you wished for - whisk away!  
 From my parents too you may take,  
 Since you brought good news for my sake!  
 Akbalta, will that satisfy you?  
 In these wilds here, what shall we do?  
 Let us go back the way you came.  
 I want to see my first wife again.  
 I want to see my first son as well!  
 Let us go back to where we dwell,  
 Back to the village, before it's dark...  
 2000 Those forty men who missed the mark,  
 Unexpectedly there they found.

Good news! Good news! Those words went round.  
 Loudly they all began to shout.  
 "Whom shall I give to, whom leave out?  
 Here are near ones and strangers too,  
 Let each one of you take his due.  
 Take that horse upon which he rides!  
 He who has none, himself decides -  
 May his complaint by Allah be heard!  
 2010 Having heard Jakib's last word,  
 Kanishbek and Kanimdzhan  
 Moving towards Jakib began:  
 May the cradle's cord be strong!  
 May the baby's life be long!"<sup>62</sup>  
 Saying this, his head he bent,  
 Entered straightway in the tent.  
 Covered by fur-coats complete,  
 Languid, as from summer heat,  
 Weary, with her son at her breast,  
 2020 Chiyirdi, smiling, sat at rest.  
 There quite happy and calm sat she.  
 Bey Jakib, as loud as could be,  
 Called for Bakdëelët to come:  
 "Bring me my long-awaited son  
 Who was borne by Chiyirdi!"  
 Bakdëelët went willingly.  
 Chiyirdi gave her the boy,  
 Bey Jakib took him with joy.  
 Saying "This is my son, I deem?!"  
 2030 Loudly the lad began to scream.  
 From sheer joy Jakib then wept,  
 Quivering son in his arms he kept.  
 Deafening was the infants's cry.  
 Jakib's tears then soon ran dry.  
 He was trembling like the child,  
 Who again was screaming wild,  
 Seeking with his lips a breast.  
 Bey Jakib was seeking rest.  
 Lacking strength he began to sway,



2040 Arms and legs were giving way.  
 "What are you screaming for?" he asked,  
 And at his first wife he glanced:  
 "Why, then, don't you give him your breast?  
 Can't you feed one child, at least?  
 What has happened, then, to you?"  
 She replied "I have milk for two,  
 But if twice he sucks me sore,  
 Nothing's left there any more.  
 Very greedy your boy can be —

2050 You must take care of his feeding — see!"  
 Chiyirdi spoke motherly-wise.  
 Wishing his son to analyse,  
 Bey Jakib with both eyes gaped.<sup>63</sup>  
 Brow was wide, and head wedge-shaped.  
 All his limbs and body were strong.  
 Aquiline nose, and lashes long.  
 Threatening look, and piercing quiz.  
 Large firm mouth, high brows, straight lids.  
 Jaw-bones sturdy, and jutting chin.

2060 Thick, warm lips, and eyes set in.  
 He'd the look of bold-faced braves,  
 Open-handed and generous ways.  
 On campaign he'd meet success,  
 Looked like a warrior, nothing less.  
 Deep and wide was his manly chest,  
 Shoulders firm, and slim all the rest.  
 Looks severe, and fierce his face,  
 Elephant power one there could trace.  
 Neck like a tiger, muscles no stint,

2070 Powerful spine, and heart like flint.  
 Eye-lashes smooth, and star-like eyes,<sup>64</sup>  
 Ears like a wolf, and breast tiger-wise.  
 Features most uncommon had he.  
 "If God gave such son to me,  
 Then I must beg for him long life,  
 And a real beauty to be his wife,  
 May he live to avenge my wrong!

May the hour of revenge not be long,  
 For all insults, now passed by!

2080 May I see it before I die,  
 If by him I remain not slain!"  
 Bey Jakib's manner was not the same,  
 And he seemed like some other to be,  
 Saying "Got sent you down to me!"  
 Then he kissed his infant brow...  
 Chiyirdi takes her baby now,  
 Gives him her swollen breast to suck.  
 Bey Jakib, who'd had good luck,  
 He decided to fix a feast...

2090 Was there one other like him, at least?  
 At that time his horses, say,  
 If we count them up, anyway,  
 Thirty-eight thousand of them, at least!  
 "In the Altai I have so many beasts.  
 How many herds I have in Kan-Too!\*"  
 In Shiyky,\* though, my herds are few.  
 Eighty thousand sheep there are  
 In my camp at Kara-Shaar.\*  
 I shall arrange a splendid feast —

2100 Early spring, or summer at least!  
 Kuu-Tez\* and Kulan-Dzhailoo\*  
 My fattened horses a grazing too.  
 By the Chilan,\* at Chenër-Dzhar,\*  
 More then six thousand camels there are.  
 At Kambil,\* where fir-trees grow,  
 At Dzhabbil,\* where falls the snow,  
 When I send herds, the vales are full.  
 My own cattle, not counting each bull,  
 Seven thousand cows I can call.

2110 I now give notice to one and all:  
 I shall collect my herds, you see,  
 These few Kirghiz who lives with me,  
 Won't find room for guests when sent.  
 To Andizhan, and to Tashkent,  
 There as well the news I'll send.  
 All my relatives in the end



I shall gather together again.  
 In the village, Kashgar\* by name;  
 In Kabak-Art\* and Sari-Kol,\*  
 2120 Kipchaks, distant relations, dwell.  
 I shall gather together with me  
 Alchins,\* Uishoons,\* Naimans,\* you see.  
 Abaks,\* Taraks\*, Argins\* as well,  
 All together the crowd will swell.  
 From the Kalmaks, the tribe Tirgoot\*,  
 All will hear news of my son, to boot.  
 There will be none who has not heard —  
 All the Manguls\* will get my word.  
 Many Kitais I'll gather too.  
 2130 Sarti\* merchants, I'll also ask you!  
 Not begrudging to buy the best,  
 I shall open my treasure chest.  
 I shall give many riches away,  
 Silver piled up like stones, I'd say.  
 I have heaped-up mounds of rice.  
 All my mares grow fat in a trice.  
 Thus to catch and saddle each steed,  
 More than my few Kirghiz I need!  
 Gold piled up like stones have I.  
 2140 In my barns the wheat's piled high!  
 I have grain beyond all price.  
 All my mares grow fat in a trice.  
 Thus to catch and saddle each steed,  
 More than a few Kirghiz I need!  
 Having been humbled by Kitais,  
 I can't unite with them any-wise.  
 With Manguls as neighbours go we,  
 For the Nogois much oppression we see.  
 Orozdy stays in Opol as well.  
 2150 In High Sugum\* the Bais\* still dwell.  
 All the sons of Këzkaman  
 Almost to Këikap\* have run,  
 Therefore to us they can't come here.  
 As I consider, to me it's clear —  
 Such a world is most insecure!"

Having uttered such words — no more!  
 Bey Jakib's indecision ceased,  
 He decided to fix the feast.  
 Thirty heralds were sent, you see,  
 2160 "These are those you must call!" said he.  
 Let the Kitais with red-tasselled caps,<sup>65</sup>  
 Every one come; they're jolly good chaps!  
 Let the Dzherkents\* who dwell in Altai  
 Come to the feast, and they'll all know why!  
 Let Totu-dwellers\* all come along too,  
 Let the Kashgar\* folk come, as due.  
 Those from Koton\* you must go and tell,  
 Maral-Bashi\* and Dolon\* folk as well.  
 Travel, inviting, wherever you go —  
 2170 Then Samarkand and Dzhizak, you know!  
 Sending the messengers on their way,  
 He named Khodzhent and Ora-Tyube,\*  
 Also Tashkent, and Aulie-Ata,  
 Busy Kokand, and Margelan far,<sup>66</sup>  
 On the Ili, and great river Chu.\*  
 Let everybody who hears the news,  
 Not stay at home, and not refuse.  
 Let the Irtish\* on the one side flow,  
 And on the other. — Orol\* mountain snow.  
 2180 Let the Kalmaks come from Kara-Kum so!  
 Let then nobody be without news,  
 Let no Tibetan desert refuse.  
 Let the Kunar\* folk from mount Kambil,\*  
 Eastwards from China, come eat their fill!  
 My invitation goes out to you all.  
 Let these people come at my call.  
 Summer, at latest a feast I'll make:  
 If you're asked where, for goodness sake,  
 On Uch-Aral\* you safely may say,  
 2190 Not more then four months or so from today.  
 Let them not sit and twiddle their thumbs!  
 Let them not wait for more than four months.  
 Let them not doubt, but all make a start.  
 Let the fine masters all come with their art.



Let the strong wrestlers come, indeed.  
 Let the horse-racer arrive with his steed.  
 Let the expenses to my account come.  
 Let the Ishan\* Islam priests not be dumb.  
 Let the most eloquent speakers arrive.  
 2200 Let the wise men all come here alive!  
 Let them all come, the sooth-sayers wise.  
 Let them all come with mullahs they prize.  
 Let them all come, and never regret.  
 Let them all come with good comrades yet.<sup>67</sup>  
 All the main prizes shall I define:  
 Five hundred one-humped camels of mine.  
 Packed on two camels, twin-humped, long-haired,  
 Bags of pure gold I too have not spared.  
 Five hundred steeds, and one thousand sheep,  
 2210 All for the highest prizes I keep.  
 Those who should gain the last prize then —  
 Six stout cows; eighty sheep for them!  
 Let them not come, if dissatisfied!  
 My wife has borne me a son, my pride!  
 This feast must be the greatest yet —  
 Thirty prizes aside I've set.  
 First takes best, and last takes worst.  
 If your swift racer is past the post first,  
 You'll win a prize unknown till that day!"  
 2220 So Jakib sent his heralds away...  
 Others went out where the grass grows thick,  
 Berries and fruit they began to pick.  
 Five-score of them collecting he sent.  
 Four hundred pack-camels with them went,  
 Tunërgëra, the giant, at their head.  
 "Let the low tables be of the best!  
 Gossip, complaints, I just can't stand!"  
 Bey Jakib thus took all in hand.  
 Chiyirdi finished sewing the gowns.  
 2230 Poor one's clothes, they patched all round.  
 Youngsters smoothed and trimmed their hair,  
 Workers mended their jackets there,  
 Girls their locks began to comb,

Saying "A feast we'll have at home!"  
 All impatient, they counted the days.  
 Bold young lads, as they went on their ways,  
 Combed the manes of their horses too,  
 Counted the months as they passed through.  
 Soon the autumn days would draw nigh.  
 2240 Bey Jakib spread his camp nearby.  
 On the plains of the Üch-Aral,  
 In the Khan-Too lowland as well,  
 On the banks of the Kara-Su,\*  
 Look, dear people, what did he do —  
 Bey Jakib, so full of pluck.  
 First his staff with his flag he stuck.<sup>68</sup>  
 Feast-day's opening notes he struck.  
 On a Thursday, a day of luck,  
 Ninety mares for the feast he slew.  
 2250 Next day, Friday, he did so too.  
 Five-score mares lay dead that day.  
 "But five hundred more I'll slay —  
 God gave me herds, and I say 'Good!'  
 Share with others a rich man should!"  
 Saturday fifty more he slew.  
 Sunday fifty more fell too.  
 Monday fifty more he slew.  
 Tuesday fifty more fell too.  
 Wednesday fifty more he slew.  
 2260 Thursday he said "God sees me through!  
 Now take sixty light-grey steeds  
 From Kamberboz's herd, you need.  
 Catch them and bring them to sacrifice here.  
 If to Allah my feast seems dear,  
 Two thousand sheep I have to slay,  
 For this feast, long since, I'll say,  
 I have predestined, anyway.  
 Fifty fat bulls I'm ready to flay,  
 To the last one, on this very day!  
 2270 Elder and younger relations, stay,  
 Do not hurry and scurry like that!  
 Heaped on four hundred camel's backs,



Fruits and roots and berries are packed,  
 All for the feast — let nothing be lacked!  
 All which we need has collected been,  
 All supplies sufficient are seen.  
 Six-hundred camels brought us rice,  
 That which Kitais all find so nice!  
 Forty thousand wine-skins full —  
 2280 Seedless grapes are packed in all,  
 Thus we prepared red arak-vodka\* here.  
 All which Bey Jakib made clear,  
 All he ordered was better than most —  
 Seven hundred fire-pits, meat to roast.  
 Seventy of his Kirghiz kin  
 Ordered to separate meat from skin.  
 Six hundred youth, Argin, Naiman,  
 Ordered to take meat dishes in hand.  
 Orderes Kalmaks the cauldrons to heat,  
 2290 Ordered Ezels to boil the meat.  
 Ordered Sarts to stir the soup,  
 Ordered Dzerkens to fires to stoop.  
 Ordered musicians to play the koinuz,\*  
 Two-stringed ditars\* to put to use.  
 Thirty families of Noiguts  
 Chopped the logs and hacked off roots.  
 On surnais,\* like flutes, they played,  
 Singers sang songs, and poems they'd made.  
 All was well, and all sounded good.  
 2300 Those in command by their tents then stood.  
 To the place where the guests meet now,  
 Each with a sheep on his saddle bow,<sup>69</sup>  
 Those Manguls who came to the feast  
 Cried "Jakib is a prince, at least!"  
 So they envied their host, those knaves.  
 From Kitais — forty thousand braves.  
 From Oirots,\* with reins of horse-hair,  
 Came Tuushang, the sultan, there.  
 From the Kalmaks came warriors bold,  
 2310 Many Kazakhs, and Kirghiz untold.  
 From the Tyurks\* rode warriors too,

Faces all lit, they came in view.  
 Then the red banners of all Nogois<sup>70</sup>  
 Bey Jakib raised high, o'er the noise.  
 "Let the games begin!" he cried.  
 Karasman, Kalmak wrestler tried,  
 Strong-man Kaldar, the Kazakh, defied.  
 One against the other they stride.  
 Then Kaldar the bold made good,  
 2320 Seized Karasman, like a log of wood,  
 Heaved the Kalmak above his head,  
 Hurlled him down on the ground half-dead!  
 Oh, that boastful folk, the Kalmaks!  
 Many were braggarts among the Kazakhs,  
 Raised all around a thunderous cry —  
 Six steeds and one black camel — that's why!  
 Such a prize they'd not counted on.  
 Up rose the Mangul, the giant Chekon.  
 Steeds couldn't bear him — he strode along.  
 2330 People said "See, that's strong-man Chokon!  
 Every contestant he'll soon defeat!  
 Touched on the raw, Manguls don't retreat.  
 They put forward their strongest son!"  
 From the Tyurks, a thousand and one,  
 Came a strong fellow named Tyugelbai.  
 He defeated all who came by.  
 Chosen by all the folk, and bold,  
 Picked by the young, and liked by the old,  
 Giant Chokon, just puffs and blows,  
 2340 From his mouth the stream arose.  
 "I shall tear off Tyugelbai's head!"  
 All Manguls to that contest sped.  
 Now out comes the Tyurk Tugelbai,  
 Stripped from his body his clothes all lie.  
 Now his wrestling gear does he don,  
 Then his forefathers calling upon,  
 Tyugelbai at once stepped forth,  
 And each other, to show their worth,  
 Straightway below the waist they grip.



2350 So the struggle goes, hip to hip,  
 Then each other's wrists they seize,  
 Tyugelbai gives a mighty heave,  
 Pulled his wrist from his rival's hand.  
 Then Chokon, who thinks himself grand,  
 Feels Tyugelbai his wrist-bone grip —  
 He who emptily boasts makes a slip —  
 He could not tear his hand away,  
 Tyugelbai tugs it, as well he may,  
 Forces it back behind his waist —  
 2360 Giant Chokon with defeat is faced.  
 He is beaten, can't move a hand.  
 Most of the folk they cheer and stand.  
 Then that boastful giant Chokon  
 Tyugelbai took and hurled him down.  
 Thus the giant Chokon he defeats.  
 Six fine cows and five good steeds  
 As the rightful prize he snaps...  
 From the Kitais, with red-tasselled caps,  
 One strong man, by name Kyunēs,  
 2370 Holding his club began to curse.  
 Like the rumbling thunder he roars,  
 Saying "I'll spill that blood of yours!"  
 Saying "I'll choke your soul to death!"  
 Saying "I'll spit on your dying breath!"  
 Roaring, he flies out onto the field.  
 "Not to Tyurks will I ever yield!"  
 Come out now, and take your whack!"  
 He whose forebear was Khan Barak,  
 He whose father was named Kambar,  
 2380 He stepped forth like a shining star,  
 That man's name was Aidarkan.  
 With a loud shout came out that man.  
 Throwing a threatening look, he cried:  
 "If you are of the Kitais beside,  
 Then I'm one of Tyurk's own horde!  
 You, my boastful, rascally lord,  
 If you're so brave, come out!" he cried.

All Kitais were scared, far and wide.  
 Those who were cowards raced away —  
 2390 Six thousand warriors left that day.  
 With loud cries of "Ta-ta-ta!"  
 Heathens swooped down, both near and far.  
 Bey Jakib thought "Yes, I gave this feast,  
 Sentenced myself to torment, at least!"  
 Agitated, then hastened he —  
 "Eh, Kazakhs, Kirghiz, near me,  
 You Uzbeks for battle were nursed!  
 That screaming rascal Kitai Kyunēs,  
 What does he say, — to take all aback?  
 2400 Elyēman, from the tribe Kipchak,  
 Eloquent Taz, distant kin of mine,  
 Bold Eshtek from the Tatar line,<sup>71</sup>  
 From the Dzhedigers, brave Bagish,<sup>72</sup>  
 Bey Dzhetkir's stout son Agish,  
 Turned to Manguls, to arbitrate.  
 No more wrestling or racing they wait —  
 Now the feast has finished, my friends.  
 Two peoples quarrel and squabble no end!"  
 Two days passed, no concord gained,  
 2410 Two days divided they thus remained.  
 On the third day the racing commenced.  
 Bey Jakib made full recompense.  
 Five hundred steeds, and a thousand sheep,  
 All as prizes decided to keep,  
 Five hundred one-humped camels sleek.  
 Two twin-humped camels he then hung about  
 Bags with gold coins which he's counted out.  
 Six head of cattle, and eighty sheep,  
 Set aside as prizes to keep.  
 2420 Those, in a word, the winners would reap!  
 Two days they rode their steeds to the start.  
 People still feasted with gladsome heart.  
 On the third day, each bestrode his steed.  
 People who'd come to the feast in need,  
 Strapped up all kinds of bags, indeed.  
 Start of the race was marked out too.



From Kalkan,\* and Oguz-Kechyu,\*  
 From that place where the race began,  
 Eshtek's pacer, Dzheltaman,  
 2430 Then was helped on by Elyeman,<sup>73</sup>  
 For his mouth was gasping wide,  
 Blue-steel bridle, and bit inside.  
 Head was drooping down to the ground,  
 Where his stumbling hooves were found:  
 Bursting onwards, though hard the stones,  
 Galloping on, stretched out, he groans.  
 White spume spent on the bridle you see,  
 Splashes down on his breast and knee.  
 Black his name, and dun his hide,  
 2440 Like a cloud o'er a stream he flies.  
 What kind of beast — he flies like the wind;  
 But a grey pacer races behind,  
 Like a shot arrow, towards him quick —  
 That is Bagisha's steed, Surkiyik.  
 Here and there touching the earth, no more,  
 Flies the steed of Kangais\* — Karasur.  
 Then behind him, another for sure,  
 Just take a look, and there you are,  
 Following him, and not too far,  
 2450 Taz, the talker's steed, Tookara.  
 He, poor thing, was still too fat,  
 Difficult breathing, his sides fall flat.  
 Snorting, he reached the dividing line,  
 And behind him, still galloping fine,  
 Came Nakaroo, an Altai\* steed,  
 Going full gallop, so pay full heed!  
 Altai folk began to shout,  
 Gazed at him with eyes popping out,  
 When there appeared a two-year-old bay,  
 2460 Nearer a three-year-old, one might say,  
 Karadzhoi, who makes yurta hoops,  
 Shouts at him, and loudly whoops.  
 He is pleased with his three-year-old;  
 "What do you think, Tirgoots, is he bold?  
 He's a Tom Thumb, and barely three,

But he's caught up with the best, you see!  
 Give him a hand!" again cries he.  
 "Come on, Tirgoots, all shout with me!"  
 Then behind him a black steed ran —  
 2470 That's Alkilik, from Andizhan!\*

He comes panting, and losing power,  
 He won't last another half-hour.  
 Chief Konur, riding up, enquires:  
 "What's going wrong, poor swine of ours?"  
 When he hears this piercing cry —  
 May heathen's spear him, Akbakai,\*  
 Like a hare, he pricked up an ear,  
 Nothing's gone wrong, so have no fear!  
 Clods from his hooved in the sky did skim:

2480 "We don't want the Kitais to win!  
 Prophet Kizir turns away his eyes!  
 We don't want that Kangais get the prize!  
 Send us down your strength, if you can!"  
 Surkiyuk, or Dzheltaman —  
 Either of them should take first place.  
 People who helped the steed in the race,  
 Galloped behind, urged on their friends,  
 Nearer the line where the racing ends.  
 Dzheltaman started shaking his head,  
 2490 Suddenly stopped — and all went dead!  
 Surkiyik, Bagish's brave steed,  
 Swept ahead to first place at speed,  
 So the Dzhedigers, then, had won,  
 Into first place their steed had come:  
 "Bold Bagish has won!" they cried,  
 "First prize to others his steed denied!"  
 All the Asiatics then knew  
 How Surkiyik, their steed, pulled through.  
 Said "O, Bagish, you've won first prize!"

2500 May your opponents perish like flies!"  
 Then Jakib the awards did present.  
 There beside him Balta stood bent.  
 Thirty-one steeds all prizes gave he —  
 Where in the world the like will you see?



Thirty-one steeds got one prize each  
 Këkcholok — last the line to reach,  
 He the thirty-first prize did reap —  
 Six head of cattle, and sixty sheep.  
 These Akbalta drove off likewise.  
 2510 "Bey Jakib, you said 'Share the prize!'  
 Now, you see, I'll share out with you!  
 Five hundred horses are your due!  
 How many sheep, you yourself decide —  
 Someone to herd them you must provide.  
 My great Allah then bless your feast!  
 Take for yourself each sheep and beast!  
 Then five hundred fine camels bring out,  
 Count them and share them all about,  
 Heaped up gold on two camels don't leave,  
 2520 Let my elders a horse receive,  
 Give each head of tribes a fur coat,  
 Poor village people, who haven't a groat,  
 Give them gold pieces, all shining bright,  
 Let the young fellows each other fight,  
 Grab from each other, and hold on tight.  
 Give to the stupid who do not know,  
 That in this mortal world below,  
 Never for evermore they'll stay!"  
 So old Bagish did boldly say,  
 2530 Going up to Jakib, the bey:  
 We Kazakhs, Kirghiz, Katagans,\*  
 Of one forebear are all the sons —  
 Our forefathers their precepts left,  
 Even among Uzbeks they're kept.  
 Bey Jakib, in his aging years  
 Waited, and now a son appears!  
 Now it's time to announce his name.  
 Baidzhigit from Kipchaks came,  
 From the Kirghiz came Elyeman,  
 2540 Old Kurtka came from Andizhan.  
 From the Argins came Karakodzhos,  
 Akbalta from Noiguts,\* you know!  
 Bold Eshtek from Nogois came far,

From the Tyurks came Abdulla,  
 From the Uzbeks came Damulda,  
 From Katagans came bey Minar,  
 And among us all they sat down.  
 "Each now don your gold-stitched gown.  
 White-beard six may dress in the shed.  
 2550 Black-beard ones, and with beardless head,<sup>74</sup>  
 For them each is a gown!" said Jakib.  
 Three golden gowns aside did he slip —  
 These were reserved for honoured guests.  
 When all were dressed they looked their best.  
 Satisfied, at each other they look...  
 Bey Jakib his son then took,  
 Sat him down on the floor, on his gown.  
 Chiyirdi watched all around.  
 Taking two pieces of fine brocade,  
 2560 Fifty cold coins on her palms she laid,  
 There she placed them, as prize held tight.  
 Bay Jakib then spoke forthright:  
 "Give him a name, somebody!" said he,  
 Standing before the company.  
 "Will they find a name?" he thought,  
 While those gathered a good one sought.  
 Bey Jakib again looked round,  
 On each face his gaze was found.  
 Though they wished it very much,  
 2570 None could think up a name for such.  
 They could not find a name which fits,  
 Though they all sat and searched their wits.  
 Quite confused, they looked about.  
 Then a Dervish,\* in tall white hat,  
 Waving a staff in his right hand,  
 Suddenly there just seemed to stand.  
 Where he came from, nobody knew.  
 He looked round, and addressed them too:  
 "You are clothed in your best, it's clear,  
 2580 All of you who are gathered here.  
 What kind of purpose have you in mind?  
 All of you look disturbed, I find!



what, then, is your difficult task,  
 Well, that's what I want to ask!"  
 For his answer he had to wait.  
 Berdike then stood up straight:  
 "If you could give this child a name,"  
 One befitting him, all the same,  
 I should render thanks to you,  
 2590 From myself, and my comrades too!  
 This child's forebear was Khan Babir.  
 Bey Jakib, his father stands here.  
 Childless for long did he remain.  
 Cattle he had, hiding hill and plain.  
 If you could give a good name for his son,  
 Heaven and earth would rejoice as one!  
 Fifty years saddened his sire's grey head,  
 Ere he received his son!" he said.  
 "None of us any good name can find —  
 2600 Maybe you could be so kind?"  
 Berdike waited then hopefully:  
 "If you'll allow me to make so free,  
 I shall utter a God-given name!"  
 Thus did the Dervish to them exclaim.  
 All the people began to shout:  
 "Give us the name then, spit it out!"  
 "At its beginning stands letter "M",  
 As in Mohammed's most blessed name!  
 In the middle stands letter "N",  
 2610 That means "Nabi" — prophethic men.  
 Then at its end stands the letter "S",  
 That is the tail of a Lion, no less!  
 What name do these three consonants make?  
 From these three letters the sounds we take,  
 Reading them out we get "MaNaS".<sup>75</sup>  
 That name then through his lips did pass!  
 "Long since that name "Manas" he received,  
 Allah protect him!" he quietly breathed.  
 "May all misfortunes pass him by,  
 2620 May he be blessed, his name never die!"  
 So prayed the old and the young again,

All were agreed: "A wonderful name!  
 Beautiful-sounding; and solemn-voiced!  
 How his father and mother rejoiced!  
 Chiyirdi handed the Dervish down,  
 Golden-stitched; a goodly gown,  
 Gave it into his keeping free.  
 "He who takes also gives!" said he.  
 That same Dervish whose gratitude burned,  
 2630 To her the gold-stitched gown returned.  
 Urmatbai, of the Katagans,  
 Took the gown in his aged hands.  
 Kalmatakun of the Kashgara,\*  
 Took the second and there you are!  
 Only one thing you ought to know —  
 That same Dervish, who'd acted so,  
 Suddenly disappeared from sight —  
 Gave the name, then left the light!  
 Thus the folk quit the feast that day...  
 2640 Since then have seven years passed away...  
 Now Manas is in his eighth year,  
 And in stature no other stands near!  
 Though not yet eight, and an infant yet,  
 Still — it is easy to forget!  
 He grew up so tall and strong,  
 Nobody dares to do him wrong.  
 Mother spoils him, father takes care —  
 How he protects him everywhere!  
 That is his precious camel-foal son...  
 2650 If we take a good look at that one,  
 We see in stature he stands o'er all.  
 If our eyes at times on him fall,  
 We see him girdling his slender waist,  
 Morning and evening he washes his face.  
 Sometimes he goes, we don't know where,  
 Does what he wishes in open air.  
 Sometimes he wanders both far and wide,  
 And forgets washing his hands beside!  
 He takes no note what's allowed, what's not.



2660 Gets up to all the tricks he's got!  
 Old ones, or young ones — won't listen to them,  
 But at times stands stock still then,  
 Seemingly straddling a stagnant steed.  
 Other times he goes whisking at speed,  
 Seeming possessed by devils, indeed!  
 Then, in some sacred graveyard he,  
 Just for fun, as at targets, shoots free.  
 That which comes into his head, just see —  
 While he can't do it, no rest gets he.

2670 If he meets youngsters, he makes them flee!  
 If he sees sacred trees — hews them down.  
 Gossips then gabble "Jakib's young son  
 Mischief will do, and mischief has done!"  
 Gossips then gabble "He's lost his wits —  
 Sees an old priest, and beats him to bits!  
 Seizes his staff, and smashes that too!  
 He is not punished, whatever he'll do!  
 Seeing these capers, his parents, it's true,  
 Said "In the end he'll catch it, that one!"

2680 But they did little to stop their son...  
 He scares all wise old men to bits.  
 Square leather bucket, full of kumiss,  
 If you give him, he gulps it down —  
 Doesn't affect him, smiles like a clown.  
 Red arak-vodka, a bucket half-full  
 Doesn't make him light-headed at all.  
 Any official he meets with a blow.  
 If he gets silver coins, or so,  
 Then he spends them like copper pence.

2690 Real worth of riches he does not sense.  
 Seeing this, bey Jakib felt sad.  
 Everything about the lad  
 To his first wife began to tell:  
 "He, as I see it, does not learn well.  
 Good-for-nothing, with riches drunk,  
 Unbeliever, a self-willed skunk;  
 Let's make him listen to sense, dear wife,

Understand the real values in life.  
 To an old shepherd, the best of men,  
 2700 Give for six months, as assistant then!<sup>76</sup>  
 We shall not spoil him any more —  
 Let him learn — his speech is poor!  
 Maybe he'll see reason as well,  
 Start to think — well, who can tell?  
 Let him get hardened, set his bones,  
 Let him value the cattle he owns.  
 We shall make a worker of him.  
 He won't suspect us of anything grim.  
 There is a rich old shepherd, Oshpur.

2710 Let him teach sense to our son, what's more!  
 Such a suggestion Jakib had made.  
 To his first wife, who listening stayed.  
 She replied "Your words ring true —  
 That's just what we shall have to do!"  
 Bey Jakib then called his son,  
 To him said, both agreed as one,  
 That he must go feeding the sheep.  
 "I've grown old, my herds can't keep,  
 My dear camel-foal son," said he,

2720 "I have herds to look after, you see.  
 I'm too old to keep chasing wealth.  
 Where find the strength within myself?  
 I count my sheep by the hundred score.  
 There's a rich breeder, named Oshpur.  
 If for six months his lambs you'll feed,  
 He will add sheep to our flocks, indeed!  
 You will learn just what must be done.  
 I've grown too old for this work, my son!<sup>77</sup>  
 Now it's your turn our wealth to keep,

2730 We shall set out, and Oshpur's fine sheep  
 For a few days you'll keep beside!"  
 Then Manas, his son, replied,  
 Like no other son, truth to tell:  
 "Where does this rich Oshpur, then, dwell?  
 He has no son, but cattle as well.  
 What kind of wretched fellow is he?



If he won't starve me, then we'll see!  
 Take me to him, as you've desired.  
 What, so rich! To great herds aspired?  
 2740 Does he live far away?" he enquired.  
 Then Jakib, he shook his head —  
 "No! Just one day's journey!" he said.  
 "If he's rich," Manas replied,  
 "And will give us sheep beside,  
 If he'll feed me on mutton fat,  
 Find me a bed, and a tent at that —  
 Well, it seems, I'm still but a boy,  
 Such a free life I might well enjoy!  
 Let us go then, without delay.  
 2750 Don't get worried, father, I say!  
 You must take care of yourself as well!"  
 He was pleased to go, truth to tell.  
 Bey Jakib then saddled a mare,  
 Dapple-grey coat, a three-year-old there,  
 Made his son ride behind his back,  
 On their way then, they left their track  
 To Oshpur, and his shepherd too,  
 To his pasture, which came in view.  
 "Are you here, bey Oshpur?" he cried,  
 2760 "Are you alive, and well beside?  
 Bey Oshpur, many helpers you've had —  
 See, I've brought along my bold lad!  
 Come to pasture your lambs for you!"  
 From the yurta, Oshpur, as due,  
 Came to hear what Jakib would say.  
 "Get off your horses!" he said to the bey,  
 Took their bridles, and asked them to stay.  
 Bey Jakib got down from his horse,  
 Started a conversation, of course.  
 2770 In that village lived Kadoobai.  
 Father — Kirghiz, all said and done.  
 He as well had just one son,  
 And he called him Chegebai.  
 "Let Chegebai and Manas then try —  
 Pasture the sheep together!" said he

"And what comes of it, we shall see!"  
 Kadoobai, and Oshpur too,  
 Promised they'd see the project through,  
 And would instruct and care for Manas.  
 2780 "Hunger and plenty — he'll know both thus!"  
 "Beat him, if he grows over-bold,  
 Let him grow up, and do as he's told!"  
 This bey Jakib in secret said,  
 Seeing difficult times ahead.  
 Then he calmed down, and off he sped.  
 Listen, and hear what Allah decreed,  
 How his will was fulfilled, indeed:  
 After Jakib bestraddled his steed,  
 Take a look what Manas then did —  
 2790 From that time, there was nothing hid.  
 Seven days swiftly away did fly...  
 "My good comrade, Chegebai,  
 My dear fellow, good friend of mine —  
 Let's go and feed the lambs — it's time!  
 Otherwise they'll lose all their fat!"  
 They discussed it, decided on that.  
 Still conversing, off they swept,  
 Each to his own convictions kept.  
 So they came, with sticks and clubs,  
 2800 To a mountain, covered in shrubs,  
 There they freed the lambs to feed.  
 Carrying staffs, in case of need;  
 Suddenly, straight before their eyes,  
 Onto a lamb a fierce wolf flies.  
 Our Manas had not seen this before,  
 Only nine years old, what's more —  
 Not even having heard its name,  
 Not having seen it steal on its game,  
 Gazed as the wolf leapt forth and back,  
 2810 There on the lamb made sudden attack.  
 Grabbing it by its fatty rear.  
 "What kind of wonder have we here?"  
 He was amazed when he saw it all,  
 To his partner began to call —



Two years older, but all he'd seen:  
 "What beast is this, with eyes so keen?"  
 "Devil take him!" cried Chegebai,  
 "May he be the one to die!  
 That's a wolf — just give him his head,  
 2820 All our lambs would soon lie dead!  
 Then he'd run to his den on high!"  
 Chegebai aloud did cry.  
 "Why are you shouting? Tell me why?  
 Give it up, and he'll pass by.  
 When this wolf has had his fill,  
 He will hie off home to the hill.  
 He won't leave till he's well-fed!"  
 Thus Manas to his comrade said.  
 But the lamb? What a pity, still!  
 2830 That cursed thief, who all would kill,  
 Shan't fill his hungry belly, though!"  
 Chegebai near the wolf did go.  
 There he snarled and growled at him,  
 Lifting up his sharp-toothed chin.  
 Chegebai made a forced retreat,  
 Trembling from his head to his feet.  
 "You are a coward, you run away!"  
 Thus with scorn did Manas then say.  
 "You completely lost your head!"  
 2840 Bold Manas to the milk-sop said.  
 "I'll just grab his ears and his head,  
 And I'll choke him until he's dead!  
 So you say that "wolf" is his name?  
 Do you eat wolvee, all the same?  
 To the wolf he steps began —  
 Off the ferocious beast then ran,  
 With the lamb slung on his back.  
 Thus the wolf made off, alack!  
 Almost the wolf's long tail he gripped,  
 2850 At the last moment his fingers slipped.  
 Though only nine, no coward was he.  
 What, if not courage, there can you see?  
 That grey wolf with the lamb, alas,

Made for the mountain, over the pass.  
 After him Manas pursued,  
 There ravines and rocks stood crude,  
 There the wolf to his refuge raced...  
 There the bloody tracks he traced,  
 Seeking to bring the wolf to book.  
 2860 When he came near, and took a look,  
 In one cave he saw forty men —  
 All the nooks were packed out then  
 With each rider's wide-winged steed.  
 These were unusual folk, indeed!  
 Riding on rapid racing mares,  
 Richest of rich clothes were theirs!  
 So Manas glanced, every way —  
 That small lamb, half-eaten lay,  
 They had placed it at their feet,  
 2870 Still it lived, and began to bleat!  
 So Manas at the lamb then peered:  
 "When the wolf ate half I feared  
 All was over! But what do I see?  
 Here it lives! What happened?" said he.  
 "Where is the wolf who whisked it here?  
 Where's he got to? Nothing's clear!  
 Then he looked at the gathered folk,  
 And at last to them he spoke:  
 You are local people, it seems —  
 2880 Tell me what all this mystery means!"  
 Right before my very eyes,  
 There the blood of our lamb still lies.  
 Now, it seems, he is not dead,  
 Now he will recover instead!  
 I don't see any trace of red,  
 I see him hale and hearty!" he said.  
 There he stands our living lamb —  
 Seeking an answer, here I am!  
 Then he stood silent and looked at them,  
 2890 Those same forty unusual men.  
 At Manas they gazed away —  
 "Well, the wolf seized your lamb!" said they.



- "Do not fear, and don't be alarmed —  
 Do you see where your lamb is harmed?  
 Any wounds about has he?  
 Your own lamb it is, you see!  
 Say then, what do you think of us?  
 God has made you a warrior thus,  
 Power in your soul and voice is heard.  
 2900 Don't be afeared, just hear our word!"  
 This is your lamb still standing here!"  
 To Manas they made this clear.  
 Seeng him whole, the bold Manas  
 In amazement just wondered thus:  
 "Many a lamb we have!" said he,  
 "Having seized a fat one, see,  
 That grey wolf, before my eyes,  
 Killed that lamb, and ate half likewise.  
 He tore our lamb in two, I fear,  
 2910 Looked like a dog with a cocked-up ear!  
 Every leap he came more near...  
 That grey wolf killed my lamb, I fear.  
 That poor thing was smothered in blood,  
 Leaving behind him tracks in the mud.  
 That wolf's hidden 'twixt two cliffs here —  
 He ran off from me, in fear.  
 He was scared, but survived somehow.  
 Where, I ask, shall I seek him now?  
 Tell the whole story, and tell it true.  
 2920 What has happened here with you?  
 Tracking that wolf, 'twas here I came.  
 He, it seems, came to you the same?  
 But when I chased him here today,  
 You, in a crowd, all barred my way.  
 You had taken my lamb, I see,  
 Made it whole, to return to me.  
 Everything here goes on so strange!  
 Most unusual things you arrange!  
 What kind of folk, and from where are you?  
 2930 Did you not see that grey wolf too?  
 If you did, and can tell me where,

- Then his refuge to me declare!"  
 All those people seemed so well-bred:  
 "Look, my child," then one of them said,  
 "That wolf you saw was one of us men!  
 You are unusual, for here in this den  
 There is someone — Kizir Iliyas — \*  
 Forty days he'd been seeking you thus.  
 We as Forty Chiltens are known.  
 2940 Which one seized your lamb as his own?  
 From his fangs do the marks remain?"  
 Then Manas enquired again:  
 "How is it then that people like you  
 Can become wolves — now tell me true?  
 Which one then filled that wolf's grey skin?  
 Which one's soul then lay within?  
 Let him change into a wolf again —  
 Then convinced I shall remain!"  
 Out of those forty Chiltens, then one  
 2950 Shook himself, and the deed was done!  
 There he stood, straight before their eyes —  
 A wolf, or a human otherwise!  
 "Truly, this is a wonder, indeed!  
 Truly, no other proof do I need!"  
 Thus thought Manas, and was satisfied.  
 Still, his wonder he could not hide...  
 Then Chegebai came stumbling in.  
 All the Chiltens and Manas looked at him.  
 He, in turn, looked at all of them,  
 2960 And the live lamb, still bleating then.  
 All were surprised at things seen and heard,  
 And not wasting a wanted word,  
 Forty Chiltens to Manas did say:  
 "We call this youngster here, Chege.  
 But don't name him Chege any more —  
 He'll bring you happiness still in store!  
 Like good herbs, when one feels low.  
 Kutubiy\* you must name him now.  
 Allah's name on his lips rings true.



2970 Thirty-nine comrades will come to you!  
 All their names quite well we know.  
 We shan't remain here — off we'll go!"  
 Saying so, the Chiltens disappeared...  
 Not a spot of dust to be cleared,  
 Not a crumb on the ground was spent.  
 Off from those forty men they went,  
 Those two lads, and as well made haste,  
 And the lamb with the flock they placed.  
 Then they went to the tops of the hills,  
 2980 Where their herd the high slopes fills.  
 "Those unusual men we met  
 Paid me high honour!" Manas then said.  
 They gave to you another name —  
 Kutubiy you then became!  
 Most unusual folk were they.  
 Stern were the words they had to say!"  
 They stretched their hands and stroked the lamb,  
 Not accepted now by his dam —  
 "We could kill it, and shashliks make —  
 2990 Nice fat pieces of meat could take!  
 If our parents start to quiz,  
 We shan't say a word about this!"  
 So they agreed between the two,  
 Then the lamb straightway they slew.  
 But without tinder-box, what could they do?  
 They were perplexed, disappointed too.  
 "Well we've killed it — the lamb is dead,  
 But we can't make a fire now!" they said.  
 "We can collect some brushwood here,  
 3000 But how to light it — that's not clear!  
 Branches they broke, and logs they hacked,  
 But without fire were both side-tracked.  
 Suddenly, where from who can say,  
 Axe at his waist, along the way,  
 Driving five two-year-old calves ahead,  
 Some old man came along, and said,  
 Glancing straight at the two young boys:

"Why did you make such a stupid choice?  
 Why without fire do you remain?  
 3010 Why this lamb have you slain in vain?  
 I shall go and your parents tell,  
 Bring them back with me as well!"  
 Round about his horse did he wheel,  
 Then they saw his flint and steel.  
 He to shake his rein just began,  
 When Manas jumped up and ran,  
 Seized his bridle, and then with ire  
 Cried: "Old man, give us first your fire!"  
 Came close to him, would not set him free.  
 3020 If you want to know who was he —  
 He was Altai Kalmak — Tirgoot.  
 Swearing, and cursing the lad to boot,<sup>78</sup>  
 Scowled and growled, and at him looked black,  
 That malicious and cunning Kalmak.  
 But he gave Manas no steel —  
 So the youth did offended feel,<sup>79</sup>  
 And in anger, and in great haste,  
 Seized the old Kalmak by the waist,  
 Dragged him down from his steed straightway,  
 3030 Threw him flat, and there he lay.  
 Face-down on the ground he fell,  
 Heart and liver not working well.  
 Kutubiy, who near him stood,  
 Thought: "He'll die, that won't be good!"  
 Lifted him, and helped him to rise —  
 He was rolling the whites of his eyes.  
 Belt was broken about his waist...  
 Then Manas, in angry haste,  
 Seized his flint and steel and knife.  
 3040 That young lad lived bold in life!  
 Kept his tender-box clutched tight.  
 Then Manas spoke up, outright:  
 Loud, and proud, and filled with ire:  
 "I merely asked you to light our fire!  
 Never I've known such a noodle before!  
 Go and tell everything to Oshpur.



You drive cattle — two-year-old calves;  
 But you do everything by halves.  
 You're a bad man, I say once more —  
 3050 Go back home and tell Oshpur!  
 Let him do what he likes with me!  
 I'll kill one of your calves, you'll see,  
 Just for fun, and just in play —  
 You can ask bey Jakib to pay!  
 If I get really sick of you,  
 To the Devil I'll send you too!  
 In the whole world I've looking around —  
 Not such a swine as you I've found!  
 To our bey Oshpur push through,  
 3060 And you, then will receive your duel!  
 You will die here, and dust will remain!  
 Get up, and go on your horse again.  
 Your old tinder-box, belt and knife,  
 They will remain our booty for life!  
 Get up quickly, and go on your way!"  
 Then the old man began to say:  
 "Who is this youngster, what does he here?  
 He's a bold fellow, and one to fear!  
 Which man's son is this Kirghiz?  
 3070 Crossly Manas then answered this:  
 "Don't enquire of my forebears, see!  
 Straddle your steed, be off!" said he.  
 Then the old man, he shrank with fear,  
 Awkwardly sat upon his mare,  
 And, deprived of his belt, and steel,  
 Frowning, away to the village did wheel,  
 Off to tell Oshpur went he,  
 What those youths had done, just see!..  
 There in settlement — Saraimana,  
 3080 Lived a lad's father named Salamat.  
 Having watered two hundred lambs,  
 And set them grazing on nearby strands,  
 Went to cut water-lettuce to eat.  
 To those two lads sent others to meet,  
 But there were four of them, you see.

Playful, out of the vale they flee.  
 Talking among themselves they say:  
 "These are our places, where our lambs stay.  
 On one side is deep forest to spare —  
 3090 Let's not allow them free grazing there!  
 Let's not allow them to enter here,  
 Where our lambs are grazing, that's clear.  
 If we bother them both to tears,  
 If we beat them, and pull their ears,  
 Then they'll go off home!" they say,  
 "No more here they'll want to stay.  
 They will then have no wish for that,  
 If we flog them, and knock them flat!  
 They'll be scared, and they'll be afear'd!  
 3100 So the four youths to them appeared.  
 Then the eldest of them, Ainakul,  
 Kutubiy to the ground did pull,  
 Threw him down, and sat on his chest,  
 Punched him and poked him, gave him no rest.  
 Then his victim looked to Manas,  
 Thought: "He won't let such things pass!"  
 Straightway to Kutubiy he's flown,  
 Crying: "You lout, just leave him alone!"  
 To Ainakul he made his track,  
 3110 From Kutubiy he pulled him back.  
 Then on Manas he made his attack —  
 Fists went flying, of blows no lack!  
 Taking good aim at his rival's head  
 Then Manas with a great blow led.  
 Ainakul soon ceased to fight —  
 That blow fell on his head all right!  
 From his shoulders it nearly fell,  
 Teardrops sprang to his eyes as well,  
 He lost consciousness, ceased to be,  
 3120 Quite bereft of sense was he.  
 Ainakul lost all power, half-choked...  
 "What's wrong with you? I only joked!  
 Straightway you fainted!" said Manas,  
 "You do not think as your words you pass,



Utter the rot on the tip of your tongue.  
 You've been served as to others you've done!  
 You ran into attack, and fell.  
 What's the matter, can't you tell?"  
 So said Manas, by the collar took him:  
 3130 "Oh, oh, I'm dying! All's going dim!"  
 So cries the lad, and murmurs his prayers.  
 "My head's just splitting!" he then declares  
 My eyes are watering, I can't see,  
 I can't move for the life of me!  
 "Get up now!" Manas then cries,  
 Takes his arm, and makes him rise.  
 Three other lads, with looks severe,  
 They all fell upon him from the rear.  
 First one on the right he squeezed,  
 3140 Second one on the left he seized,  
 Third one, clinging like a leech,  
 On his back he could not reach.  
 Then Manas went really mad —  
 Hair stood up and pierced the lad.  
 All three then together he bore,  
 Hurling them on the open moor.  
 They fell weeping and wailing there.  
 Then Manas said "Listen here!  
 Name me now your leader true —  
 3150 Then you can eat some shashliks too!"  
 And, with that, he feeds four guests.  
 Nothing from the lamb there rests.  
 "Take and eat your fill!" he said,  
 "Fatty tail, or brain-filled head!"  
 As a good host he fed them free.  
 "Well, are you satisfied now?" said he.  
 If you've gnawed the last small bone,  
 Why then should we go back home?  
 Six together, that's quite clear,  
 3160 We shall spend the night right here!  
 Here at knuckle-bones we'll play!"  
 Then Manas to the five did say.  
 In one herd all the lambs unite.

Those four lads were frightened all night!  
 None of them dared to disagree;  
 So they spent the night there, you see.  
 Then, when midnight shades fell close,  
 Suddenly bold Manas arose,  
 Went and selected a lamb for them,  
 3170 Ordered those four to skin it then.  
 To the six of them, all the lot,  
 Stuffed themselves with shashliks hot.  
 Having served all the others so,  
 Not yet sleeping, he walked to and fro,  
 Still kept careful watch o'er the herd.  
 When dawn's crimson rays were stirred,  
 Then Manas another lamb took,  
 Thinking "Again we'll have to cook,  
 Or tomorrow we'll hungry be!"  
 3180 Then all the sleeping five woke he.  
 They sat squinty-eyed, ears red,  
 "Quickly make breakfast ready," he said,  
 And himself he hurried too,  
 Cutting fresh shashlik chunks anew.  
 Then the lambs to the leas they led,  
 Six stout sons, and all well-fed.  
 That's how they all were occupied...  
 Some, who from the settlement hied,  
 Since last evening, mums and dads,  
 3190 Went out looking for their lads.  
 Sheep were bleating without their young!  
 Where have they got to, every one?  
 Clearly, bey Jakib's bold son  
 Must have slain them, when day was done!  
 They hunted hollows and highest runs —  
 Evidently, their wildful sons  
 Lost their way back home once more,  
 So, at least, thought old Oshpur.  
 Sat on his steed on a mountain height,  
 3200 Started to shout with all his might.  
 Down in the village of Salmata  
 All were disturbed, both near and far.



"Where are our lambkins, who can tell?  
 Where are our four sons as well?  
 Have they got lost, and missed the way?  
 Did the wolves come, our lambs to slay?  
 Did they seize them, as oft they do?"  
 So, on horesback, on boot and shoe,  
 Hastily then they hunted the height,  
 3210 Worrying "Where have they been all night?  
 Oh, if we only find them alive!  
 Oh, if unharmed they only survive!  
 Every hollow and gully they see  
 In the valley of Alamadi.\*  
 Peering at them from far away,  
 There they glimpsed, by the light of day,  
 Six wolves seizing their lambkins thus.  
 Thinking "Allah is punshing us,  
 Sending our lambs to be slaughtered there!"  
 3220 See, wolves are driving them off somewhere!  
 Where are good-for-nothing young sons?  
 Every one from the village runs,  
 And with a cry, beside them too  
 Ride Oshpur and old Kadoo,  
 Spurring their steeds on either side.  
 Riders and runners, eyes open wide,  
 When they get there, what do they see?  
 Not one wild wolf, believe you me!  
 Nobody there, except their sons!..  
 3230 Ten to fifteen most angry ones  
 Crowled around the youngsters near:  
 "Why did you spend the night out here?"  
 They all questioned their sons, those four.  
 They replied: "Oshpur's young ward —  
 He is the reason; truth to tell,  
 He killed our three young lambs as well.  
 Wouldn't let us come home to you there,  
 Forced us to spend the whole night here!"  
 So the four youngsters told all that...  
 3240 One of the wise old man, Salamat,  
 Hearing what the four lads had said,

He was astounded, and shook his head;  
 "You slept on steppes deserted by man -  
 Gather your flocks, and count each lamb!"  
 Said Salamat and the others who'd come.  
 So they carefully checked each one.  
 So they sorted them out, alarmed,  
 Found them all there, and quite unharmed.  
 Then Salamat advised Oshpur:  
 3250 "You count your lambs, and make quite sure!"  
 "I have already made the lads check —  
 Took them by the scruff of the neck!"  
 Bey Oshpur, and old Kadoo,  
 When they heard this, they counted too.  
 All were in order, no harm was done,  
 Lambs were all living, every one!  
 "Those lads were lying, must have been scared  
 When Manas killed three lambs they declared.  
 That was rot, what they had to say!  
 3260 Then they all led their lambs away.  
 But they still wondered, full of surprise,  
 "We saw those wolves with our own eyes!"  
 So they murmured, those old village men.  
 "What kind of miracle's happened, then?"  
 Six wolves ravaging lambs we saw,  
 Tearing at them with tooth and jaw.  
 Leaping among the lambs they flew,  
 Every one of us saw them too!"  
 Lost, and with but an unclear idea,  
 3270 In confusion we are all came here!  
 Where are those wolves that we have seen?  
 Those who savaged our lambs, we mean?  
 They were as hungry as they could be,  
 Savaging, ravaging pitilessly!"  
 So they argued, standing alone.  
 Meanwhile the lads and the lambs came home.  
 "This is a miracle, obviously!"  
 They all found it a mystery!  
 While they stood wondering, then to the fore



3280 Up stepped that old Kalmak, Bayanchur.  
 Up he went to Oshpur and said:  
 "Well, you employed a pernicious lad!  
 He's got up to his tricks, run wild,  
 Though he's only a nine-year-old child.  
 He'll bring curses down on his head!  
 Soon he'll be ten, and then," he said,  
 "He will be faced with fighting and foes!  
 When he gets angry his firmless grows,  
 Just as it does with our hero, Rustam!"

3290 I am a seventy-four-year-old man,  
 But he pulled me down from my steed,  
 Flung me flat on the ground, indeed!  
 I was shattered and battered to bits.  
 Standing nearby, and using his wits,  
 There was another lad, you see —  
 Good thing it was he supported me!  
 Don't think that these are lies I cook —  
 First lad from me my belt then took,  
 Then he seized me with furious force,

3300 As I said, hurled me down from my horse!  
 Then he stole my knife and steel —  
 Get them back for me, bring him to heel!  
 If you like discord, my good Kirghiz,  
 Here good reason for it there is!  
 Then I can take my own things back —  
 Strength for that I do not lack!"  
 "If he has them, I'll get them, don't fuss!"  
 So he has said, and strode to Manas...  
 Letting the lambs go back to their dams,

3310 There Manas, looking serious, stands.  
 Listen to what Oshpur has to say  
 To the son of Jakib, the bay!  
 "What kind of scoundrel, say, are you?  
 Eight days together we've passed through.  
 In them what have you gone and done?  
 One Kalmak old man, for fun,  
 Seized and tore his belt in two!

He came to me, complained about you,  
 With a frown on his face, severe.

3320 If just for fun, then give me here  
 Belt, and steel, and knife!" he said.  
 "If you don't change your ways, my lad,  
 I'll make things hot for you, I swear —  
 Come on, Manas, now give them here!  
 Help me keep my good name, for sure!"  
 So he spoke with him, old Oshpur.  
 But Manas, though in disgrace,  
 Stared at Oshpur, and straight in the face:  
 "Yesterday my first booty I took,

3330 So today shan't return it, look!  
 How can one give one's trophies away?  
 Can Manas act like that, please say?  
 Old ones always protect the old!  
 Part of my booty the other lads hold,  
 Those who pasture the lambs, you see.  
 If you say 'Give it all back to me!' —  
 Then your old Kalmak I'll kill.  
 I'll make things hard for you, I will!  
 Even should a blood-feud arise!"

3340 So said Manas, with blazing eyes.  
 Straightway to Bayanchur he went,  
 Such a threatening glance at him sent,  
 That away on his horse he wheels —  
 With Manas still hot on his heels!  
 But the runner that rider lost...  
 Bey Oshpur, not at any cost  
 Dared on angry Manas to encroach,  
 Spoke not a single word of reproach.  
 But he thought: "Such a scoundrel, see,

3350 Bey Jakib gave just to torment me!  
 I shall go and see that one,  
 And shall tell all about his son.  
 From that rascal I'll then be free,  
 Thus, at least, at peace I'll be!"  
 So to himself said old Oshpur,  
 Set of at once to him, what's more!



Then at eve, the following day,  
 When to Allah last prayers they say,  
 Up to old bey Jakib came he.

3360 Bakdēēlēt and Chiyirdi,  
 All of them there then greeted he —  
 To him one question put Chiyirdi:  
 "How is he getting on, your son?"<sup>80</sup>  
 He replied, "He is full of fun!  
 Does whatever he wishes, you see —  
 Doesn't take any notice of me!  
 Of your one sheep I must take care —  
 But I can't keep him, I must declare!  
 If I let him go on in this way,

3370 All our lambs, for sure, he slay!  
 You must come and take him back,  
 Or of slain sheep there'll be no lack!  
 If all things go on as they are,  
 I shall suffer the more, by far!  
 If you don't end the order you gave  
 Soon they'll say 'Oshpur's in his grave!'"  
 Hearing where all this talk had led,  
 Chiyirdi to Jakib then said:  
 "You can't get rid of our lad, gone wild.

3380 You can't get rid of my only child!  
 He's in my thoughts wherever I go —  
 You seem to want to get rid of him, though!  
 I fear Kalmaks, they're dangerous men.  
 Don't let us get involved with them.  
 They are too numerous to offend —  
 To this first trouble let's put an end!  
 They're to be found among folk in Altai —  
 Where you have sheep-flocks, by-the-by!  
 On the Tuuchang\* slopes you've one —

3390 Think — you have such a mischievous son!  
 I often wonder: 'Is he bored?'  
 Heavy alarm in my heart is stored.  
 Go and fetch him back home again.  
 With such strangers don't let him remain!"  
 Chiyirdi spoke so wise and kind,

Bey Jakib kept her words in mind.  
 True, he passed a restless night.  
 Soon he saw his wife was right.  
 Then next day, when dawn showed fair,

3400 Took for his son a three-year-old mare.  
 Having heard what they said of his son,  
 Thought: 'I'll travel, and when I'm done,  
 Then I'll place him in mother's hands,  
 While on his feet still firm he stands'.  
 So he said: "Let's be off, Oshpur!"  
 Thinking about his son, more and more,  
 Off he went with Oshpur away.  
 In the evening of that same day,  
 In the village of bey Oshpur,

3410 Both of them arrived at his door.  
 There to Manas his father said:  
 "Son, supporting my aging head,<sup>81</sup>  
 Come to me here, my heir-to-be.  
 You do not pasture the lambs, I see!  
 Not a month has passed since you came,  
 But each night three lambs you've slain!  
 Then you half-killed an old Kalmak —  
 Off he went, with looks so black!..  
 No doubt to stir up the trouble for me!"

3420 So said Jakib, quite patiently.  
 And Manas — he heard him out:  
 "What, dear father, is this about?  
 And he looked Jakib in the eye:  
 "Better it were that I should die,  
 Than in one place live under a pall.  
 It's my fate to experience all,  
 And if Allah sends death to me,  
 Somehow or other I'll die!" said he.  
 "Only one thing — before I'm dead,

3430 Don't say that from Kalmaks I fled!  
 You had better go home!" said he.  
 Father said: "Mother has goaded me.  
 My one son as a worker I gave —  
 Now people shame me to my grave!



If I return without you now,  
 Mother will goad me again, somehow!  
 Bey Jakib stood wound in woe,  
 Troubled by his son's future so...  
 Not deciding to say "I won't go!"  
 3440 Not contradicting his father, no,  
 He at last said he'd go with him.  
 Bey Jakib then looked less grim.  
 One whole day they had to ride —  
 What a vista it was beside! —  
 Ak-Otëk's long vale in view,  
 Almali\*, and Alti-Su.\*  
 From the village, a half-day chase,  
 To the place where the horses graze,  
 There, at last, beyond belief,  
 3450 Old Iyman, their horse-herd chief,  
 In Ak-Otëk they suddenly spied.  
 Clouds of dust the heavens did hide.  
 Bey Jakib thought: "What's all this dust?  
 What's at the bottom of this?" he fussed.  
 Stopped his horse, and to his surprise,  
 Saw that Iyman there prostrate lies,  
 While Kalmaks from six tribes there,  
 Ten of them beat him then, I declare.  
 Started to drive the herd away.  
 3460 Foals flew off, but where I can't say,  
 Three-year-old fillies went whisking there,  
 With their tails cocked up in the air.  
 Stallions fought with might and main,  
 Herdsmen couldn't make order again —  
 They were knocked down on either hand.  
 To these Kalmaks, protecting their land,  
 Bey Jakib then straight ahead rides:  
 "Hey, you Kalmaks, from your six tribes,  
 Stop this business, it's quite absurd!  
 3470 What are you doing here with my herd?  
 Let the dust settle down!" he said,  
 "Tell me all now, go straight ahead!"  
 Seeing Jakib, Iyman arose,

Clutched at his horse, and up he goes,  
 Quite unable to hold back tears,  
 As to Jakib, his master, he nears...  
 All his head was covered in blood.  
 Lost in surprise, Manas there stood,  
 Taking the whole scene in by degrees:  
 3480 "Tell me, father, whose steeds are these?  
 Why is Iyman's head bleeding so?  
 Why did Kalmaks all give him a blow?  
 Where were all these horses before?  
 Why are they driving them off, what's more?  
 Why did ten men attack one Iyman?  
 Tell me, father, how this began?"  
 Bey Jakib could not refuse,  
 So the truth he chose to use:  
 "They are our own, at any cost!  
 3490 Herds without protectors get lost!  
 Many years now they've tortured my nerves.  
 These Kalmaks thus protect their reserves.  
 Six tribes together demand their fee —  
 Thirty mares, and five stallions, see,  
 I must pay as their grazing due.  
 Still they say that is little, too!  
 Therefore they drive my horses away!"  
 So to Manas did his father say.  
 When Kalmaks bey Jakib then saw,  
 3500 They began muttering, chattering all...  
 Then they surrounded him, every side:  
 "Now we've got him!" gladly they cried.  
 "If he begins to argue with us,  
 Then we'll kill him, encircled thus!"  
 Then Kortuk, their leader, let fly:  
 "My wife's father ranks very high.  
 He's a Kalmak who hates Kirghiz,  
 So I've decided to kill Jakib!"  
 Then Manas again enquired,  
 3510 Hearing him curse, with anger fired:<sup>82</sup>  
 "Father, what did their leader say?"  
 Bey Jakib then answered this way:



"My dear child, only son of mine!  
 Why do you question me all the time?  
 Greater torment in me you wake,  
 Your poor father such suffering make!"  
 Hearing these words, and giving a grin,  
 One Kalmak then set upon him.  
 His long leather-handled lash  
 3520 Brought down on his head with a crash!  
 Then again his lash he raised,  
 And the dust from his cap he flayed.  
 Then ten other Kalmaks joined in,  
 Beating Jakib, with noisy din.  
 Young Manas could no longer delay —  
 He prepared himself for the fray.  
 From Iyman, their injured friend,  
 Took a staff with a noose at the end.  
 Forth to battle then he hied,  
 3530 With his birch-bough, thoroughly dried,  
 And at the end a noose in view.  
 Herdsman Iyman, with his lasso  
 Caught the horses, and held them too.  
 So, with Jakib, on their homeward track,  
 Young Manas attacked the Kalmak.  
 Rode up to him, behind his back.  
 Other Kalmaks just couldn't believe  
 When they saw him attack their chief —  
 Took the end of the staff in his hands —  
 3540 Then on his head the first blow lands!  
 Down on his brow the bough came now,  
 Blood began to pour from his brow,  
 And his brains — to his bad luck —  
 On the birch-bough all white were stuck.<sup>83</sup>  
 This the other Kalmaks saw plain.  
 Down on his brow the bough came again,  
 Spilt all the rest of his broken brain.  
 Crying to their gods in vain,  
 Ten Kalmaks all dumb did stare.  
 3550 As Kortuk fell dead from his mare.  
 That huge fellow flat on the earth,

Scared his nine friends for all they're worth.  
 And, confused, they all stood round,  
 Saying: "That lad a horse-staff found,  
 With it Kortuk, our herdsman chief,  
 Forthwith slew, though past belief.  
 Come, let's capture that lad!" they said,  
 Then we'll put a moist skin on his head,  
 Let it dry, and so torture him!  
 3560 All six tribes, our kith and kin,  
 We shall gather together then,  
 To Kangai send messenger-men.  
 News the Manguls will then receive.  
 Nothing to old Jakib shall we leave,  
 All we shall take, and make away!"  
 They inteded his son to slay,  
 So they decided to capture Manas.  
 There he stood, letting no one pass,  
 Waved his staff, and growled Wow-wow!  
 3570 Well, let's see what will happen now!  
 So they came on to capture him.  
 When they attacked, with faces grim,  
 Then young Manas did not delay,  
 Went into counter-attack straightway.  
 Those he lashed — they fell face-down,  
 Those he bashed — they too fell prone.  
 Though the Kalmaks made a slight advance,  
 Soon they saw that they had no chance.  
 Then Jakib to his youngster cried:  
 3580 "My dear lad, set your staff aside!"  
 This he did just to separate them.  
 Five old herdsman and one lad then  
 Drove five of six Kalmaks away —  
 Boastful braggarts, who'd had their day,  
 They were chased over the mountain pass.  
 "Stop, my son!" cried Jakib to Manas,  
 Galloping after him on his horse —  
 But he took no notice, of course,  
 For to their village already they'd come.



3590 "What will become of my only one?"  
 Thinking thus, Jakib spurred on,  
 Loudly shouting out for his son.  
 When he heard his father's shout,  
 Then he drew rein, and turned about.  
 All impatient he backward glanced,  
 Pawing the ground, his charger danced.  
 Finally old Jakib drew near:  
 "My dearest son!" he said, "Look here!  
 More observant you should be found —  
 3600 Here are none of our kin around!"  
 Not in good time your valour you show,  
 Want with Kalmaks to get even, so.  
 On equal terms you still can't speak,  
 While your heart muscles as yet are weak.<sup>84</sup>  
 Time has not come yet for warrior's deeds,  
 While your whole body manliness needs.  
 Time to rush into the battle's not here.  
 You must consider, and get things clear.  
 So, understand me, you frisky young foal —  
 3610 Be self-dependent in seeking your goal.  
 Then all the time more observant you'll be.  
 From the Kangai great forces you'll see.  
 When I am old, and can't stand alone,  
 Then I shall suffer suppression, and groan.  
 From the Altai more fighters will come,  
 When I'm a helpless grey-beard, my son.  
 Then, heart and soul, I shall suffer again,  
 When their red tassels will sweep the plain,  
 Hordes of Kitais won't leave me alive.  
 3620 With their black tassels will others arrive,  
 Will the Kalmaks then leave me alive?  
 No, they will take me and prick out my eyes!  
 Your white-haired father, losing his wits,  
 Scoundrels will take and hew me to bits.  
 Let me be sacrificed, then, for you.  
 You are my hope, my salvation too.  
 And I'm afraid they'll kill you as well —

If that should happen, my life would be hell.  
 If you survive, then take vengeance for me.  
 3630 If you should die, there's no hope, you see.  
 When you lie dead, then nought you'll attain.  
 If you survive, then avenge me again!  
 If you should die, my dear young foal,  
 Nothing you'll gain, but will lose the whole.  
 With a great blow you battered your foe,  
 Straightway you brained their chief, you know!  
 Why do you want to kill others as well?  
 Thus you bring troubles on me, I tell.  
 With a great blow you left there dead,  
 3640 One who considered himself their head.  
 Why must you kill his comrades too?  
 I get in such confusion through you!  
 Let us, my lad, return on our way.  
 Let's meet remaining Kalmaks, I'd say,  
 See what those rogues are going to do.  
 If for Kortyuk a blood-price falls due,  
 Then, to make peace, we shall have to pay!  
 Bey Jakib turned back on his way.  
 "Father mine!" cried Manas again,  
 3650 "You have got scared, and all in vain!  
 What is this "blood-price" you talk about?  
 Bey Jakib set the matter out:  
 "Blood-price is paid in cattle," said he,  
 If the poor Kirghiz don't agree,  
 Then they rob them, hand over fist.  
 Of their offences they keep a list.  
 If the demanded beasts they don't pay.  
 Then the out-numbered Kirghiz they slay.  
 And in the end those dishonest men,  
 3660 They will certainly kill you then!  
 They will beat you, and prick out your eyes.  
 Just remember — it's death otherwise!"  
 Then Manas, his son, replied:  
 "Eh, my poor father dear!" he cried,  
 "They were the first to fall on you,  
 They, the rogues, surrounded you too!"



Did one not beat you about the head?  
 If you pay one penny," he said,  
 "Will not Allah blame me for that?"

3670 Everywhere you've cattle, all fat —  
 Father, when I heard the amount —  
 Forty thousand horses they count,  
 Old Iyman, your herdsman said,  
 When you stood talking of all those bred,  
 Then that number got fixed in my head.  
 Then he said, since their leader was dead,  
 If they demand it — pay what they say.  
 Your Iyman calmed me down, anyway.  
 When I wanted more heads to crack,

3680 You forbade me, and called me back!  
 If you speak truth, why then I guess,  
 You have thus robbed me of success.  
 I will not stand in fear, indeed,  
 And in enclosures more horses breed.  
 Bowing and scraping I'll pay no heed,  
 And in enclosures no cattle I speed.  
 I'd rather gather more folk around me,  
 I'd rather larger villages see.  
 Dead, not dishonoured, I'd rather be found.

3690 My near neighbours I'll gather round.  
 Though death's fearful, just once one dies,  
 And before ancestors sacrificed lies.<sup>85</sup>  
 "Who were my forebears, then?" thought he,  
 "Who was it founded our family?" —  
 "Father, say whence your grandsires came,  
 Count them each, and give each a name.  
 Tel me my geneology!"  
 Bey Jakib stood, and lost looked he.  
 "Who were my forebears? Manas enquired."

3700 Bey Jakib, dark-browed replied:  
 "My dear son, you're a Tyurk-Kirghiz,  
 My own sire was ruler, mark this!  
 He suppressed some tribes of Kitai —  
 Our own folk got lost thereby.  
 Then when we were scattered around,

Each himself a chieftain found.  
 Bey Nogoi was your grandsire's name.  
 Was he not famous, all the same?  
 He took over all Kashgar,

3710 Right to the bounds of Kara-Shaar  
 Governed Nogoi, your grandsire-khan.  
 Sara-Kol's subjection began.  
 He destroyed his attacking foes,  
 As his head-quarters Orol he chose.  
 In the foothills of high Dang-Doong\*  
 Most of this folk were settled soon.  
 Then in Alai he won reknown.  
 Many he weakened, and pulled them down.  
 Round lake Suunar\* they scattered away.

3720 So, my son, in your grandsire's day,  
 All who fought against him were slain.  
 On the Lop's shores\* did he remain.  
 No Oirots dare his honour besmirch.  
 Then by God we were left in the lurch.  
 When we our people did not esteem,  
 Thoughtless we lived those years between.  
 Orders from Khan Esen we knew,  
 Felt the power of his forces too,  
 And we feared them, truth to tell,

3730 And we experienced then as well,  
 Pressure on the part of Kitai  
 Felt more and more as years passed by.  
 And very changeable and severe  
 Was that world each passing year.  
 From the people of Khan Esen  
 Came fifty-hundred-thousand then,<sup>86</sup>  
 Raped and robbed us, left not a bit,  
 And we had to submit to it.  
 First we lived careless — then full of care.  
 3740 First we lived fearless — then full of fear.  
 We had been thoughtless, and so we fell.  
 Heads got caught in the nets as well.  
 Save our souls, great Allah above!  
 So we sent our Creator our love!



Then Kitais made attacks on us.  
Many resisted, and perished thus.  
Others were forced to retreat instead,  
And towards Bagdad they fled.  
So we got separated, see.

- 3750 Bitterness filled the soul of me.  
So today we are set upon too,  
And Kitai's great power breaks through.  
You have an uncle, my brother Bai.  
In Opol all his peoples lie.  
You have an uncle called Orozdu.  
On Alai he pastures too.  
Meanwhile I suffered with them as well,  
And knew poverty, truth to tell.  
And all that was my concern.
- 3760 You have another uncle, Usën —  
I cannot hope that he's alive.  
From the Kitais, to the southern side,  
In Dangir\* he lives, if alive.  
On our side, for forty days' ride,  
Dark forest thickets are often found.  
In those thickets, they say, abound  
Tigers, leopards, and bears as well.  
Many robbers there also dwell.  
If you pass through those woods, beware!
- 3770 Many strange people are hiding there,  
Also domestic cattle gone wild.  
As you look on forest and field,  
Many good lands will hold you back.  
Uncle Usën there made his track.  
Many say so, and many deny —  
Maybe they have good reason why.  
Many, maybe, his foes became,  
Therefore they despised his name.  
He who carried no name at all
- 3780 "Karzkaman" they began to call.  
Këkchëkëz is his eldest son,  
So the story I heard was spun.  
Then the second was Chagaldai —

- I can't trace him, although I try.  
Then the third was Agaldai.  
I can't locate him, therefore I sigh.  
Then the fourth was Dërbëldëi —  
Graveyard silence round him does lie.  
Then the fifth was Arbaldai —
- 3790 Their creator Alläh on high  
To scattered regions his slaves did tie.  
Then the sixth was Bekebai,  
Thinking of him I want to cry,  
And so I do till my tears run dry.  
Then the seventh was Toktobai.  
If to compare me with him you try,  
Then all likeness I must deny.  
Your grandfather, the bey Nogoi,  
Has a young brother, the bold Shigai.
- 3800 He has a son, Dzhapak, by-the-by.  
In Sara-Kol and Uch-Arta\* —  
So I heard, that's where they are.  
From Dzherken\* to the western side,  
Dzhamira spreads pastures wide.  
There, they say, does he abide.  
So, you see how your kinsmen hide!  
You, by chance, have brought me woe.  
Now in spirit I've fallen low,  
You have made me feel so weak!.."
- 3810 Bey Jakib then ceased to speak.  
Pity for him felt young Manas.  
"Where are those forty who once helped us,  
Who became wild wolves, now and then?  
Well," he thought, "where are those men?  
Not so simple again to seek!"  
Looking round, from peak to peak,  
Found no words to answer his sire.  
"I have killed a man in my ire!  
Like a Devil I went my ways!
- 3820 Round the plain then he cast his gale...  
Raising a scarlet banner high,  
Forty men came marching by.<sup>87</sup>



When he saw those forty men,  
 Suddenly, like the thunder then,  
 Brave Manas laughed loud and free.  
 Bey Jakib, quite amazed was he.  
 No fellow-warriors, no kith and kin,  
 Does he not see what a scrape he's in?  
 "What do you laugh at my son?" said he.  
 3830 "You've killed a man, and ruined me!  
 You have offended me to the core!"  
 Bey Jakib retorted once more.  
 Young Manas wished to make reply —  
 Then those forty men drew nigh.  
 Up to Manas, discussing they ran, —  
 He forgot Jakib, poor old man.  
 He began meeting and greeting each one,  
 Speaking of hasty deeds he's done.  
 And those forty, on whom he relies,  
 3840 He saw clearly before his eyes.  
 Then he told what Kortuk had done,  
 He who lay dead beneath the sun.  
 "He beat my father upon his head,  
 Started to drive off my horses!" he said.  
 "So I struck him too on the crown,  
 Broke his skull, and brought him down.  
 Spilled his blood, and his brains beside,  
 So he staggered, and soon he died.  
 My poor father's in sorry state —  
 3850 Lost half his reason, at any rate!"  
 So Manas his tale then told.  
 "Come here, youngster, you're so bold!"  
 Said the forty Chiltens\* then —  
 Those unusual spirit-men.  
 "Don't be grieved, young lad!" said they,  
 "Close your eyes, and straight away.  
 You will see a pleasant surprise!"  
 So the youngster closed his eyes...  
 Then he saw, to his amaze,  
 3860 Everywhere that he cast his gaze,  
 Armoured in mail of steel dark-blue,

Hosts of warriors came in view.  
 With a gold helmet on his head,  
 Some old white-beard those forces led,  
 Standing there before them all.  
 Then Manas desired to call,  
 And to ask the forty men:  
 "Whose are all these forces, then?  
 Whom will they soon bring to heel,  
 3870 So many warriors, clad in steel?  
 Whose are they?" he wished to know.  
 Then the forty answered so:  
 "We shall explain to you, pay heed,  
 God above us has so decreed —  
 All these forces belong to you,  
 Great success they will bring you too!  
 Even the dead Kalmak's young son  
 Will in all be with you one.  
 He will become your right-hand man.  
 3880 Since in the Mandzhus he began,  
 Now as Mandzhibek he'll be known.  
 People of Kara-Toko are his own.  
 He is bold and brave and gay.  
 Master the meaning of what we say.  
 Though his father by you was slain,  
 True to you he will remain.  
 He will shield you from all harm,  
 And will be your strong right arm.  
 When on campaign afar you fly,  
 3890 He will be your all-seeing eye!  
 He'll be the reason in your breast,<sup>88</sup>  
 He'll be the comrade who stands the test,  
 After his father's unhappy end!"  
 He'll be your nearest and dearest friend,  
 Many questions Manas still had,  
 Many questions on this and that:  
 "He who wears a gold helm on his head,  
 Standing before the forces he led —  
 Who is he I should like to know?"



3900 He who commands his comrades so?  
 "Now he's only fifteen years old,  
 But he's a wise one, if truth be told!  
 He is the son of your uncle Bai —  
 With all Kirghiz his name stands high.  
 He'll be for them a bright full moon!"  
 Then the Chiltens, they changed their tune:  
 "Open your eyes!" they said to him.  
 So he did, but his sight was dim.  
 Bey Jakib, it seemed, had flown,  
 3910 Galloped off home, and left him alone.  
 Old Iyman, without a word,  
 He had gathered together the herd.  
 Forty Chiltens disappeared again,  
 Left him alone on the open plain.  
 He was pained, and near to tears,  
 And could scarce control his fears.  
 He was trembling, hand and lip.  
 "Where is my dear father, Jakib?  
 What has happened here to me then?  
 3920 With their red banners the forty men,  
 Trailing no traces, they disappeared —  
 Naked the plain, and bare crests reared.  
 "They have deserted me!" so he thought.  
 "I'll take some horses to pay for my fault,  
 Off to those cursed Kalmaks I'll go..."  
 "Come on, Iyman, we'll meet them so.  
 Let's take some horses with us!" said he,  
 "Settle our debt with the enemy!"  
 So, to gather the steeds they began.  
 3930 "You're running straight into trouble, young man!  
 First, on the land of slain Kalmak  
 You will deliberately step, alack!  
 Showing your youthful obstinacy,  
 And youthful arrogance!" so said he.  
 "Then, when Kalmaks come here in force,  
 You will look silly, and lost, of course!"  
 Though Iyman had had his say,

This was Jakib's herd here, anyway,  
 Let Manas take them — his was each steed!  
 3940 Where are the Kalmaks preserves, indeed?<sup>89</sup>  
 "Lacking all caution we go!" thought he.  
 "Of those Kalmaks on guard there, see,  
 Seven Manas already o'erthrew.  
 Six or seven escaped, it's true.  
 Injured one's horses I put with our herd,  
 While they lay beaten, and scarcely stirred.  
 There in the mud and dust they lay,  
 Stained with blood still dripping away.  
 Powerless, they became conscious again.  
 3950 Feeling weak, to their senses came.  
 "Heaven has punished us!" so thought they,<sup>90</sup>  
 Sweated it out, each one his own way.  
 Knowing that their Kortuk lay dead,  
 All having seen him with battered head,  
 To young Manas, the boldest of men,  
 To his revenge they surrendered then.  
 How could they then have done otherwise?  
 So, without horses, home each one hies,  
 Each one feeling deepest alarms.  
 3960 Two of them went with broken arms,  
 One had a dislocated leg —  
 Three of them went with a wounded head,  
 Suffering sadly, and sighting they went,  
 Each Kalmak to his own home bent,  
 By the banks of the river Karsman.\*  
 Thither, driving their horses then,  
 Young Manas with Iyman now goes,  
 Where lie the pastures of their foes.  
 We for a while shall leave them there,  
 3970 And of Jakib shall more declare...  
 Well, of the bey, then, hear the news:  
 Poor old fellow, he'd changed his views:  
 He had quite lost faith in his son,  
 Thinking: "Some evil spirit has come,  
 And has made him quite mad, I fear.  
 How I shouted — but he didn't hear!



Gabbled his nonsense, bold and gay,  
 Galloped off, like a madman, away!  
 When I called him, no word he'd say.  
 3980 If he's not mad, what is he, pray?"  
 So said Jakib to Chiyirdi.  
 From Mandzhuria came that Kalmak,  
 He whose skull Manas did crack.  
 I tried to warm him, but nought saw he.  
 I'm just fed up to the teeth with him!"  
 Chiyirdi, surprised, looked grim,  
 When she heard Jakib's complaint.  
 "He whom I bore shows no restraint,  
 He is driving me out of my mind —  
 3990 Where, then, shall I my senses find?  
 It would seem that Allah on high  
 Sent me a son, my patience to try!  
 Now not a trace of him I see...  
 Where can I go — he's lost, dear me!  
 That he should stay alone like this —  
 Such a thing could I ever wish?  
 You who made a mere shepherd of him,  
 Show me his tracks, however dim!  
 Go to the Devil, you and your steed —  
 4000 Some kind of quarrel you started indeed!  
 One Kalmak there, somehow you slew,  
 Then galloped off, and came home too!  
 You said my son had gone quite mad,  
 Brought me such news as made me sad.  
 You must find him, alive or dead!  
 What great Allah sends down on your head  
 You must accept, and submit to that.  
 You should have found him, and brough him back —  
 Then should have told me — see, that's your son!  
 4010 Could you not do so, you stupid one?"  
 You just deserted your son on the plain.  
 I, the unlucky one, wed you in vain,  
 Such a rough sire, who paints him black!  
 Somehow or other there died a Kalmak.  
 Other Kalmaks saw his battered head...

Woe is me! If he's really dead,  
 Then my son's buried already!" she said.  
 "Though it is true he was still but a child,  
 Those Kalmaks just couldn't be mild!  
 4020 Have they not robbed me, and sent me wild?"  
 Chiyirdy, these words having said,  
 Bitterly wept, and beat her head.  
 Crochery collar she tore aside,  
 Gazed on all half-lost, wide-eyed,  
 On the road whence Jakib had come,  
 Gazed and gazed, but saw no son.  
 Not delaying, she went outside,  
 Climbed to a crest, and there gazed wide...  
 Many and many a thought she had:  
 4030 "I'll take a horse, and find my lad!  
 Out on the distant road I'll go,  
 Dead or alive, my son I'll know!  
 I shall travel, and him I'll find,  
 No other thought now fills my mind.  
 I shall travel and soon find out  
 What those Kalmaks have been about.  
 Better to die, than Jakib see cross!  
 From the stable of Kambarboz  
 She took and saddled Boztailak,  
 4040 Then she climbed upon his back.  
 "I shall find out what's happened to him.  
 Bey Jakib, with looks quite grim,  
 Told me the Devil's got into the child,  
 Made him wayward, frisky, wild.  
 He was quite lost when he spoke with me!"  
 So to herself thought Chiyirdy.  
 Thinking of this she went outside,  
 Boztailak's bridle then untied.  
 "What the Devil!" seeing her ride,  
 4050 Bey Jakib from the yurta cried.  
 "Where are you riding to?" he asked,  
 And her bridle took hold of fast.  
 But she tugged it loose, Chiyirdy,  
 Saying: "I'm a poor woman; you see,



You are a spoiled and overfed brat!  
 Dead or alive, not knowing just that,  
 As if you cared not, you left him there,  
 Dead or alive, you seemed not to care.  
 As it were wishing ill for your son,  
 4060 Tell me, who'd do as you have done?  
 On Boztailak then, sitting astride,  
 Chiyirdy did stately ride.  
 So let her ride for many a mile,  
 We must leave her there, meanwhile...  
 Now of the lad who went with the herd  
 We must present a further word.  
 For the steeds which Manas did drive  
 At the guarded pastures arrived.  
 There he let them graze again.  
 4070 Those Kalmaks whom he'd put to shame,  
 All in despair, off home they rode,  
 Groaning beneath a frightening load.  
 All as one they gabbled, shocked:  
 "Us, Baigar's successors, he mocked,  
 Unknown violence then did show,  
 Blamed us, shamed us, and laid us low...  
 His attack was a heavy one too —  
 He our leader Kortuk then slew.  
 Drove his horses with what a nerve,  
 4080 Onto the pastures which we preserve...  
 Let them graze there, to our shame.  
 Don't let him live, wipe out his name!  
 If his father falls in your hands,  
 Kill Jakib, and seize his lands.  
 Let us take all his horses too!"  
 So they said, and off they flew  
 Mid Kalmaks to spread the word.  
 Having all from Kalmaks then heard,  
 Salamat's young brother, Surban,  
 4090 Told it to every Kirghiz man.  
 And to bey Jakib he sped —  
 "Those Kalmaks are preparing!" he said.  
 And tomorrow morn, round noon,

They are planning your final doom!  
 Bey Jakib went out 'neath the sky,  
 Started to pray to Allah on high:  
 "Lord of mine! Akbalta must know,  
 So must Berdike also!"  
 "Send the news o'er hill and plain,  
 4100 So that we do not die in vain!  
 Let all be ready to face their task!  
 What about Damulda?" he asked,  
 "Where has that old awkward gone?"  
 Bey Jakib went fussing on.  
 "Then my wife, Devil take her!" said he,  
 "To despair she has driven me!  
 She rode off on Boztailaka —  
 Wouldn't listen to me — there you are!  
 Even though I am first to die,  
 4110 From almighty Allah on high  
 I shall accept what he sends down.  
 Let them take everythng I own,  
 But let me see my son again!"  
 All Kalmaks, defending their name,  
 As one host went on campaign.  
 Evil thoughts they did not disdain.  
 All the folk from their six tribes  
 They adjured to fight for their lives.  
 "If I die, they'll see how fate runs,  
 4120 All my braves Kirghizian sons!  
 Will they not weep then, and bury me?  
 And no funeral feast will there be?  
 Many a Tyurk, with many a son,  
 To my funeral will they nor come?  
 To Salamat, and to Oshpur  
 Tell the news of threatening war.  
 Tell the chief of Kazakhs, Karabek,  
 We are two heads upon one neck!  
 When the Kalmaks with fury fume,  
 4130 Can the Kazakhs sit quiet at home?  
 Tell the chief of Naimans, Dzhoru,  
 That should come before noon also.



Old Baibak, the Kongrat,\* send news,  
 Bold young Aidarkan won't refuse.  
 He came to join us, that brave lad!"  
 So Jakib to Sarban then said.  
 He changed his steed, a fresh one besat,  
 After Jakib had told him all that.  
 Bey Jakib saw him off: "God-speed!"  
 4140 And Sarban, not sparing his steed,  
 Came before dawn and raised the alarm:  
 "Bey Jakib has suffered much harm —  
 Robbed of his horses, struck on the head,  
 His young son, not ten yet," he said,  
 "Disobedient, bold Manas,  
 He has suffered much too, he has.  
 I've seen them both, now downcast they are!"  
 Sarbanbek spread the news afar.  
 Having heard of all these woes,  
 4150 Tyurks, Kazakhs, Kirghiz arose —  
 What a commotion they made, indeed!  
 Each one saddled his chosen steed,  
 Donned his armour, and boldly said:  
 Bey Jakib, by Kizir\* was made head.  
 All his good work will now be lost!  
 Teeming and streaming, the Kalmak host,  
 Are they really more bold than we?"  
 With their spears aswaying, see,  
 With their eyes all gleaming bright,  
 4160 How many warriors flocked to the flight!  
 Somewhere above five hundred men  
 From five tribes had gathered then,  
 And their fluttering banners on high,<sup>91</sup>  
 Five or six of them, forth did fly.  
 Five or six hundred braves, I'd say —  
 Let them go riding on their way.  
 On the road from Chindzhir they fare.  
 For a while let us leave them there...  
 Let us have news of Chiyirdy,  
 4170 What with her had come to be?  
 On Boztailak she galloped full speed,

Weeping and wailing, in deepest need,  
 Thinking "Where is my only son?  
 Where has he gone, and what has he done?  
 There she rides, where the herd's tracks sweep.  
 Not a single soul did she meet.  
 Still she rode along, disturbed.  
 When at last she came near the herd,  
 Suddenly there she saw her son!  
 4180 "Mama! What's happened, my dearest one?  
 Have you lost all your senses, say?  
 All alone you've come on your way,  
 And you've been crying, it's clear to me,  
 Eyes are all swollen too, I see!  
 So on Boztailaka you ride,  
 Unexpectedly come to my side!  
 Tell me what's wrong, whatever it is!  
 Seems you are troubled, trembling like this?  
 You have been weeping, not tears, but blood.  
 4190 From your red eyes has flowed a flood.  
 So, you bestrode my father's own steed!  
 See, he is heated — you came at speed!  
 Dearest Mama, explain things to me!  
 What have you heard, or what did you see?"  
 For a reply he barely could wait...  
 Chiyirdy thus began to relate:  
 "Father came home, and started to shout,  
 Loudly, and waving his arms about:  
 "Those Kalmaks, they drove off my herd,  
 4200 Chosen men, who their pastures guard.  
 Six or seven had died in a fight —  
 With my own eyes I saw them alright.  
 Five of our herdsman, and our young son  
 Chased off Kalmaks, and made them run.  
 I tried to stop Manas, if I could —  
 God alone knows they were up no good!  
 Was even one left alive to find?  
 When I turned round and looked behind  
 To Ak-Tyuz\*, in Alta-Ozën,\*



4210 Dead Kalmak corpses I came upon.  
 I do not know why my son went mad.  
 Was it some Devil got into the lad?  
 Though I cried out, he did not hear.  
 All his senses gone dead, I fear.  
 When I cried 'Let's go!' he stood still.  
 Nor this, nor that could move his will!  
 Oh yes, the lad's gone mad, alright!"  
 Seemly father has lost himself quite!  
 Saying 'Oh, yes, his mind has gone dim!

4220 Didn't reply when I spoke to him!"  
 Was it Jakib, Kalmaks scaring so,  
 Lost control of himself! I don't know!  
 Was it Jakib, Kalmaks scaring so,  
 Scared himself too — I just do not know!  
 Maybe some kind of unlooked for woe  
 Still lies waiting for him — I don't know!  
 That's what your father is like now, my son.  
 Therefore have I, as your mother, now come!  
 Hastily have I come galloping here!"

4230 All this she told to the son she held dear.  
 Young Manas listened to all, alarmed.  
 "Let's travel home, while still we're unharmed!  
 What can we do on the steppe here alone?"  
 Questioned his mother, in anxious tone.  
 Then he remembered the herd-chief, Iyman,  
 And to wonder about him began.  
 Climbing onto a crest nearby,  
 "Where have you got to, Iyman?" did he cry.  
 Then Iyman heard him, when loud he bawled.

4240 Somewhere beyond the herd he called:  
 "I am here!" he cried, voice highered.  
 "Where are the others?" Manas enquired.  
 "Drive the herds by the river's track  
 If the Kalmaks should make an attack.  
 Take good care of yourselves — hit back!  
 They may appear at any time,  
 Seize all our horses, yours and mine.

Get all your other herdsmen in line,  
 Pick out the path where you'll go through

4250 Stick together all five of you!  
 Hide yourself in places secure.  
 Tell me the number of steeds, for sure,  
 Which, all five together, you guard.  
 If you fight here, then things will go hard.  
 You will scarcely defeat them here,  
 Out on the open plain, that's clear!"  
 So said Manas to the herdsman Iyman.  
 He, meanwhile, to add up began.  
 Turning towards Manas he said:

4260 "Here are eight-and-half thousand head!"  
 That was the number which he gave.  
 "If they seize them, you none may save.  
 But, having taken my horses, then,  
 They will themselves to torment condemn!"  
 Saying "Let's go, dear mother of mine!"  
 Placing her then behind him in line,  
 Feeling himself like a proper man,  
 Off he rode, as youth only can.  
 Chiyirdy followed, now feeling fine —

4270 Not early morn, but evening time...  
 When the sun as yet had not set,  
 By slain Kortuk again there met  
 Those who had come his corpse to retrieve.  
 Well-groomed camel behind they lead.  
 Seven Kalmaks, to him they came,  
 Where Manas and his mother gave rein,  
 On the road home. All those seven there,  
 Thinking "What does a woman do here?"  
 Looked her well over, and took things in.

4280 One Kalmak, by name Tarbin,  
 Recognized the lad with one look —  
 "That's the youngster who killed Kortuk!"  
 So he said to the other six.  
 "If that's so, then him we'll fix!  
 Take him and beat him, and give him hell!  
 Both of them, his mother as well,



We shall torment along with him!  
 Heaven has sent our friend Tarbin!  
 Now this rogue of a lad we know —  
 4290 Having seen him, we won't let go!  
 Come, let's take him, and tie him fast!  
 He killed Kalmak Kortuk — that's the last!  
 Come let's take that old mother hen!"  
 One of them stayed with the camel then,  
 Six of them galloped away on their course,  
 Spurring and slashing their steeds full force!  
 Soon they drew near, by the mother were seen:  
 "Ah! to capture my son they mean!"  
 Cried Chiyirdy, as she looked around.  
 4300 "They want to seize the son I've found,  
 My only comfort, my only joy —  
 He whom I suffered for, my only boy,  
 My only hope, my only support!  
 My consolation — have you not thought —  
 They now will capture you, take you away —  
 That's what they come for, clear as day!"  
 But Manas replied: "Do not fear!  
 That means nothing, my mother dear.  
 Though there are six of them, I see,  
 4310 Can they get the better of me?  
 If there were sixty of such men,  
 I'd not be I, if I ceded to them!"  
 So the six came, and circled round,  
 Carefully testing out their ground.  
 One of them tried his bridle to catch,  
 Stretched out his hand, and made a snatch,  
 "Don't you touch my reins, you clown!  
 Get away, or I'll strike you down!"  
 So he cried, tugged his bridle aside.  
 4320 Chiyirdy, his mother, then cried:  
 "What is going to happen to me?"  
 But Manas, no answer made he.  
 That Kalmak stretched his hand again —  
 Bold Manas did not act in vain,  
 Seized his shoulder, lifted him high,

Raised him above his head in the sky,  
 And on Tarbin, who before him stood,  
 Cast him with all the force he could.  
 Both together their heads they struck!  
 4330 Crying aloud "Bad luck! Bad luck!"  
 One Kalmak then met his death.  
 Never again did he draw breath.  
 Young Manas saw how still he lay.  
 All the others ran quickly away.  
 None of them dare Manas attack.  
 With great pains, alas and alack,  
 Five Kalmaks, who alive yet stayed,  
 Both the dead on the camel laid..  
 "What a lad, that Kirghiz, so grim!  
 4340 Clearly we cannot cope with him!  
 Now, beside Kortuk, again  
 One more Kalmak that lad has slain!  
 Look, they're riding off home!" they said.  
 Five Kalmaks each turned his head.  
 Babbling still, to their village they came,  
 Told the whole story over again...  
 Chiyirdy, with her son, in the gloam  
 Finally both arrived back home.  
 Bey Jakib, of Manas catching sight,  
 4350 Gave a great cry of sheer delight.  
 "Safe and sound, then, you've come back.  
 I had lost my reason, alack!  
 Long since lost hope of seeing you.  
 Oh, what woes I went through too!  
 Now, just seeing you both alive,  
 Once again I seem to revive!  
 Thinking 'What will Kalmaks now do?'  
 I was afraid; to our kinsmen too  
 I've sent messengers, news to give!"  
 4360 So to his son said bey Jakib.  
 Chiyirdy to Jakib then told  
 Of the deed of her offspring bold:  
 How they'd met Kalmaks on the road,  
 How they started Manas to goad,



How one Kalmak had made an attack,  
 How Manas had hurled him back,  
 Knocking down Tarbin as well,  
 How the first one had died with a yell,  
 How the others had scurried away...  
 4370 Then Jakib, in answer did say,  
 Raising his voice in angry tones,  
 "Those Kalmaks are dirty rogues!  
 They've set their eyes upon my wealth —  
 Each wants to seize it for himself.  
 But we Kirghiz are no small folk.  
 Let them just try, that will be no joke!  
 Here I have forty thousand horse  
 Which I can share with Kirghiz, of course.  
 Each one of some of them will take care.  
 4380 Nothing we'll leave Kalmaks — all bare!  
 Then eight thousand steeds of mine,  
 They will remain to you, in time.  
 Keep them, defend them, while living my son.  
 Take revenge when my days are done!"  
 Bey Jakib spoke brave and bold.  
 Chiyirdy was disturbed, all told.  
 Bey Jakib felt his son's great soul —  
 Powerful, valorous, one and whole.  
 Of the man he'd slain, he forgot.  
 4390 Gazed, eyes blazing, flaming hot!  
 Of that dead man he did not think,  
 Not an eyelid did he blink.  
 But, just listen — don't turn away —  
 What the Kalmaks all had to say,  
 Having lost a pair of their men.  
 Just to revenge Kortuk's death then,  
 Seven hundred Kalmaks had come.  
 Those who lived in his village, as one,  
 Slew for them many and many a beast —  
 4400 Put them up for the night, at least.  
 To the village, squad after squad  
 Came to the place where Kortuk had trod.  
 How many sheep, how many poor beasts

Did they slay to supply their feasts!  
 "With those Tyurks we'll soon have done,  
 Rob them of all their wealth, each one!  
 That young fellow, Jakib's bold son,  
 From which region does he come?  
 From which places did he switch?"  
 4410 "Here it was that Jakib grew rich!  
 Show him no pity, that he is a bey.  
 Show him no mercy in any way.  
 Guarding our land, our man has died —  
 Think, you wise men!" Somebody replied:  
 "How can we possibly ransom take,<sup>92</sup>  
 What conditions could possibly make?  
 Even receiving blood-price, you see,  
 We could never from conscience be free!  
 What kind of punishment shall we decree  
 4420 For Jakib, or his son, maybe?  
 If we don't kill one or other of them,  
 How can we dare to call ourselves men?"  
 Such were the speeches that one could hear.  
 When the eventide prayers drew near,  
 Then there arose an alarming cry:  
 "That same Manas who caused one to die,  
 From the seven, who for the corpse went,  
 One more still to his death has sent!  
 Having the corpse of Kortuk, the slain,  
 4430 On the back of their camel lain,  
 To their village returning then,  
 They came up with Manas again.  
 He is clearly a mad wild boar,  
 Killing whatever stands before.  
 One, who tried Manas to restrain,  
 Hurling at Tarbin, was likewise slain!  
 Trying to stop Manas, just so,  
 He himself met his mortal woe!  
 How to destroy the Kirghiz complete,  
 4440 How to bring them utter defeat,  
 Then they began to discuss — how best?  
 Those Kalmaks who'd received them as guests



Sat beside them, and council took,  
 How to bring the Kirghiz to book.  
 How at dawn the attack to swell,  
 Capture Jakib, who'd been on Aral,  
 And despoil all his folk as well.  
 When to this decision they'd come,  
 Then already had risen the sun.

4450 Over their shoulders their bows they slung.  
 Rank and file they take their track,  
 Quivers all with arrows they pack.  
 All in a bunch together they go —  
 Fuses, ignited, begin to glow.  
 Groups of a hundred, or five times ten,  
 Off they ride, those Kalmaks, again,  
 To the valley of Kayindi,\*  
 Where the tracks of horses they see.  
 Hundreds of hoof-prints along the way.

4460 "Those too belong to Jakib!" they say.  
 "We are determined to own them too!  
 With their attack they went on through.  
 Heaving surrounded a thousand or so,  
 Off with their spoil they started to go.  
 Herdsman Iyman, he stepped aside,  
 And to take refuge then he tried.  
 In the dells he began to hide,  
 As Kalmaks, with war-cry "Kangail!"  
 Galloped up, and went sweeping by.

4470 In their black tunics just seemed to fly.  
 "We Mandzhi have lost a good man!"<sup>93</sup>  
 You Altai, just think if you can —  
 Ready to grab, and nothing to leave,  
 From Kalmaks did you freedom receive.  
 Now you don't count with us, as before.  
 We, though, have lost a leader, what's more!  
 What kind of loss have you, by-the-by,  
 You Kalmaks who come from Altai?  
 You are thinking: "Fate brought us here,

4480 Just to share these horses, it's clear!  
 Yes, a Kalmak from Mandzha has died.

You think of spoil, and nothing beside.  
 That is what occupies your mind.  
 For some cheap glory you wish to find,  
 You want to push us on the side thus,  
 So taking horses away from us!  
 Eight-thousand head are here, at least.  
 If you seize all, to the very last beast,  
 Then you will place upon us the blame,

4490 On us Mendzhi,\* that's your little game!  
 Meanwhile yourselves you think to enrich.  
 Oh, how your fingers for horse-reins twitch!  
 While about others you care not a bean!  
 "They're not real people!" that's what you mean.  
 You will not listen to one word they say.  
 You Kalmaks who have come from Altai,  
 Don't stick your noses up so high —  
 Don't look down on those who pass by,  
 Thinking "That's not a man — a mere ghost!"

4500 Bey Jakib's herd here is one whole host.  
 Take them all — it seems little you get!  
 Can't you take your own measure yet?  
 If of those masterless steeds without price  
 You took two thousand, would that suffice?  
 Can't you show reason — a hundred or two,  
 Would they, indeed, not satisfy you?"  
 So said the village chief, Atakul.  
 "What did you die for, Kortuk, — poor fool?  
 Do you not know they've forgotten you?"

4510 Do you not see what these rogues would do?  
 Can we allow then to steal the bey's steeds,  
 Each one a thousand or so, as he needs?  
 That old Kirghiz, from his people cut off,  
 Will he not punish those thieves who scoff?  
 Will you not suffer then, robbers galore,  
 Even though he may not fight you once more?  
 Will he not come more than once to complain?  
 Will he not cause us much torment and pain?  
 For every shamelessly stolen steed,



4520 Shall we not suffer ourselves, indeed?  
 Saying "When did we blood-price claim?"  
 Those Kalmaks who from Altai came,  
 Will they not turn away from us?"  
 Chief of Mandzhi, Dëgën, spoke thus.  
 More than twelve-score families he led —  
 Best of them all — their chosen head.  
 Three hundred warriors named him chief.  
 Bey Jakib's fine horses, in brief,  
 All ran wild, no bit could abide,  
 4530 Still untamed, they reared and shied.  
 Then Dëgën with a cry "Hup-hup!"  
 Started to round those horses up.  
 Straightway Kalmaks who came from Altai,  
 With their chief Domabil, raised a cry:  
 "Don't start making a cattle-raid —  
 Those with the right to demand get paid!"  
 "May that Kirghiz in the earth recline!  
 All that I've taken from him are mine!  
 He who can make demands gets paid —  
 4540 Devil take all Kirghiz!" he said.  
 "All that I've taken belongs to me!  
 Yes, it's true he died, your Mandzhi.  
 'We'll demand blood-price for his head!'  
 Yesterday so to us you said.  
 Why, then, speak otherwise today?  
 We spurred our horses, our seats wore away,  
 Galloped from far when we heard your shout,  
 You yourselves called us to help you out.  
 Why then go empty-handed still?  
 4550 "Jakib's a Kirghiz," said Domabil.  
 "Where's his folk, who us might kill?  
 Where's his folk — men are missing still  
 Who could fight us to keep their herd!  
 You among them already have spurred.  
 Clearly, you wanted to seize them all!"  
 Thus Domabil did a-quarrelling fall,  
 And Dëgën began to incite:

"You said Kortuk was killed — all right!  
 Then on Kirghiz take revenge — that's clear.  
 4560 You yourself first called us here!"  
 Don't show us how stuck up you are!  
 Since you called us all from afar,  
 Our expenses you must pay.  
 Having worn horses and seats away,  
 Now we must suffer your insults too!"  
 Having heard this Dëgën turned blue,  
 Blazing with anger, began to rock.  
 Pointed down to his manly cock.  
 "That's for you, if you don't stop quick!"  
 4570 "You just point once more to your prick,  
 And I'll spil all your spleen, you rip!  
 Domabil lashed his horse with his whip,  
 On his battle-axe took firm grip.  
 Forwards towards Dëgën he spurred —  
 His first blow could scarce be deterred.  
 Crying "Altai, may your fathers be cursed!"  
 Thus Dëgën just screamed his worst!  
 Soon Mandzhis came into the fray:  
 "Where are your friends?" began to bay.  
 4580 On the Altai they hurled straightway.  
 Those were four hundred, these were three.  
 Fighting took place on the level lea.  
 Battle-axes they bashed — bang-bang!  
 Clubs on helmets clashed and rang.  
 Spears went piercing in armoured chests.  
 There — the Altai then came off best.  
 Braves, with Domabil at their head,  
 After the fleeing Mandzhis then sped.  
 Those retreating fell 'neath their blows —  
 4590 So Kalmaks for each other were foes.  
 Where could scared Mandzhis find aid?  
 Terrible threats Domabil then made:  
 How he would slaughter everyone,  
 Every father, and every son.  
 Bloodshed and death he would bring to them,  
 Wives and daughters would violate then.



Only so will Mandzhis be quiet,  
 Only then will they cease their riot.  
 All Mandzhis were forced to retreat  
 4600 Back to their village in utter defeat.  
 At their head Dëgën held fast,  
 Till they came to the village at last.  
 But from Altai, from villages there,  
 Two more hundred came, and to spare;  
 They had heard the call yesterday,  
 Came to take their share, anyway.  
 Warriors gathered from near and far —  
 What a host of Altais there are!  
 More than forty-score brave men.  
 4610 If you ask "Who's your leader, then?"  
 They would all say "Bold Domabil!"  
 Overwhelmed, the Mandzhi run still,  
 Back to their village and hide, each one,  
 Till the terrible battle is done...  
 Daughters and wives as spoil to seize,  
 And to carry them off, if they please,  
 Such were the thoughts of bold Altais,  
 While the Mandzhis wept out their eyes.  
 Everywhere women were hiding, scared.  
 4620 Powder-pan pistols Altais prepared,  
 Then their fuses they lighted too.  
 Those Kalmaks like vultures flew,  
 Faces flushed with blood as well.  
 Poor Mandzhi, they went through hell!  
 Frightened, confused, to bits they went,  
 Crying: "We're lost, our power is spent!"  
 Some made attempts their homes to defend,  
 Fortified them, to fight to the end.  
 Seeing Altais in numbers grow,  
 4630 Thought to themselves: "The final blow!"  
 Yes, they had doubts that they'd pull through,  
 Being besieged on all sides too!  
 Even the women took daggers and knives,  
 Ready to save their honour and lives.  
 Also they took up sticks and staves,<sup>94</sup>

They'd beat out the brains of those knaves!  
 Then they muttered their final prayers  
 To some unknown god of theirs.  
 Nowhere to run, to escape away —  
 4640 Not a word could they clearly say.  
 There we must leave them, facing the fight...  
 Others were travelling through the night,  
 Speeding on, not sparing their steeds,  
 People who came of Tyurki breeds.  
 They were already drawing near...  
 Saying "How many warriors here!"  
 When they arrived the following morn,  
 They were checked in by Jakib at dawn.  
 At their head did Jakib then ride,  
 4650 With Balta, his old friend, beside.  
 Sixty men, each astride his steed —  
 Bey Jakib was content, indeed.  
 He decided to go to his herd.  
 "Father, I'll come too!" came the word —  
 Young Manas on a three-year-old grey,  
 Also with them set out on his way.  
 To the plain where his horses graze  
 Bey Jakib directed his gaze...  
 Where some Kalmaks had gathered there,  
 4660 Bey Jakib began to stare:  
 "Seems to me my herd is whole!  
 Many Kalmaks there seek their goal!  
 If they came in a solid block,  
 They would fall upon me, like a rock.  
 I couldn't face such numbers now!"  
 Seeing their squads, he was lost somehow,  
 Seeing their many forces thus placed,  
 Nevertheless, he seemed to haste  
 To the hollow of Badaldu\*.  
 4670 There bey Jakib his bridle drew...  
 Slain Kortuk had a fine young son,  
 He was well-known to everyone  
 As a wise and clever young lad,  
 And Shakum was the name he had.



That young fellow looked far and wide:  
 Why be sent on by one's own tribe?  
 Better be shamed by strangers here,  
 Than to bow to mere merchants, that's clear!  
 Better from generous ones to take scorn!  
 4680 "I shall travel this very morn!  
 News to bey Jakib I shall take,  
 And to him my way I'll make.  
 Maybe there I shall meet his son,  
 Young Manas, that unusual one!  
 Then I shall see what kind is he.  
 Thinking of this he rode on free.  
 Young Shakum, who was very wise,  
 Trusting only his own young eyes,  
 From the battle-place rode afar —  
 4690 'Neath him his steed, Kuuchadbar.  
 Like a flying bird swooped he,  
 Young Shakum went galloping free.  
 When he met Jakib, he wept.  
 From his sweating steed he swept,  
 And to Jakib he bowed his head:  
 "Those Kalmaks from Altai," he said,  
 They have ruined us, all Mandzhi,  
 Robbed my village, rough as could be.  
 Bey Jakib, those Altai Kalmaks  
 4700 Left desolation in their tracks!  
 They won't let one man survive —  
 Only for steeds and spoil they strive!  
 By Kirghiz my father was slain —  
 Allah alone knows who was to blame!  
 We Mandzhi in my village are few —  
 No way out now, what can we do?  
 Only ask some others for aid!  
 Therefore this journey here I've made.  
 You're from Kirghiz, we're from Kitais, —  
 4710 How can we survive otherwise?  
 "All your herds out to pasture," he said,  
 "They have seized to the last single head.  
 I tried to tell them: "Take just a few!"

Only their scorn on my head I drew.  
 "You just pity Kirghiz!" they said,  
 Then robbed our village, left many dead.  
 We defended our homes where we could,  
 And our elders held council good.  
 We only fear they'll annihilate us,  
 4720 That they'll make an end of us thus!  
 See, Jakib, our father you'll be,  
 If we live where your herd runs free!  
 We'll be your neighbours, your kinsmen wel  
 For my father's chance death," said he,  
 "Not one lamb shall I ask of you.  
 I shall move into your village too,  
 I shall become your kinsman true,  
 We shall be one which comes from two!  
 And for recompense there's no room!"  
 4730 Such were the words of young Shakum.  
 To bey Jakib, and all was clear...  
 On the road which comes from Chindzhir,\*  
 With six hundred warrior braves,  
 With their fluttering banners on staves,  
 Came Aidarkan, the son of Kambar,  
 Out of the saddle-shaped hills afar.  
 Bey Jakib, on seeing them cried:  
 "Why not more quickly don't they ride?"  
 Then he began to shout and wave.  
 4740 When they caught sight of him, spur they gave,  
 And more swiftly they galloped ahead.  
 Bey Jakib still shouted, and said:  
 "Speed ahead, it's your braves we need!"  
 Then himself bestraddled his steed.  
 Lengthy pennants they flapped and flew.  
 Seeing that others were gathered too,  
 Each set whip and spur to his horse,  
 Galloped into the village in force.  
 After them, to Jakib, for sure,  
 4750 Came still many, still more and more,  
 Thirty or so, from every side —  
 Almost eight hundred now ready to ride!



Here in that host were many brave men.  
 Here they were ready for battle then.  
 Here were Noiguts, to take their parts,  
 Here were Kirghiz, with grateful hearts.  
 Here for Jakib, now blessed by Kizir,<sup>95</sup>  
 Here were Naimans, and others appear.  
 Here were Kongrats, who lived quite near,  
 4760 Here were Uishins, their neighbours dear.  
 Here are Alchins, from nearby also.  
 Here from Argins is Karakodzho.  
 Here there are some from each race and tribe.  
 Here bey Jakib is ready to ride.  
 "Dead Kortuk was your man!" he said.  
 That doesn't turn an Altai Kalmak's head.  
 Since the Mandzhi no blood-price require,  
 Why do Altai's rage round, full of ire?  
 Your man, Kortuk, fell dead in his tracks —  
 4770 That means nothing to stranger Kalmaks.  
 Since you demand no recompence here,  
 Why do they kill and rob so severe?  
 Young Shakum here, whose father was slain,  
 Gives me no peace since to me he came,  
 Pleading and begging here at my knees,  
 Prays: "O save us, o, save us please!"  
 Bitter tears from his eyes will flow  
 If we don't aid him when he begs so!  
 If we don't help young Shakum in his woe,  
 4780 We'll be ashamed that we let robbers go!  
 This young lad has known hard times.  
 If we give way, those dishonest Altai  
 All will destroy, and put us to shame.  
 If we don't stop their spoil-seizing game,  
 Maybe on us then, one of these days,  
 They will make unexpected raids.  
 All together we'll strike at their head.  
 Let us go them, and shoot them dead!  
 Rescue Mandzhis, and put things right!"  
 4790 "We'll be your kinsmen and join your fight!  
 We shall beset your village, instead!

Turn that thought over well in your head!"  
 Thus to Shakum Jakib then spoke.  
 "Devil take that Kalmak, and his folk!"  
 Muttered angrily Aidarkan...  
 "How can we fail to repel them, good man?"  
 Young Manas answered, paying no heed.  
 Tightened his saddle-girth, straddled his steed,  
 Put on his helmet, sword belted tight,  
 4800 Firmly resolved 'gainst Kalmaks to fight  
 "If we attack them, we'll drive them out.  
 What kind of battle-cry shall we shout?  
 Many of them this question asked.  
 Many of them at Manas then glanced.  
 He took in hand his steel-blue spear,  
 His grey three-year-old dappled mare  
 Then he lashed with his leather whip.  
 Not another word he let slip.  
 He screamed his battle-cry out — "Manas!"  
 4810 Shouted again — "Manas! Manas!"  
 Straightway then this brave young knight  
 Headlong flew to the front to fight.  
 Giving the cry then, all as one,  
 With their bristling spears in the sun,  
 No other battle-cry came to their tongue —  
 One and all screamed "Manas! Manas!"  
 With red banners and long white flags,  
 With alarming shrieks and cries,  
 Where the blue banner and red flag flies —  
 4820 Noise of battle arose to the skies!  
 Then they aimed with pistol and gun.  
 Ears were deafened, and numb each drum.  
 'Gainst Kalmaks their spears they set.  
 Stuck in the earth their flags flew yet.  
 Dust in clouds did spurt and spill,  
 Bringing down woe on Domabil.  
 Crying "Manas!" they swept on still,  
 Into battle they eagerly leapt,  
 Facing this fury no lines foes kept.



4830 Sharply turning their steeds they swept  
 In the direction of Azemil\*...  
 They retreated, and faster still,  
 Seven thousand were on their tail.  
 Of every two, one slaughtered fell.  
 Of every seven, three were slain.  
 Those Kirghiz attacked again,  
 Never let them out of sight.  
 Battle-axes, with all their might,  
 Beat their brains out, there and then.  
 4840 From all sides small groups of men  
 Slashed them and smashed them, flung on the ground,  
 Raising a cloud of dust all round.  
 Mountain hollows with blood grew red.  
 Many Altais were lying there dead.  
 To Kara-Bel,\* on the pass Kerme,\*  
 Victor-Kalmaks pursued their way.  
 On the Altais revenge they took,  
 Pressing hard on their heels, just look!  
 Tore out their beards, moustaches slashed,  
 4850 Kirghiz and Kazakhs the enemies smashed.  
 They pursued them, right to the last,  
 On the high slopes Kalmaks rode fast,  
 Then swooped down on Altais beneath.  
 Such a sight was beyond belief!  
 At their head young Manas there rode.  
 As their chief great valour he showed,  
 Hewed off heads of Altai foes.  
 Galloped and brought his enemies woes,  
 Beat them down, both fore and aft,  
 4860 With his spear on its fir-wood shaft,  
 Pierced Altai Kalmaks in the spine,  
 Stuck them through, some two at a time!  
 Thus his powers that day he showed,  
 Spurred his steed full speed on the road.  
 His fine mare, all light dapple-grey,  
 Galloped her fastest on that day.  
 Those Altai-Kalmak refugees

Crowed the pass where each one flees,  
 All that remained of eight-hundred men.  
 4870 In their midst Domabil died then.  
 Four-hundred men, and ten, and three  
 Fell, and from them the blood flowed free.  
 They pursued others until high noon.  
 All whom Manas had hacked and hewn  
 Fell face-down on the mountain side,<sup>96</sup>  
 Numerous victims whom none could hide.  
 Thinking: "We can't recover from this!"  
 Reasoning ones saw defeat as it is.  
 Fearful their vanguard flew on ahead  
 4880 To the pass which to Altai led.  
 Many then fled by a different way,  
 Came to Kambil, decided to stay...  
 Following after his only one,  
 Bey Jakib was concerned for his son.  
 Sticking his helm in his tunic breast,  
 He galloped on as he thought best,  
 Spurring his steed along the way,  
 Bey Jakib cried: "My son, now stay!"  
 Waving his banner, he gave the sign.  
 4890 "His steed's a three-year, not five like mine!  
 But he has galloped and everyone led,  
 Still untired, and speeding ahead.  
 Why, he's as strong as some wild swine!  
 That dapple-grey is better than mine!  
 On the gold slopes of Airish's pass  
 He caught up with his son at last.  
 Then Manas stopped, at father's request,  
 Did not go further, hunting the rest.  
 Nobody followed them into Altai.  
 4900 Bey Jakib praised his son sky-high!  
 Then young Shakum rode up looking grim.  
 Bey Jakib was delighted with him.  
 So they took to the homeward route...  
 Weapons, and any clothes to suit,  
 Simple people stripped from the dead...  
 All the Altai Kalmaks then said:



"One great dragon attacked us, alas!  
 One great warrior, named Manas!  
 What has happened with Esen-Khan?  
 4910 He has remained untouched, that rich man!  
 Where has his reason got to, then?  
 "Chief of chiefs" they babbled then.  
 "Head of all heads" — they gabbled then.  
 "Leader of leaders" they uttered then.  
 "Master of masters" they muttered then.  
 Meeting Kitais they stuttered then:  
 "We shall defeat such a master, then!"  
 Let us leave them a little while then...  
 Having released Mandzhi, on their soil,  
 4920 Horses and clothes having taken as spoil,  
 Then Kirghiz to their village came...  
 Signs of battle all round remain.  
 Of those Kalmaks who were from Mandzu,  
 Forty-four warriors came not through.  
 When collecting their corpses they wept,  
 Moaned and groaned, then silent kept.  
 "Don't weep, dear friends, and don't complain!"  
 Trying to cheer them up again,  
 Hoping to help them to look ahead,  
 4930 Those Kazakhs and Kirghiz then said.  
 "We will be kith and kin to you —  
 From death's door you pulled us through..  
 Now to you our heart are inclined,  
 We all favour you in our mind.  
 Please believe our words today!"  
 So the elder Kalmaks did say,  
 Turning towards Jakib the bey.  
 Speaking together, their thanks gave they.  
 They were faced with a problem now:  
 4940 "Where shall we bring the dead, and how?"  
 So they discussed among the folk.  
 Up stood young Manas and spoke:  
 "If you all should count it wise,  
 If I have the right to advise,  
 If you count me as yours, and strong —

Let's dig one grave, both deep and long —  
 Bury them there to the very last man!  
 They all agreed, and the work began.  
 One common grave they dug with care —  
 4950 All who perished were buried there.  
 Having said "Bring my herdsman in!"  
 Bey Jakib then said to him:  
 "From the eldest of my grey mares,  
 From the stallions of seven years,  
 Drive four hundred out of the herd,  
 Take them to young Shakum, give word,  
 And to the youths whose sires have died,  
 And among them those steeds divide!"  
 To those words Iyman paid heed,  
 4960 And those Kalmaks were pleased indeed!  
 Further Jakib took out of his herd  
 Twenty-three steeds which were slain and served  
 At a memorial feast for the dead.  
 Kazakhs, Kirghiz, Kalmaks were fed.  
 They were all thus well-satisfied.  
 Over those who from Mandzhi hied,  
 Young Shakum was then named chief.  
 In him the people placed their belief.  
 Under the name of Madzhik, his son  
 4970 Then became famous later on.  
 Bey Jakib did not finish with that —  
 Said to Kirghiz and Kalmaks on the mat,  
 And to Dëgën, the elderly chief:  
 "If you have need, then I'll give relief.  
 I can help you out, though I'm old —  
 I have horses, and I have gold.  
 Ask whatever you want from me —  
 "Only support my son!" said he.  
 "People who came to give battle so,  
 4980 Back to my village now let us go!"  
 Bey Jakib took behind him too  
 Young Shakum, he chieftain new.  
 "Let's go now, and leave none behind!"  
 All were agreed and so inclined.



"Let me not fall into woe in vain,  
 If I show carelessness once again!"  
 Thinking things over he rode on before,  
 Finally came to his village once more.  
 Kinsmen from seventy yurtas around,  
 4990 All seven hundred a night's rest found,  
 Fed them and gave them to drink as well.  
 Next mid-day Jakib did tell  
 All those gathered in one place,  
 Leaders of every tribe and race:  
 "Take from me one steed apiece!"  
 All the others who'd served so brave,  
 Fine fur-coats and clothes he gave.  
 "Now ride safely back to your homes,  
 All keep well and know no woes!"  
 5000 Leaders then their horses chose.  
 Others took one fur-coat apiece,  
 Then they left, like homing geese,  
 Each group flying to their own parts...  
 Since that time, the seventh month starts.  
 Springtime has again come round.  
 Look what growing Manas has found:  
 Now already eleven years old,  
 Waxing stronger and yet more bold.  
 Now he's found quite another goal:  
 5010 "For the mares it's time to foal!  
 I shall ride, and see what they need!  
 Straddling Aibanboz, an old steed,  
 One already past seven years,  
 Who as large as a camel appears,  
 Off he galloped, and gave full rein.  
 Aibanboz ran might and main...  
 Still a lad, and far from a man,  
 Galloped along, with no fixed plan.  
 Then he saw horses, and was amazed —  
 5020 On each side of the track they grazed.  
 Other brands on their ears had they,  
 Not like those in his father's way.  
 All were grey, with marks on their brow,

Roughly a thousand there, anyhow.  
 Whose was this herd — he wanted to know.  
 Straight towards them decided to go.  
 Saw the herdsmen, and knew them, what's more!  
 Those four lads he'd befriended before,  
 Those with whom he a quarrel began,  
 5030 And at the night-camp had killed a lamb.  
 So he had pleased them with shashliks then.  
 Ainakul was the eldest of them.  
 Him and another he recognized.  
 "Come with me you two!" he cried.  
 Then he made them ride behind.  
 "Are you both well, you two?" he cried,  
 As in his tracks they tried to ride...  
 When Jakib's dapple-greys he spied,  
 To the herdsmen he loudly cried:  
 5040 "Drive them nearer to my right side!"  
 Closer, closer to me!" he said...  
 To their tent he went ahead,  
 Stood before the herdsmen there.  
 Then one of them began to declare:  
 "Mares in foal from high pastures we drove —  
 Twenty thousand or so on the move,  
 Down to the plain we drove them again!"  
 So to Manas they began to explain:  
 "Twenty-two thousand, to be precise."  
 5050 He had them rounded up in a trice.  
 From the foals who sucked more than their share,<sup>97</sup>  
 Three then he took and slaughtered them there.  
 "Take and eat!" to the herdsmen, he said.  
 So they were pleasantly, fully well-fed.  
 Just as if he were one of them then,  
 He began to live with those men.  
 Having put up some portable tents,  
 They were kept busy, at all events.  
 How they made merry, playing games there,  
 5060 Having cleared grass, and left the soil bare,  
 Down on the ground their marks they made.  
 Counting five knuckle-bones, then he said:



"Let's play knuckle-bones, — serious now!  
 So one circle they drew somehow,  
 Very exciting, a tricky old thing —  
 Trampling the ground, they set up the ring!<sup>98</sup>  
 Everybody was worked up so...  
 From the young foals which frisked below,  
 Every day they selected one,  
 5070 Killed it, and cooked it, and ate it when done.  
 Take a look, and see how each one  
 Copied the sons of some rich khan!  
 Then Manas asked that a board be planed,  
 And some holes in it then arranged —  
 Nine on the side there were placed,  
 Nine on the other, those they faced.  
 Holes were made, and that was that!  
 Then all round they quietly sat.  
 Having placed small round stones in the holes,  
 5080 They began watching where each one rolls.  
 Those games "Ordo"\* and "Toguz-korgol!"  
 Young Manas was the first to call.  
 From Manas did these pastimes spring,  
 He to us did "Knuckle-bones" bring.  
 He bequeathed to us "Toguz-korgol! —  
 Nine round balls, and each fills a hole.  
 These from Manas we inherit forby.  
 What is the truth in this words, what a lie,  
 Only great Allah above may know.  
 5090 So, by the road, they played "Ordo"  
 Those who at this pastime did play,  
 Thirty-two comrades of his were they.  
 Sixteen of them on the one side sat,  
 Sixteen of them on the other sat pat.  
 They got excited, and loudly they cried...  
 So we must leave them now one side.  
 Now we shall hear of great Beidzhin\* —  
 Distant city, which hundreds lived in.  
 Many were held in subjection's snare.  
 5100 Esen-khan was the ruler there.  
 From his chieftains he heard the news.

From his officials heard various views.  
 Though he was rich, a ruler what's more,  
 That offended him, down to the core.  
 "Say that Tyurk, Jakib," thought he,  
 "Seems to be richer, even than me!  
 Somewhere on the Altai stays he.  
 Shiyku\*, Sooshang\*, are his territory.  
 Kara-Shara is the town, I'll be bound,  
 5110 Where he may very often be found.  
 If he boasts of his wealth all about,  
 Many poorer chiefs will fall out.  
 That Jakib, it seems to me,  
 Is a Kirghiz, and a pushful one he!  
 Till he was fifty or so, I'm told,  
 He had no child, though already so old.  
 No son he had, though herds had he,  
 So that poor wretch he suffered, I see.  
 Half-a-score years have passed since that morn,<sup>99</sup>  
 5120 When a loud-screaming son was born.  
 When that infant scream did resound,  
 When they picked him up from the ground,  
 Then they all seemed to lose their wits,  
 Then they all seemed to fall in fits,  
 Not less than five-hundred mares were slain  
 For the feast when they gave him his name!  
 Now as Manas he's everywhere known,  
 Now to a proper menace he's grown.  
 'On Beidzhin he'll make an attack  
 5130 When he's a man!' they say, alack!  
 My wise prophets foresee that day.  
 This is what they desire to say:  
 'We shoul listen to Esen Khan,  
 We should arise, each warrior man,  
 Under our chieftains, when it suits,  
 Cut this young fellow below his roots!"  
 Esen-Khan just stood in amaze.  
 All the people on him fixed their gaze,  
 Then with them all to speak he began:



5140 "Oh, my people!" cried Esen-Khan,  
 "Does no other Kirghiz bear a son?  
 Just because one of his wives bore one,  
 Why must I make a hullabaloo?  
 Don't Kalmaks and Kitais bear too?  
 If a Kalmak or Kitai bears a son,  
 Must I then disturb everyone?...  
 Making up to the Mangul folk,  
 Moving along the Altai's long yoke,  
 Our Kalmaks of six families fare.

5150 Finding protection among them there,  
 Clearly, Kirghiz took their pastures high.  
 Sixty years or more have passed by  
 Since they came, dependent on us.  
 When his wife bore his first son thus,  
 Our officials to pieces were torn!  
 Just because a son had been born!  
 They were all just scared to bits,  
 They straightway had forty fits,  
 When they saw how his small fist hits,

5160 They lost their reason and all their wits!  
 I will show them, as Khan, what I'm worth!  
 Just because a small child came to birth,  
 What cause have I to make any fuss?  
 I'll show my folk I'm their leader thus!  
 Why should I let them quake with fear?  
 No raised banners do I see there!  
 No wild war-cries there do I hear!  
 No great host of braves draws near!  
 I'll send no soldiers to beat them flat —

5170 I see nothing to warrant all that!  
 Better it were not to act that way,  
 But to do something wiser, I'd say —  
 Send half Kalmaks, and half Uzbeks,  
 Let them find out, without pretext,  
 What kind of lord is Jakib, anyway,  
 Who, like a Shah, whole herds can slay!  
 Let us choose twenty or thirty men,

Forty or fifty fine camels then,<sup>100</sup>  
 Six high officials from the Kitai,  
 Drivers and helpers too, by-the-by.

5180 Treasures, which in store here we keep,  
 Let them on camels' backs then heap.  
 Let them trade on the hills and vales,  
 Find out just where Jakib now dwells —  
 Whether his son is really so bold,  
 Get to know all that may be told —  
 What kind of people are they, say?  
 Won't they come snapping at us one day?  
 Or, for riches, fall flat at my feet?

5190 Such low fellows I'd rather not meet!  
 Why has news of them spread so wide,  
 Even here, in the countryside?  
 Let our traders do business with them,  
 Let them go round Altai hills then,  
 Keep somewhat closer to the Kangai,  
 Let them seek out Shiytu nearby,  
 Let them travel the Tanshang\* heights,  
 Look from their crests and see the sights,  
 Let them scale Kebez heights whole,

5200 Not forgetting the mount Opol!  
 Let them to Andizhan not go,  
 From Kashgar keep away also.  
 From the goods we have in store,  
 Let them heap loads on camels galore!"  
 So said the Khan, and sent them to trade.  
 Take a look, see what progress they made!  
 From Beidzhin they went with their load,  
 Five month already they ride their road...  
 At the foothills of the Altai,

5210 Where the stream Azemil flows by,  
 There at knuckle-bones still they play,  
 Passing many an hour away,  
 Not forgetting Toguz-Korgol!  
 Then to them the caravan whole  
 Came from the Khan Esen's far strand,  
 Wanted to travel across this land,



Taking no notice of knuckle-bone ring,  
 Nor of the players, nor anything.  
 They just wanted to ride ahead —  
 5220 But Manas to the players aid sped.  
 He struck a knuckle-bone out of the ring,  
 Then he leapt, like a maddened thing,  
 Into the circle, began to flick  
 Knuckle-bones over the boundary quick.  
 "Don't let your camels trample our ring,  
 Don't let their feet disaster bring!"  
 Those who were watching the game then cried.  
 Those leading camels just gazed wide-eyed:  
 "What are those knuckle-bones — bullets of sorts?"  
 5230 Thus — the Kalmaks and traders' thoughts:  
 "Since we are the Khan's people all,  
 What can they do, our tracks to stall?  
 So the camels, one at a time,  
 They led over the circle-line.  
 Then Manas reached out for his stick,  
 Took it up in his hand pretty quick,  
 At a ram's knuckle-bone straight he slashed,  
 And on the hard round bone it crashed,  
 And because of his strength, indeed,  
 5240 That went flying at highest speed  
 At the first camel which came ahead.  
 Like a ball from a gun it sped,  
 Like a blast from a powder-keg,  
 Straightway broke the camel's leg!  
 That poor beast, he swayed and fell.  
 One more knuckle-bone flew as well,  
 And an ass in the breast it struck —  
 Trader riding it had bad luck —  
 Fell, went flying along somehow —  
 5250 Grumbled: "How shall I travel now?"  
 To a Kitai official complained:  
 "What great power that lad's attained!"  
 That Kitai, sent out by the Khan,  
 Looked severely at that young man,  
 Then decided what he should do:

"Camel's leg broken, donkey's too —  
 Seize him! Seize him! Seize him!" he cried,  
 "Bind his arms and legs beside,  
 He's more dangerous than I dreamed!"  
 5260 So the Kitai official screamed.  
 So, as captive, Manas to take,  
 Six young fellows made a break.  
 Thirty herdsman, Manas's friends,  
 Did not let them attain their ends,  
 Fell upon merchants, Kalmaks, Kitais,  
 And a fight began likewise.  
 Then Manas did not delay,  
 But he too took part in the fray —  
 That Kitai official seized he,  
 5270 Who so strong thought himself to be;  
 When to wrestle they both began,  
 By the gold belt which round him ran,  
 Bold Manas then seized him fast,  
 Raized him high, then downward cast,  
 Lifted again, and downward hurled,  
 On his chest he danced and whirled!  
 What was that, if not his power?  
 Then he plucked his head, like a flower,  
 Pulled it off, like a partridge's head,  
 5280 Tore out his gullet, and choked him dead!  
 Headless the trunk lay on the ground,  
 And his head, like a ball, rolled round.  
 After that Kitai was slain,  
 Those supporting Manas did complain,  
 They grew scared, with serious face:  
 "Don't start frowning!" said bold Manas.  
 "I haven't finished this business yet!  
 There are goods here I'd like to get.  
 Forty-five camel loads, are there not?  
 5290 And as spoil I shall take the lot!  
 Don't let those ten Kalmaks escape!  
 Those five Kitais you must also take —  
 Kill them all, go straight ahead!  
 Leave the ten traders alive!" he said.



"Forty camels and their rich stores  
 As good spoil you may count as yours!"  
 Red blood flowed in the knuckle-bone ring.  
 People wondered at such a thing!  
 Sixteen rogues, whom the Khan employed,  
 5300 Young Manas had thus destroyed.  
 There Kalmaks and Kitais lay slain.  
 All the ten merchants groaned again;  
 Murmured: "Don't destroy us too!  
 Don't take our souls, whatever you do!  
 We have Tyurks as forebears, like you!  
 Don't slay our souls, as others you slew!  
 Each of us your mercy implores!  
 Dearest silks and precious stores,  
 All these loads heaped on camels are yours —  
 5310 Pure gold and silver from them pours!  
 Velvet and satins there you'll find —  
 God sends you gifts of every kind!  
 Useful goods, and richest wealth.  
 Take them all, to please yourself!  
 From the Khan we came to you,  
 Though we never intended to,  
 And we told the Kitais as well...  
 Like Rustam, of whom legends tell,  
 Showing bold powers since earliest years,  
 5320 This young lad named Manas appears!  
 'Travel to them!' the Khan then said,  
 'Get to know all, alive or dead'  
 Such were the orders which he set —  
 What a good thing that we have met!  
 Who is Manas, and his father then?  
 Who were his forebears, where, and when?  
 We should like to know all!" said they.  
 All together they gabbled away.  
 Then Manas understood their wiles,  
 5330 And he answered them all with smiles:  
 "I am Manas! My father's Jakib!  
 When I saked "Spare our knuckle-bone crib!"  
 You did not show much common-sense,

You did not take your camels hence.  
 Why reproach me, if they got hurt,  
 And Kitais and Kalmaks bit the dirt?  
 Don't be worried what herdsmen may do —  
 They bear no grudge, those thirty-two!  
 They have no evil purpose here,  
 5340 So you have nothing at all to fear!  
 Those who lying here you see,  
 Tie them fast by the feet!" said he,  
 "Drag them away from some hollow bed!  
 Tie them tight by the arms!" he said,  
 Tug them away to some gully ahead!  
 Strip them of clothes and shoes!" said he,  
 "Leave them nothing but nudity!  
 And be as busy as you can be!"  
 So Manas gave his final word.  
 5350 They replied: "We'll do so, my lord!"  
 And in this matter they all agreed,  
 And to Manas they paid good heed,  
 Tied the corpses fast by the feet,  
 Dragged them to some hollow retreat.  
 Those ten traders then stood lost,  
 Fearing the worst, and at direst cost...  
 "One of you herdsmen, saddle your steed,  
 Fetch bey Jakib, it's him we need.  
 Bring along Akbalta when you go,  
 5360 Berdike you must also let know  
 Bring him back with you when you ride,  
 Then inform Damulda beside.  
 Let them all come back to us here..  
 Don't forget my father dear!  
 Don't forget shepherds and herdsmen too,  
 Gather the whole, and not just a few.  
 Salamat and Oshpur invite,  
 And many others who have the right.  
 Tell them to come here — all's done!  
 5370 All the spoils which Manas has won  
 Let them see and share!" said he,  
 Let my people all come to me.



From the villages of Mandzhi,  
 Let them come and hear, and see.  
 Let Shakum-Madzhik know too,  
 Call them all, the time is due!"  
 Eight good messengers he found,  
 Sent them out to all around.  
 Further still he worked his way...  
 5380 After noon on the following day,  
 After the mid-day prayers were o'er,  
 Bey Jakib rode in, what's more,  
 Akbalta with Berdike,  
 Thinking: "What has happened, say?"  
 Hasn't Manas calmed down a bit?  
 Or new enemies has he hit?"  
 Damulda and Tuneger,  
 Both of them were also there.  
 In a word — the villagers came,  
 5390 Every one that we might name,  
 Such as Oshpur and Salamat,  
 With their kinsmen too, at that!  
 And Dëgën, and young Shakum,  
 People from Mandzhi found room.  
 All appeared, to the very last man,  
 Gathered round, and the talk began...  
 At the fourty-five camels they gazed;  
 At the ten traders, standing amazed.  
 Then they waited Manas's call.  
 5400 Bey Jakib, having seen them all,  
 Lost in sheer wonderment was he!  
 Fourty-five loaded camels could see,  
 And ten traders, standing stalled.  
 All the others Manas had called,  
 They stood gaping too, enthralled.  
 Then the eldest chieftains there,  
 They held council on that affair:  
 "So many camels, such good they bear!  
 How into his hands did they fall?"  
 5410 They were no trifle, after all!  
 Those ten traders standing by

Not as great men they met one's eye,  
 Who could own such camels as those?  
 Look at their necks — like towers they rose!  
 Did they not to some Khan belong,  
 With their loads all bound so strong?  
 Surely they were of silver and gold?  
 All heaped up there, riches untold!  
 Surely, precious goods that must mean?  
 5420 But their owner was not to be seen!  
 What has refallen these wretches, then?  
 Let us ask these merchant men!  
 Everythng is collected here,  
 All the goods they carry, so dear.  
 To what lord do they belong?  
 To some Khan with warriors strong?  
 Will they not come a-searching so?  
 Shall we not, through Manas, meet woe?  
 How much wealth here has gone astray!  
 5430 Shall we take, or refuse it, say?  
 Or should we tell them — go back home,  
 Back to the place whence you have come.  
 These poor merchants, who leader lack,  
 Had we not better send them back?  
 Let us waste our time no more!  
 Ask these merchants what they came for!  
 So they discussed the affair that far,  
 Bey Jakib and Akbalta,  
 And so decided to ask these men —  
 5440 Straightway to question the traders then.  
 "Tell us, please," they began to say,  
 "Are you rich men in your own way?  
 Tell us all, straight out, and true.  
 What other lands have you been through?  
 Where have you been, and what have you seen?  
 Tell us what you have learned, we mean!  
 Have you not come to us from Kitai?  
 Have you a master, exceeding high?  
 Someone over the wide world known?



5450 These fine camels, are they your own?  
 These great loads which the camels bear,  
 Tell us where did they come from? Where?  
 We want to know the truth about all,  
 So that into no error we fall!"  
 Thus Jakib, Kazakhs as well,  
 Asked the merchants their tale to tell.  
 Where they came from, and who were they,  
 But they found it quite hard to say —  
 Stood there, bowed, and crossed their hands:  
 5460 "We ten come from Uigurs\* lands!  
 Of old Tyurk extraction we are,  
 On the side of Kumul\* afar,  
 In the Shaashung city we stay,  
 There we live and work today.  
 We got news from Khan Esen,  
 That he needed some merchant men,  
 Those whose experience was immense,  
 Those whom life had taught common-sense,  
 Those who knew how to speak when they meet,  
 5470 Those who are used both to starve and eat.  
 "Let ten merchants before me appear,  
 Let them serve me, five or six year,  
 Then they will all receive their reward!"  
 Thus to us came the Khan's own word,  
 Through Kitai chiefs from his court, it seems.  
 All Uigurs turned out in streams —  
 Ninety-four families there were we,  
 There they chose us then, you see.  
 They had the Khan's command to choose;  
 5480 And, of course, we could not refuse.  
 We could not say: "We will not go!"  
 We replied: "You're strong, we know.  
 We are weak, can't strike anyhow,  
 You have stores of brains in your brow.  
 We are few, but somehow get through.  
 For our wives and children too —  
 Very hard times for five years or so,

But we can't say: "We will not go!"  
 By the Khan's order we stand or fall.  
 5490 If he gets angry, he'll kill us all!  
 He will beat us to bits!" we said.  
 We must go, so lead on ahead!  
 If it's the Khan's command," said we,  
 He who argues, punished will be!  
 Such is the saying among our folk!"  
 Then the Khan's Kitai man spoke:  
 "Why this delay, as though you're dead?  
 So started pushing us on ahead.  
 From our ninety-four families, he  
 5500 Urged us ten on, as quick as could be.  
 We went on foot, and long we went.  
 Seventy days on the road we spent.  
 Then at last to the Khan came in,  
 By that city of his, Beidzhin.  
 Thinking: "What will he do with us now?"  
 Fearing for our very lives somehow,  
 Silent we stood, and bowed down low,  
 Each one bending before him so.  
 Each one telling his soul goodbyes...  
 5510 Ten Kalmaks, and six Kitais,  
 Best of soldiers — the Khan then chose.  
 Camels in stable, he ordered those  
 To be harnessed and brought to base,  
 Ordered them saddles to fix in place.  
 Ordered make ready the packs galore.  
 Fill them with goods which stood in store.  
 All the precious treasures untold,  
 From the finest silver and gold,  
 Ordered to load them and fix their boards.  
 5520 Ordered to lash them with camel-hair cords.  
 Sending them off, he said: "Goodbye! —  
 Go through Altai and then Kangai,  
 Go along the pass of Angir,  
 Where the Irtysh flows swift and clear.  
 Trading, go where the passes are,  
 In the direction toward Kashgar.



All your stores you must transfer,  
 Onto strong oxen, which goads will stir.  
 At the foothills of old Kan-too,\*  
 5530 Where Sanar's long vale breaks through,  
 There, they say, live folk called Altai.  
 There, they say, Kalmaks live nearby.  
 Six different families, so they say.  
 There too, neighbours in every way,  
 Live a folk who from Tyurks have come.  
 There lives bey Jakib, and his son.  
 What that lad's like I wish to know,  
 Of his father have news also.  
 Find out whether they're good or bad.  
 5540 Find out if he's a rebellious lad!  
 If it seems he's a troublesome youth,  
 Then you must punish him well, forsooth!  
 Give him goods, let him later pay,  
 Learn all you can about him this way.  
 Stay among those Kirghiz awhile,  
 Pay good attention, find out their style.  
 If it's true, he's a mutinous soul,  
 Then return, tell the story whole.  
 When you've found out a few things or so,  
 5550 Then inform me of all you know.  
 Hasty words are nasty words,  
 Lying words are dying words.  
 So don't cause another pain,  
 Don't repeat hearsay words again.  
 What you've not seen with your own eyes,  
 Do not tell others — it's only lies!  
 Look and see, and don't surmise! ✓  
 Travel about among the Altai.  
 People say Jakib is a bey.  
 5560 Find out about his son some way.  
 Watch Manas then with your own eyes!"  
 So said the Khan, and I tell no lies.  
 So that I learned what I needed to know,  
 With the caravan-drivers I'd go.  
 Lengthy travels have I passed through,

Learned with interest much to me new.  
 Since I left five months have rolled by.  
 Some lad or dad might catch my eye,  
 Who, maybe, knows of the city Beidzhin?  
 5570 Six Kitais were our leaders then —  
 All the trading was led by them.  
 Ten Kalmaks were assistant-men.  
 We were merely servants, you see,  
 No deceit — we served faithfully!  
 When just yesterday here we came,  
 They were playing some kind of game.  
 "Don't spoil our knuckle-bone ring! said Manas.  
 "Listen! Through here you just can't pass!"  
 We didn't listen to what he said —  
 5580 We had orders: "Straight on ahead!"  
 He, it seemes, had levelled the ground,  
 He, it seemes, made a ring all round.  
 When the first camel, by bridle led,  
 Right in that ring began to tread,  
 Crying: "Get out!" — Manas acted quick,  
 Grabbed in his fist a long, stout stick,  
 One big knuckle-bone flying he sent,  
 Straight in the first camel's leg it went,  
 Broke his thigh, and down he fell,  
 5590 Down came all his load as well.  
 Then our official's eyes blazed wide:  
 "Seize that youngster at once!" he cried.  
 Many Kalmaks to the lad then ran,  
 All together, just like one man.  
 Thirty of them attacked him then.  
 He began slashing his stick at them.  
 Then a Kitai, a huge strong-man,  
 Grappled with him, and a flight began.  
 Then young Manas a waist-hold found,  
 5600 Lifted him first, then hurled on the ground.  
 Bumped him, thumped him, gave him no rest,  
 Then began to dance on his chest.  
 Off from his neck his head he tore!  
 Sixteen others struck dead, what's more.



Then he quietly stood there alone...  
 What he's to do next with us was not known.  
 But he gave us a tent for the night,  
 Made us his guests, and fed us all right.  
 Still we are scared to death of him thus,  
 5610 Still we don't know what he'll do with us!  
 What kind of times for us lie ahead?  
 Thus the merchants uncertainly said.  
 Bey Jakib thought hard on this news,  
 Even his head he began to lose.  
 "Elder and younger brothers!" said he,  
 "Listen to what has happened to me!  
 Now, it seems there lies trouble ahead,  
 Many woes will beset me! he said.  
 Now I'm over sixty, you see,  
 5620 But new worries my son's made me!  
 I shall, through him, lay down my poor head!  
 Beidzhin's unassailable, so 'tis said.  
 Kitais are a five-rooted race, they say.  
 Those who fight them soon fade away.  
 There the Kakachin\* people dwell.  
 How many giants among them, as well!  
 All who attack them — down they go!  
 They overwhelm their enemies so.  
 Now we've offered this people grand,  
 5630 Now is a difficult state we stand!  
 Having offended a folk with a Khan,<sup>101</sup>  
 We have a serious quarrel begun.  
 And, in order to save my old head,  
 Where can I fly to know?" he said.  
 These are Esen-khan's goods, it seems,  
 Treasures and riches beyond all dreams.  
 Dare we strangers touch them then?  
 Those who take such spoil are dead men!  
 Dare we touch them, or even try?  
 5640 Those who do are condemned to die!  
 Elder and younger brothers here,  
 Our best plan to us make clear.  
 Seemingly I and my offspring will die —

What can we do about that, you and I?  
 So he said, in a serious mood.  
 Long he silent and saddened stood.  
 Then at last Akbalta replied:  
 "Well, Jakib, you are rich!" he cried.  
 If your son likes to get up such tricks,  
 5650 Don't expect restraint — they don't mix!  
 Will he not as Allah decrees?  
 Death or glory — as Allah may please!  
 While no Kitais have come there thus,  
 While no foes have defeated us,  
 Come, the spoil let's take and share!  
 Let's enjoy the store that's there!  
 In the Altai, we have refuge found,  
 But, before that, were we safe and sound?  
 No, we often our red blood shed!  
 5660 To Beidzhin's a long road!" he said.  
 "What can Beidzhin do us?" he cried,  
 "Why, to Beidzhin it's six month's ride!  
 What can perfidious Kitais now do?  
 Here Kalmaks in six families go,  
 Some four hundred of them, or so,  
 Your young son, bold Manas, has slain.  
 Six months since then rolled by again —  
 Have they come to destroy us again?  
 From the Kitais, with tricks and guile,  
 5670 We shall not save ourselves meanwhile!  
 Let us see, then, what Allah will send.  
 Let us submit to him, to the end!  
 Why without need know sorrow's yoke?  
 Make up your minds, and let's go, good folk!  
 All the elders to whom he spoke  
 Felt to revived, and silence they broke:  
 "He speaks the truth, with his wise old head!"  
 All sitting round about him said.  
 "Can we bring back the dead to life?  
 5680 Can we wipe out the previous strife?  
 Can we restore the lives of the slain?  
 Can we, by grieving, retrieve them again?



How long still shall we make our moan?  
How long still shall we grieve and groan?"  
Old Akbalta had said his say —  
Now young Manas must have his way.  
He was cross — to his father he cried:  
"What vexation I feel inside!  
Where is your reason, father, say I?

5690 Death, which Allah sends down from on high,  
You desire to escape, it seems!  
Can you, in this wide world of dreams,  
Gallop away to its uttermost end?  
If you fear what heaven may send,  
Then in sorrow you'll leave this earth,  
Fearing all, you'll regret your birth!  
Saddled, bestraddled, on charger found,  
At this decaying world's last bound,  
Can you arrive, however you strive?

5700 Can you in fear and grief survive?  
Seemingly, you are used to such shame!  
Why do you grieve and groan in vain  
Better give me, your son, to the Khan  
If he threatens to do you harm!  
Allah, almighty, all-powerful he,  
Gave you riches, and herds, and me.  
But it seemes that he made you mean!  
Those Kalmaks and Kitais, 'twould seem,  
Hostile feeling for me concealed.

5710 Why, in fear of Kalmaks, on the field,  
Why, in fear of Kitais, all the time,  
Should I live out this life of mine?  
Better that Allah should take my head!  
From the words which those merchants said,  
All these treasures come from the store  
Of great Khan Esen, what's more!  
Those Kalmaks and Kitais," said he,  
Evil intentions nursed towards me.  
That would mean — I'm destined to die.

5720 You yourselves have heard, by-the-by,  
What the merchants have told," said he,

If, by almighty Allah's decree,  
Of your only begotten son  
You are deprived, and left alone,  
Then the camels, between you divide —  
Don't just spill emty words!" he cried.  
Forty-five camels, and all their stores,  
Forty-odd families, they are yours!  
Some have already made their choice,  
5730 And in their portions they rejoice!  
Then an uninjured camel nearby,  
And that red camel, with broken thigh,  
He brought forth to his father there,  
Took down their packs, and left them bare.  
Straight the camels became less crooked,  
Then they unbound their packs, and looked:  
Emeralds and precious stones they found,  
Also white pearls, all bright and round.  
All these treasures more precious were  
5740 Than the others of satin and fur.  
All those goods on the camels packed,  
For the ones who could count exact,  
Were as a city's whole wealth assessed,  
Diamonds and brilliants, and all the rest,<sup>102</sup>  
Many fine silks and satins at last  
On four foals then they made fast.  
Bound them in felt, and tied them tight.  
Bay Jakib arrived home ere night,  
And the others received a share,  
5750 All who with him had travelled there.  
They received too silver and gold.  
Now Manas, over twelve years old,  
Thirty braves with him, all told,  
Let us leave them there with him...  
Let us turn to another theme,  
Hear of the son of Nogoi — Orozdu  
That Orozdu he had ten sons too.  
Let's hear all about them — what's new?  
Let's take a look at them, I'd say



5760 Most uncontrolled, it seemes, were they!  
 First and eldest was Chagatai,  
 Second was named as Chegetai,  
 Third was named as Kēbētai,  
 Fourth was named as Bēbētai,  
 Fifth was named as Begetai,  
 Sixth was named as Babatai,  
 Seventh was named as Sabatai,  
 Eighth was named as Kabatai,  
 Ninth was named as Tobotai,  
 5770 Tenth was named as Ordobai.  
 They all lived near the mount Opol,\*  
 Near where the ridges of Ding-Dung\* roll.  
 They had settled in Irandi.\*  
 Orozdu, their leader was he.  
 There they had sixty milking mares,  
 Five or six sons shared herdsmen's cares.  
 If they got cross over this or that,  
 One would go mad, knock the other one flat.  
 If they could not agree and be friends,  
 5780 Then they had quarrels without any ends.  
 Then no limit to curses one heard,  
 Then bitter battles and quarrels occurred,  
 Then they'd not cease to tease and annoy,  
 Split into fives, their fists they'd employ.  
 Beating each other as hard as they could,  
 Then in opposing positions they stood,  
 Then they did things which they never should,  
 Then they went to the judge's door,  
 And with horses they bribed him, what's more —  
 5790 Thus they only made themselves poor.  
 Orozdu, their sire, was a Khan.  
 When they were babes, he was such a fine man!  
 But from their squabbles he soon grew tired,  
 Grew grey and old ere time required.  
 They were so quarrelsome, so unrestrained,  
 Every day their poor father they pained.  
 Orozdu a young brother had,

Bai he was called when still just a lad.  
 Bai had two boys, two young lads then —  
 5800 Listen now to my tale about them.  
 Saying: "Kitais got the better of us.  
 We've lost many a good man thus!  
 We are fewer and weaker now —  
 What a curse fell on us I trow!"  
 To Orozdu came the younger Bai,  
 Settled down on Opol mount high.  
 That they lived as neighbours there,  
 Was of great interest, I declare!  
 Bai's eldest son was named Bakai.  
 5810 Nought that he heard he let slip by.  
 Bai's younger son was named Tailak,  
 Favoured by all the village, at that!  
 These two sons of their father Bai  
 Gathered much cattle, and no small fry!  
 But those sons of Orozdu  
 Never let them grow rich, it's true —<sup>103</sup>  
 Took their goods, and their cattle seized.  
 What way out? No pastures save these!<sup>104</sup>  
 How to oppose them — two against ten?  
 5820 Bai with Bakai took counsel then.  
 "Listen, my lad!" to him said he,  
 "Orozdu's sons are crude as can be.  
 When you object, they pay no heed,  
 They even fight one another, indeed!  
 They never cease to grind us down,  
 At each other they look with a frown.  
 Can't live in peace for two or three days,  
 Wrangling and tangling up their ways.  
 They never cease to offend us three men,  
 5830 Four or five days pass by, and then  
 At each other like wolves they tear —  
 Grabbing and snatching and tearing out hair.  
 Five or six days — and they're at it again,  
 Sticks and whips, with might and main.  
 Not even knowing the reason why,  
 Beat each other, and make dust fly.



Having each other's blood thus spilled,  
 Rush to the Khan, with anger filled,  
 And, returning with burning eye —

5840 "Where are Bai's sons?" they start to cry.  
 Let's go and drive their cattle here!"  
 So they bring loss to us severe.  
 I've but two sons — just you and he,  
 I'm just a strengthless old man, that's me!  
 Orozdu — he has ten sons,  
 Think about that, two only ones!  
 They seized so much of our cattle," said he,  
 "That the price of their blood they could be!  
 You, Bakai, are now eighteen —

5850 On your pasture fine herds I've seen —  
 Well-fed horses, fat camels — not few.  
 Bring me a steed, and saddle it too.  
 Buckle my belt around me so —  
 Allah's name on my lips, I'll go,  
 Round the whole Altai I'll ride,  
 In some place, on another side,  
 I've heard tell of a spot Shiyku,\*  
 I shall find my way there too.  
 Is there no field which they could give?  
 5860 Is there no folk, with whom no live?  
 Is there no stream there, is there no dell,  
 Is there no bey, who'd receive us well?  
 Here no more, you see, can we live!  
 My younger brother, your uncle Jakib,  
 Is he alive still, or is he dead?  
 If he's alive, as I once heard said,  
 Is he not one of those who makes moan,  
 Grieving without a son, all alone?  
 I'll find out just how does he fare,  
 5870 Maybe I'll meet him and greet him there!  
 I shall pray Allah it may be so!  
 If he has died, then I shall know.  
 Having mourned for him, I'll come back...  
 Sons — if you're both agreed to that,  
 Then all around Altai I shall go,

And today I shall set off so!"  
 Thus spoke their old father, Bai.  
 Those slow thoughts that in him did lie.  
 Then Bakai, with a nod, replied:

5880 "Go, set off then, father, and ride!  
 I have heard they are rich folk there —  
 Valleys with pasture lands to spare.  
 You will take a good look around —  
 If you find some suitable ground,  
 To Orozdu the news we'll tell,  
 And we'll invite him there as well.  
 I have heard — don't know if it's true,  
 That Jakib is still living too,  
 That he even has a son,  
 5890 Thirteen years old, and a real bold one!  
 So the word from afar runs here.  
 Chiyirdi, once wife of Chiyir,  
 Bore Jakib a fine young son,  
 He gave a feast to everyone.  
 And of one invited I heard,  
 Rode at the races, went the word,  
 So he received his share of the prize.  
 Well, that may be made-up lies,  
 But if that's not another Jakib,  
 5900 Then we must listen to this fib.  
 It would be good if we could find out,  
 If it's not somebody else about.  
 Go, then, father, go and see!  
 Don't think: 'Where can Altai be?'  
 Don't you worry, you'll find it all right!"  
 So said Bakai, to his father's delight.  
 So he decided that same day.  
 Bai set off then upon his way.  
 ✓ Through the foothills his steed then strode,  
 5910 Through the salty marshes he rode.  
 From the Great Bear, down south he went,  
 Sixty-nine years old, and bent.  
 Still, our Bai pursued his road.  
 Twice the skies with bright stars glowed,



Then at noon, on that third day,  
 Boundless, and wild in every way,  
 Endless desert did he reach...  
 Six thousand people digging a ditch  
 There he saw as he drew near...  
 5920 Every one who passes here  
 Suddenly from their steeds they wrench,  
 And compel them to dig at the trench.  
 Chief of those who dug barrows full  
 Was a merchant named Basankul.  
 And for those in their misery,  
 ✓ Just like a stab in the heart was he...  
 He who forced every one to dig,  
 He whom Satan had made a wild pig,  
 He who had all their horses slain,  
 5930 Was a giant, Nezkara by name. ✓  
 Thus to stop people from running away,  
 All their horses he ordered to slay.  
 Camels were slaughtered and soon lay low,  
 Thus folk were forced on foot to go.  
 Dead men were thrown on the ditch's side,  
 Loudly the sound of mattocks rang wide.  
 Basankul, the cruel overseer,  
 Cursed and swore for all to hear.  
 All the toilers fumbled in fear,  
 5940 They all trembled when he came near.  
 Knowing nothing of this bad lot,  
 Poor old Bai came up at a trot.  
 Having seen him, they did not stay,  
 They grabbed hold of him straight away,  
 Sent him flying off his horse,  
 Crashed him down on the ground by force.  
 Then at once his steed they slew...  
 He only thought of his sons — those two.  
 Though so weak he could barely stand,  
 5950 They pushed a mattock into his hand.  
 Follow now what I have to tell:  
 Bai was ordered to dig as well.  
 Though he cried : "I'm tired and weak!"

They only beat him — he couldn't speak.  
 Two-and-half days he thus passed by,  
 Then he felt he was going to die.  
 Murmuring: "I've no strength in my hands!"  
 Numb and dumb he fell on the sands.  
 "Look, the old man's finished!" they said.  
 5960 Stretched on the ditch-side he lay like dead  
 Then they said: "We'll drag him here,  
 Right by the ditch-side a place is clear.  
 He came only look around —  
 Now he'll be buried in this ground!  
 But 'neath the brushwood they found space,  
 There they left him — convenient place...  
 Eyes wide open, his lids did not fall,  
 Consciousness did not leave him at all.  
 Allah will send him success anyway,  
 5970 There'll come a better and happier day!..  
 Meanwhile I'll tell now of Nezkara.  
 Listen, how surprising things are!  
 He, it appears has a steed — Charbar,  
 Who converses with him — there you are!  
 Common-sense his master he taught,  
 But it wasn't his steed, as he thought —  
 Evil demons or djinns — they spoke,  
 Six dire devils, of Satan's folk!  
 If you look- they're unseen by the eye.  
 5980 If you touch — then away they fly!  
 They were protectors of Nezkara;  
 Fifty giant demons there are —  
 Twice a day, at morn and eve,  
 Tempting speeches they spin and weave,  
 But don't appear before his eyes.  
 "Well, if they don't — they don't!" he replies.  
 Nevertheless, he trusts what they say,  
 And obeys them in every way..  
 ✓ "Pour out an idol in gold!" they command.<sup>105</sup>  
 5990 "Always bow down to it!" then they demand. ✓  
 "Always do as it says!" they insist.  
 "All it foretells will soon then exist!"



Don't be kind of those who it curse!  
 Then in bad times your soul it will nurse!  
 It will support you, if so you have prayed!"  
 Round-faced the idol that he made.  
 Puffed-out the cheeks he gave it too.  
 Solid gold was its head all through!  
 Brows with a brush and enamel laid,  
 6000 Eyes out of precious stones he made.  
 Decorated with finery,  
 From pure gold the trunk made he.  
 Folded arms of gold he made,  
 ✓ Teeth of pearls to it he gave.  
 When of rubies his lips he formed  
 With this art his heart was warmed.  
 Thus he toiled from morn till eve —  
 His fine work he could not leave.  
 Thinking: "He will fulfil my wish!"  
 6010 All those demons were full of bliss!  
 That was a trick which from devils came!  
 Things made by hand a God to name!  
 Who could chatter such nonsense here?  
 Well let's leave that awhile to clear...  
 Now let's hear what the steed has to say:  
 "Bold Nezkara, my master today!  
 So that you should not perish ere due,  
 I've a few words to say to you!  
 I must warn you before, somehow —  
 6020 That great ditch which you're digging now,  
 You will not live to use, it seems.  
 That is merely one of your dreams.  
 Listen, for what I tell is true —  
 That great ditch being made by you,  
 Brings you the water from Ak-Su.\*  
 In the Altai many herds are found,  
 ✓ Horses are grazing all around.  
 Listen, for what I say is sound.  
 Foes will come, and kick up a noise,  
 6030 Those who are known there as Nogois.  
 And among those who raise battle-cries,

One who has yet to full power to rise,  
 There'll come a youngster, Manas by name,  
 Just remember — or me don't blame!  
 Thirty warriors along with him.  
 Thirteen years old, but bold and grim,  
 From the far reaches of Azemil.  
 Capture him, while you're living still.  
 On this lad, who's after your head,  
 6040 Keep a constant watch!" he said —  
 "Owner of all those steeds which neigh,  
 That's Jakib, a rich old bey.  
 Don't touch him, but take his son,  
 That's Manas, his only one.  
 Don't let him escape!" said he,  
 "If you do — then trouble there'll be!  
 That's the truth I tell, no lie.  
 Woe to you, if you let him by!  
 Then you'll part with your own soul!  
 6050 Up till now his muscles aren't whole,  
 Time's not ripe yet for knightly deeds.  
 More experience yet he needs.  
 In real battle he has not been,  
 Real war customs he has not seen.  
 Dust of battle's not filled his eyes.  
 Not a knight yet — though he tries!  
 Still he's not hard real battle-cries,  
 Wiles of war he can't surmise.  
 If you don't take him now by surprise,  
 6060 He will later prick out your eyes!  
 So, take note of what I say:  
 That Manas, if he gets his way,  
 He will slay you! Don't be absurd —  
 Listen, Nezkara, to my word!  
 Think it over, and look ahead —  
 Rise and slay Manas!" he said.  
 "Round up his horses, never fear,  
 Give them to those a-digging here.  
 Let them slay them, and have a feast,



6070 Let them be well-fed, at least!  
 If he falls in your hands," he said,  
 "Bind him and blind him, and leave him dead!"  
 So said those demons — through Chadbar,  
 Giving their orders to Nezkara...  
 On the work of Allah now look:  
 Nezkara went out and took  
 Over six thousand of his men,  
 All his labourers gathered then,  
 Every one, both young and old —  
 6080 All against lion Manas, the bold!  
 Bey Jakib thought: "All my colts  
 Grow black-eared now, no longer dolts.<sup>106</sup>  
 ✓ All my fat steeds have grown more fat,  
 Now heads of sedge fall dry and flat. ✓  
 On Kutez and Kulan-Dzhailoo  
 At that time his herds grazed too.  
 At the end of the early spring,  
 See what new order Jakib did bring!  
 To anybody it won't be clear  
 6090 Whether it's truth or nonsense here!  
 ✓ To Dzhashil-Kël\* summer pastures too  
 He drives his beasts by Kulan-Dzhailoo,<sup>107</sup>  
 There from the winter's cold to hide. ✓  
 There is found, on its southern side,  
 Kuu-Tez\* vale, both long and wide.  
 Thinking: "I'll ride to Kulan-Dzhailak,  
 Having no news of my son, alack,  
 I shall ride there on Tuuchnak.  
 See how things are going there,  
 6100 See how my son and our cattle fare!"  
 Bey Jakib then straddled his steed,  
 One of the best of dapple-grey breed,  
 Sat in his saddle, majestic indeed...  
 From Aral on their six-day ride,  
 On the road to Angir there hied,  
 With six-thousand men beside,  
 Nezkara, like a sweeping tide...

Having of this great host caught sight,  
 Bey Jakib felt a terrible fright.  
 6110 "What's all this!" and his face went white.  
 Straightway then he went to hide.  
 "I'll take one or two stragglers aside,  
 And I'll question them then," thought he.  
 After the horde he looked carefully.  
 If somebody by chance comes by,  
 I shall espy them, and then I'll try  
 Just to find out if they're going far.  
 I shall ask them whose men they are,  
 Thus all the news I'll get to hear.  
 6120 So he watched in the riders' rear.  
 With his six-thousand fighting men,  
 He observed their leader then.  
 Bey Jakib saw them making their way  
 To Alti-Su\*, which in Kaindi lay.  
 That was where they were heading for.  
 Then behind that host, what's more,  
 Some strange figure he chanced to spot.  
 Was it a warrior, or was it not?  
 Some old man on a mule, unknown,  
 6130 Who was wandering all alone!  
 Maybe he misses a son, like me?  
 I shall question him, then we'll see.  
 I shall ask him where does he fare?...  
 Now for a while we'll leave him there...  
 Here's old Bai, from his ditch-side hole.  
 Let us hear more of him, poor soul!  
 How Chadbar spoke then, he heard,  
 Saw how his master took his word.  
 From his grave, all scattered with sand,  
 6140 What he heard could well understand!  
 He forgot his own plight for a while.  
 Bai, who'd been buried in careless style,  
 Look then what that old man did now!  
 All his strength he gathered somehow,  
 Pulled himself out of his sandy bed...  
 All which the horse Chadbar had said,



While in his grave, got fixed in his head.  
 When Nezkara drove all his men,  
 Off to seize Jakib's steeds then,  
 6150 And to make a feast out of them,  
 Thus to feed his ditch-diggers there,  
 And in order to do this affair,  
 Brought his own steeds, and excitedly cried:  
 "Mount them now, and away we'll ride!"  
 So they had all then galloped away —  
 All he heard and saw that day.  
 So he waited an hour or two —  
 Then from his hole himself he drew.  
 Yes, he remembered they'd killed his horse,  
 6160 But could make no complaint, of course.  
 Thinking: "On foot I'll have to go!"  
 Get out of here, and save myself so.  
 Feeling: "This desert I can't abide!"  
 Off he went, looking round each side...  
 Finally found a vale called Dzhangak.\*  
 There six mules and four asses, alack,  
 Lost, or forgotten by someone, maybe,  
 Chasing after them awkward went he.  
 Soon a suitable mule he found,  
 6170 Scattered some millet upon the ground,  
 Up to the mule he quickly went,  
 All his efforts he specially spent —  
 Grabbed its mane and held it fast...  
 Some of the ditch-diggers, left to the last,  
 At the very far end of the ditch,  
 Had not noticed when Bai made his switch.  
 They knew nothing of his escape,  
 That he had had a narrow scrape.  
 "Who's that?" they said, "Some greybeard fool!"  
 6180 When they saw him catching the mule.  
 They just could not make it out,  
 What old Bai was there about.  
 Clearly, — he was some stranger, some fool!  
 Clearly, — he was stealing a mule!  
 They decided to catch him out,

Ran after him, and started to shout.  
 Few were youngsters, more were old.  
 Thus now must the tale be told.  
 Galloping off from them, all about,  
 6190 Like a swan, with its neck stretched out,  
 Bai on his mule rode up the crest,  
 There he hurled stones down on the rest,  
 Striking several who him opposed,  
 But the way back home they closed...  
 So, willy-nilly, not gladly by far,  
 He took the tracks of Nezkara.  
 How he fumed against his fate!  
 But his troubles did not abate.  
 "Now I must change my route again —  
 6200 Follow the other ditch-diggers, that's plain!  
 No other way now is open for me!  
 While better folk than these I don't see,  
 I shall tail here, along in their rear,  
 Not let them see me, not know I'm here.  
 With such an ill-fated legion as these,  
 I should not wish to mix, if you please!"  
 So thought our Bai as he rode on his way.  
 "Now things are going much better today!"  
 Beating his mule on its lengthy ears,  
 6210 Se how he travels, and scarcely appears!  
 Meanwhile Jakib thought: "Whose are these men?  
 Where are these legions coming from then?  
 Who is their Khan, and who is their bey?  
 I must find out in some hidden way!  
 Then he gazed at the horde once again —  
 Something he saw far behind, not plain.  
 So Jakib decided to wait.  
 Tuuchnak, in restless state,  
 When the horde passed, he began to beat.  
 6220 Thought: "I'll question this man when we meet!"  
 So he went trotting towards him there  
 "Greetings! Mëndyu!\* Say, how do you fare?"  
 Then the word "Salaam" was not known,  
 So we greeted "Mëndyu" alone.



Bey Jakib had a beard of grey.  
He met this white-beard man on the way:  
"Are you in good health today?"  
He replied: "I am well, bold squire!  
Where are you from, may I require?"

6230 Tell me your tribe, your distant sire?  
Since he made a polite request,  
Bey Jakib then did his best:  
"This is who I am!" said he,  
"From Baigur comes my line, you see.  
He was a very great rich man.  
Next in line came Babir-khan.  
When I think of the changes of fate,  
Then I fall in marvelling state.

Third in the line was our Tyubei —  
6240 Many our folk were, during his day.  
Fourth in the line was our Kēgēi,  
He had a son who was named Nogoi,  
I was Nogoi's youngest son!" said he.  
"When I was seventeen years, woe's me,  
Father and mother both passed away!  
I was unhappy, in exile did stray,  
There where Koton cascading pours,  
There to Suu-Shang lake's far shores,  
There to Bēēn's fine son, Chayan,

6250 Roofless and lonely I wondered on...  
To Chayan's home at last I came,  
With him I earned a workman's name.  
Many a year I served him well,  
By the lake Suu-Shang did dwell.  
Since Bēēn and Chayan have died,  
Thirty-odd years have rolled aside.  
In the Altai I came to stay.

Bey Jakib I am called today!"  
When he heard this final word,  
6260 Bai cried out aloud "Good Lord!  
Now, it seems, a lifetime's passed!  
How this world changes!" he said at last.  
"You were only just seventeen —

Spoiled by father and mother had been.  
Careless you were, and over-bold.  
I was then just twenty years old.  
You were the tail, and I was the mane.<sup>108</sup>  
Let this changing world change again!

You were already running wild,  
6270 You were still just a cheerful child!  
You were the one who pleased my eyes,  
You were the joy which roused my cries,  
You were my staff, and you were my stay.  
You were the babe, whose cradle I'd sway.  
You were my prop, if I should slide,  
You and I in one womb did hide,  
You and I together games played,  
You and I our parting made,  
When the ruler us both expelled,  
6280 When a heathen power compelled.

You went off, Jakib, my hope,  
Sick, my soul for you did grope.  
When Tuuchang the ruler became,  
Sons of Nogoi he scattered the same.  
But my living soul still yearned,  
And till this very day it burned,  
Should I really see you again?  
I'm your Bai — we're brothers twain!  
I was your guardian then, you know,  
6290 When we were parted so long ago!  
Like became boring, empty, grey.  
Scarce seventeen you were that day.  
Parted from you I knew no rest,  
How my heart grieved within my breast!  
You, my race-horse, my speedy steed,  
You, my horse-shoe, in case of need!  
You, my cuirass, to deflect the blow!<sup>109</sup>  
Yes, you have suffered too, I know!  
Sad, since separation began...

6300 Now you look like a quite old man.  
Now today my heart's full of joy,  
Thinking of you, I feel like a boy!



Dear Jakib — is it you I see?  
 Dear Jakib — in reality?..  
 Loudly did he his pleasure declare,  
 Seeing his elder brother there,  
 Bey Jakib slid down from his steed,  
 Loudly his joy he cried, indeed!  
 Ran towards his brother in tears —  
 6310 Separated nigh sixty years...  
 Both of them wept till their breasts were wet.  
 Days of the past they could not forget.  
 "You are my collar-sewn amulet!"<sup>110</sup>  
 Are all my wishes answered yet?  
 Now comes the day of reunion for us?  
 In my prayers I have pleaded thus!"  
 Sixty years they had been apart,  
 Grieved and peeved so deep at heart!  
 Elder and younger brothers had met.  
 6320 Loudly they wept on the empty steppe.  
 Safe and sound each other they met —  
 Spirits of ancestors bless them yet!  
 Bai then his question put forward so:  
 "Have you got children?" he wanted to know.  
 That was the first and principle one.  
 Then Jakib replied: "I have a son —  
 Allah come to his aid!" said he.  
 "I was as miserable as could be —  
 All the world seemed dry and dead!"  
 6330 Both my younger wives," he said,  
 Now are pregnant, their time soon due.  
 Soon they'll give birth to children too.  
 So I think that all will be well...  
 Brother Bai had much to tell,  
 Many more questions too had he.  
 "You had a son in late age, I see.  
 Long had you been grieving for him.  
 Here the steppe is bare and grim —  
 Where, then have all the people fled?  
 6340 Why all so empty here?" he said.  
 "All is deserted, can you tell why?

Feather-grass waves and sways waist-high.  
 Deer run here, quite unafraid?!"  
 Bai his many enquiries made.  
 So Jakib did his best to reply:  
 "Since I came here when wandering by,  
 Pastures have fed increasing herds.  
 Thirty-odd years have passed, mark my words,  
 Since I came to this empty space.  
 6350 Listen, I'll tell you about this place!  
 When I first arrived," he said,  
 "Horses were breathless, though not far-spaced,<sup>111</sup>  
 Thanks to rare and mountain air.  
 Here, round the steppe, high hills everywhere.  
 Here are passes, and mountain crests.  
 Though on the heights no thick grass rests,<sup>112</sup>  
 Mountain sheep graze there, like grains of sand,  
 Mountain rams too, which know no man.  
 Even poor devils here bless their luck.  
 6360 Here are mounds, and gulley, and ruck,  
 Ledges, and wedges of mountain crests.  
 Here no sign of humanity rests.  
 No human foot round here did pass.  
 On these high hills there's no thick grass.  
 Does are here, who know no man's hand,  
 Stags are here in numbers grand.  
 I found peace here in this free land.  
 Even the sad ones glad here stand.  
 I praise God that rich I've grown!  
 6370 What of you, dear brother, my own?  
 Tell me how you live!" he said.  
 "Has mighty Allah blessed your head?  
 Has he given you children too?  
 If the Creator can't send them — who?  
 What can a mortal man then do?"  
 So Jakib raised his question anew.  
 "I have two sons!" then Bai replied,  
 "Consolation, support beside!  
 Long my folk I have not seen,



6380 And in constant alarm I've been.  
 My Kirghiz, of a dozen tribes,  
 Were not near, I grieved besides,  
 And I yearned and burned for them,  
 And I thought of my brother then.  
 Three times a day, Jakib, I wept,  
 Barely my hold on life I kept.  
 Long since I've lived with Orozdu,  
 And I've learned to respect him too.  
 He'd been a khan, but had fallen low,  
 6390 Suffered from sons who brought him woe.  
 Fearing their frequent squabbles and fights,  
 He couldn't rest in peace of nights.  
 He'd been a bey, but a wretch became,  
 Through his sons was covered in shame.  
 Sad he went, cried "Woe is me!  
 All my folk have left, I see.  
 When they were many, my life was gay.  
 Why did I not die then, I say?"  
 Eighty years old — just look at him!  
 6400 All his hair grown white and thin!  
 Thinking things over, he shook his head,  
 Bitter tears of sorrow he shed!"  
 So did Bai give account again.  
 Bey Jakib then shared his pain...  
 "Come now, how did you name your sons,  
 Those two kind and helpful ones?"  
 "My first son I named Bakai.  
 Tailik, the second one named I.  
 Now I regret that they're not night!"  
 6410 Thus old Bai make his reply.  
 "I'd like to see them, sound as a bell!"  
 Bey Jakib blessed their names as well.  
 Thus they sat talking as time went by:  
 "We're both poor wretches, you and I!"  
 So to Jakib did Bai reply.  
 "Tell me, Jakib, about your son —  
 What is his name, your only one?"

Bey Jakib answered: "God's will be done!  
 He is my one and only son,  
 6420 May Allah aid him, or help there's none!  
 My son is named Manas!" he said.  
 When he heard it, Bai nodded his head.  
 "Very melodious it sounds!" said he,  
 "Better there surely could not be!  
 May his forebears' spirits approve,  
 Give him support, and show their love!"  
 So he raised his hands in prayer.  
 Heart to heart they sat talking there.  
 Then old Bai, whose mind grew weak,  
 6430 Suddenly ceased, no more could speak.  
 He'd just remembered how Nezkara  
 Headed six thousand on roads afar,  
 Solely to slay a lad called Marras!  
 "Bey Jakib, I recall now, alas, —  
 When, in search of you, I went out,  
 More that two days I wandered about,  
 And towards the Altai I strayed.  
 Thousands there a long ditch made.  
 Nezkara was their overseer,  
 6440 And I met him, unlooked for, there.  
 Right in my road he stood that day.  
 I knew not what woe there lay.  
 Soon as he saw me, he stepped in,  
 Dragged me down beside of him,  
 Slew my steed, despite my cries,  
 Took me completely by surprise.  
 Then, like fate, o'er me did stand,  
 Thrust a mattock into my hand,  
 Ordered: "Dig now, fast as you can!"  
 6450 Swore at me, tore at me — brute of a man!  
 So with the mattock I beat away,  
 Dug and lugged the live-long day,  
 Further day-and-a-halt as well,  
 Then, exhausted, down I fell.  
 Cries resounded, crude and rough:  
 "Old man's dead!" and they dragged me off.



'Neath the brushwood, there I lay,  
 Breathless, helpless, a lump of a clay,  
 Worn out, not a word could I speak.  
 6460 Numb, and dumb, and terribly weak..  
 Glancing at me, "He's finished!" they said.  
 Under a bush I lay, like dead,  
 On my body — strewn soil and sand,  
 Legs and feet below the land,  
 But my breast at least was free..  
 When my senses returned to me,  
 I looked round, both near and far,  
 Saw, on his sinewy steed Chadbar,  
 In a black tunic, on his own,  
 6470 With a bow o'er his shoulder thrown,  
 He whom devil and demons drive here —  
 Nezkara, chieftain, and overseer.  
 Any who fought he had no success.  
 Crude were his ways, his words no less.  
 He was conversing with his steed —  
 Keeping counsel with Satan, indeed.  
 He was under some kind of spell,  
 Where the Devil helped him as well.  
 For the ditch he was digging there,  
 6480 He had now not the slightest care.  
 With not a glance, ahead he sped.  
 More than six-thousand men he led.  
 I recalled what his steed had said:  
 "Who's this Manas?" just bothered my head.  
 Nothing of him before I'd heard,  
 So I pulled myself out of the earth.  
 "I must go where they go!" I thought,  
 So for myself a mule I caught.  
 Six whole days I followed their track,  
 6490 Riding after — a long way back.  
 I tried to keep myself out of sight.  
 I remembered their beatings all right!  
 "Maybe I'll meet someone on the way —  
 If I don't I must starve today!"  
 Just when I was full of distress,

Then, my saviour, you, no less,  
 There I saw before my eyes!..  
 Nezkara to Manas now flies,  
 He is going to kill him, too!  
 6500 Take my word for it, this is true!  
 So to Jakib said brother Bai.  
 When he heard this, he raised a cry,  
 And in fear he began to quake.  
 "We must quickly the road home take,  
 Gallop straight back to our village!" he said,  
 "Gather our people, and go ahead!"  
 So Jakib decided straightway.  
 See how he hastens home that day!  
 When back to his village he comes,  
 6510 Gathers Kirghiz from seventy homes,  
 Giving them news when he arrives.  
 All of them were scared for their lives,  
 All disturbed and distressed were they.  
 "We must take the far road!" they say.  
 So Jakib told 'Balta the same,  
 And Kalmaks, who from Mandzhu came,  
 Almost three hundred families there —  
 All of them Straight away prepare.  
 For Salamat, and for Oshpur,  
 6520 Send unfortunate news to their door.  
 Off went poor old Akbalta,  
 Six whole days he travelled afar,  
 Went without stopping for the night,  
 Went informing all in sight.  
 All Kazakhs in distant lands,  
 To Edil and Dzhayik's far strands,  
 To Barksan\*, to Sharkan\* as well,  
 All the news he had to tell.  
 Strong-man Konēs, a roaring force,  
 6530 Saddled, bestraddled his restive horse.  
 Aidarkan, the son of Kambar,  
 Known by Kazakhs, both near and far,  
 Said, "We won't allow Nezkara  
 From Lopa, to get all puffed up —



We won't pity that upstart pup!"  
 Out on the highway then went they,  
 Eight thousand riders gathered that day.  
 Like a torrent they flowed away.  
 Five of six days they ride and then  
 6540 Find themselves united again.  
 Meanwhile there travelled from afar,  
 Over roads strange for Nezkara,  
 Often losing their unknown way,  
 Six thousand men in war array.  
 By Ken-Aral\*, where Jakib did dwell,  
 By the low road they went as well.  
 On that track two days they went,  
 Many an hour in search they spent,  
 On Manguls' wide lands did fare,  
 6550 Herds of horses found grazing there.  
 All they seized and drove them back,  
 Herding them on the homeward track.  
 Owner Manguls all cried "Alack!  
 Here's a vast horde, a hard nut to crack!  
 Thousands of them our pastures sack —  
 Woe to the ones who would them attack!  
 One bold Mangul, Dzhaisanbai by name,  
 He was a bey of local fame,  
 He had ten thousand horses there —  
 6560 No small riches, I must declare!  
 All they seized, to the very last mare!  
 How their owners cried out in despair,  
 Galloped about, and tried to find out  
 Who they were, and what were about?  
 There was none whom they might ask:  
 "Whose men are these, and what's their task?"  
 So they chased off the raider's trail,  
 Tried to ask stragglers on the tail.  
 All Manguls they met in a scare —  
 6570 Five hundred men at least were there.  
 Whooping and swooping their steeds about,  
 Loudly, despairing, they started to shout:  
 "Whose men are you, and what's your race?

Who's your leader? Show your face!  
 Answer our questions, and quickly too!  
 What are you seeking? What do you do?  
 Who are you fighting? Who is your foe?  
 Who are you after, we want to know?  
 Give us your answer!" they loudly said.  
 6580 Basankul, the ditch-diggers' head,  
 Then replied: "Jakib's son, Manas —  
 Where is he? Reply to us!  
 He, the descendant of Baigur —  
 He is the one were hunting for!  
 He is the one we want to find!"  
 Then the Manguls to them replied:  
 "In Kuu-Tez and Kulan-Dzhailoo,  
 Manas and Jakib are waiting for you.  
 Jakib's the father — Manas - the son.  
 6590 He is a bold and valorous one,  
 He is a cocky and stocky one too!  
 Don't seize our horses, whatever you do!  
 Don't bring such suffering on our head,  
 Just because after Manas you've sped!  
 Who is your chief? your leader — who?  
 Take revenge, if you hate us too.  
 If you have reason, tell us why?  
 Loudly then cried Dzhaisanbai.  
 Basankul paid no heed to him then —  
 6600 Told Nezkara what was said to them.  
 "From Dariya on the road we have come,  
 Six thousand men and more, each one.  
 Clearly, about Jakib we know.  
 Clearly he's tricked and deceived us so,  
 His Manas he has hidden away,  
 His Manas is unseen today.  
 Clearly, Jakib is a very rich bey.  
 None other has such herds, they say.  
 Let us go careful with him, indeed,  
 6610 Let's say "We'll give you back each steed!"  
 Kindly and softly with him let's speak,  
 Throw a noose round his neck, when weak,



That fat squab we'll easily take,  
 That plump swob we'll easily break.  
 Clearly, Jakib is a real live man.  
 Let him deny it if he can.  
 That will be only to lead us astray!"  
 Nez kara pondered thus, in his way.  
 Old Basankul then further said:  
 6620 "He's an old man, with a tricky head!  
 We must catch him out, if we can!"  
 Then Manguls, collecting each man,  
 Six hundred now had gathered there.  
 Basankul saw all this quite clear,  
 Left the ranks, went to Dzhaisanbai,  
 Saying: "We'll let your horses lie,  
 So that you too may peacefully sleep.  
 Nothing belonging to you we'll keep.  
 We shall let all your treasures be...  
 6630 Dzhaisanbai, come nearer!" said he,  
 "Serve us!" he said, "Reap rich rewards!  
 Young Manas, whom Jakib adores,  
 Seek him, and take him for us!" he said.  
 Dzhaisanbai just shook his head,  
 Got very angry, and curtly replied:  
 "Near your road, on the other side,  
 Young Manas remained behind.  
 Six thousand men of yours couldn't find  
 One young man! Did none of them know  
 6640 Hills around here, which hid him so?  
 I cannot help you in this, I'm scared!  
 Young Manas is much to be feared!  
 I have no power to take him!" said he.  
 "I could not bring him captive, you see!  
 If you take not only horses, but all,  
 If on my village and people you fall,  
 Nonetheless, I have not the power,  
 Which in Manas is now in flower!  
 So Dzhaisanbai responded, calm-eyed.  
 6650 Basankul listened as he replied.  
 "Come here," he said, "and ride with me

Back to my chief. Nez kara we'll see.  
 All that I've asked, of that you may tell,  
 Let Nez kara know of that as well.  
 Then all the horses he liked, he took.  
 "Come, let us ride!" He gave a stern look.  
 "What are you trying to fasten on me?  
 I can do nothing! Can you not see?"  
 So Dzhaisanbai replied, looking black,  
 6660 Turned his steed round, and then rode back.  
 Thinking: "I'll soon overtake that knave!"  
 Basankul, the self-satisfied slave,  
 Whipped his horse up, and made him fly.  
 Having turned homeward, Dzhaisanbai  
 Galloped towards his gathered men.  
 When Basankul chased after him then,  
 One Kalmak, by the name of Tanoo,  
 Took his bow and an arrow too,  
 And, defending his chief, let fly.  
 6670 Basankul crashed down with a cry...  
 With an arrow stuck in him fast,  
 Down he hurled, and breathed his last...  
 Having seen this with his own eyes,  
 Nez kara to Dzhaisanbai flies...  
 His huge horde stood there looking on,  
 Packed like sand-grains, they stood as one.  
 Four thousand men, and more; remained,  
 Two thousand men behind him he trained.  
 At Dzhaisanbai, overwhelmed, poor wretch,  
 6680 Nez kara's men hurled on, full stretch.  
 Straight at him together they flew,  
 But the six-hundred there, though few,  
 Found an excellent place to shoot.  
 They brought out their guns, to boot,  
 And small cannon to fire as well.  
 Out they thundered, and many fell.  
 First two thousand in the attack  
 Started to tremble, and then fell back,  
 And to avoid complete defeat,



6690 Had to make a slight retreat.  
 Nezkara in a fury flew —  
 Beat Chadbar, his charger, too.  
 Dust went flying up to the sky,  
 When, as one, did six thousand fly.  
 In one horde on them they hurled,  
 When this host, advancing, whirled,  
 Dzhaibanbai could not hold out.  
 Therefore he turned his steed about,  
 And he quitted his village instead —  
 6700 Into the nearby hills he fled...  
 Then the thousands from Dariya,  
 Into the village broke the bar,  
 Seized young girls, and youths as well,  
 Snatched and grabbed, and kicked up hell,  
 Over the spoils began to fight.  
 "You took more than yours by right!"  
 Wrestled and grappled, and stole yet more,  
 Like the horses they'd seized before.  
 With their booty now loaded high,  
 6710 Nezkara, the half-Kitai,  
 Thus despoiled poor Dzhusanbai.  
 He, who feared as a slave to die,  
 Into the heights was forced to flee,  
 In the woods found security.  
 Nezkara exclaimed with a frown:  
 "Curse him, I failed to cut him down!"  
 Women were weeping and wailing around,  
 Children crying were everywhere found.  
 Men, not seized by the furious foe,  
 6720 Into the gullies went hiding so,  
 Ran away, took refuge there.  
 Ravagers left the village bare,  
 Beat up forty or fifty old men,  
 Mutilated many of them.  
 Having sackfuls of spoil then seized,  
 Drank and guzzled as they pleased.  
 There they lay and stayed the night,

As they deemed took their delight.  
 Having made bloody revelry,  
 6730 On the slain cattle they feasted free.  
 Then a drunken daze they snored.  
 Next day all their plunder they stored.  
 Heroes to themselves did seem.  
 From the maidens of round fifteen,  
 From the ones with long black hair,  
 From the loveliest they saw there,  
 From the girls with head-gear trim,  
 Over six-score they took with them.  
 From the young wives they took their due,  
 6740 From the high-breasted young women too.  
 From the black-browed, of medium height,  
 From the women with beauty bright,  
 Ten-score such they carried away.  
 There the camels snorted their spray,  
 There the asses began to bray,  
 There the cows began to moo,  
 There the sheep began to low,  
 There the horses began to neigh...  
 Having bound captives from the fray,  
 6750 Slowly they drove the cattle away,  
 Out on the highway, file on file...  
 Let us leave them there meanwhile,  
 Under their chieftain, Nezkara...  
 Bey Jakib sent news afar —  
 From his neighbours he gathered in  
 Four or more hundred fighting men.  
 Banners fluttered, spears shone bright.  
 All those braves were ready to fight.  
 With Jakib, in reserve, stood then,  
 6760 Of the elder and weaker men,  
 And the younger lads as well,  
 Ten-score more, the count to swell.  
 So with six hundred fighters true,  
 On the road by Almalu,  
 Stood Manas, and his men beside.  
 "If you don't know my name," he cried,



"How will you ever defeat me, say?"  
 So he barred to the foe the way.  
 Ordered the gunners to take good aim,  
 6770 And all the fusiliers the same.  
 Then their thunder roared far and wide,  
 As the attackers he drove aside.  
 Thus great loss he caused the foe.  
 Nezkara's grand host moved slow.  
 Those who thought themselves heroes then,  
 Saw that the road was blocked for them.  
 Such annoyance in this they found —  
 No way out, and no way round!  
 Looking back for those in reserve,  
 6780 None they saw coming to fight with verve.  
 Those six thousand now grew less,  
 Losing men in the fiery press,  
 For that road by Almalu  
 Lion Manas had closed, it's true.<sup>113</sup>  
 How his guns had thundered out!  
 Midday passed, and he raised a shout:  
 Aidarkan, Kambar's young son,  
 From Altai this hero had come,  
 And another knight was there —  
 6790 Thundering strong-man Kyuneker,  
 From the Naimans of Karabek,  
 Shouting: "We shall break your neck!  
 If you wish to fight, step forth,  
 And if you can then show your worth!"  
 Then with the clashing of shining spears,  
 Leading forty knights, there appears  
 One young brave of sixteen years,  
 Named Këkchë, whom each foe fears.  
 With Alimset, his herald, beside,  
 6800 And before all the foes he cried:  
 "I am known as Këkchë by all!  
 Where have you come from, boasters small?  
 Fight in single combat with me!  
 Here I stand for all to see!  
 None stepped forth to accept his call —

On the Kitais did confusion fall.  
 And embarrassed, they all stood dumb.  
 After Këkchë another had come —  
 A Mangul warrior then stepped out,  
 6810 And his name "Ushang!" did shout  
 In his armour of shining steel,  
 With a cry, on his steed did wheel.  
 With him, a hundred-and-fifty men.  
 He was a capable chief, 'twas clear,  
 On the road too, Umët did appear,  
 With his two hundred raised a cheer.  
 Then beside them appeared Dzhaïsan —  
 Thousand-five-hundred braves, to a man!  
 Straightway they blocked the enemy's rear.  
 6820 Men from Altï-Shaara now appear.  
 All will go well, we see of course.  
 With loud clamour strong-man Kyunës,  
 Waving his threatening club again,  
 With eight thousand warriors came.  
 Numberless men in torrents poured,  
 And the besieged foe's view was obscured.  
 Where Ak-Kiya's\* high slopes spread wide,  
 With his father Jakib by his side,  
 Only thirteen-and-a-half years old,  
 6830 He who is blessed with success, and bold,  
 There stood, barring their way, Manas.  
 One who came from the city Kampas,\*  
 Where the Karadzhoi\* steppeland lies,  
 Who between Kalmaks and Kitais  
 Lived on the very boundary —  
 Cried: "However strong you may be,  
 You won't escape destruction by me!"  
 That was Dang-Dang — a strong-man was he.  
 He who killed all he fought, indeed.  
 6840 Prancing went Ularboz, his steed,  
 Breast-shield of steel-clad boards he bore,  
 With a long steel spike to the fore.  
 Overthrowing attacking foes,  
 He himself with his long spear goes,



And a club of gigantic size,  
 Which from time to time he plies.  
 Not even glancing once around,  
 He came thundering over the ground...  
 See, upon his snorting horse,  
 6850 To the fore rode strong-man Kyunēs.  
 To the fore, with a roar rode he.  
 Those quite close just trembled to see.  
 Having set his spear aright,  
 Spurred his steed, with shield held tight,  
 Thinking: "There is his saddle-bow —  
 I'll aim straight at his heart, just so!"  
 At full gallop they struck with their spears.  
 "Clang!" a blow on the breast one hears.  
 "Clang!" a bang on the shield rings out —  
 6860 Leaning on each other they shout...  
 Now just see how the matter stands —  
 Spears stand useless in their hands.  
 Now they both take up their clubs,  
 Each the other, furious, drubs.  
 Blows could be heard a day away.  
 Clanging and banging, they beat at bay.  
 When those clubs on steel shields ring,  
 How the echoes around them sing!  
 Having put their bludgeons by,  
 6870 Having given a threatening cry,  
 At each other they charge again,  
 Seize hold of collars, might and main,  
 Then, persistent, their blows they rain.  
 Strong-men, sweating beneath the strain,  
 Dragging each other from his steed,  
 When they tug full strength, indeed,  
 Up to the pastern their horses sink,  
 Rear up sheer, and wide eyes blink.  
 Dand-dang, the champion, from Kampas,  
 6880 Driven into a fury thus,  
 That poor devil Kunēs he seized,  
 From his saddle he swiftly eased,  
 People stood and looked aghast,

As Kunēs he twisted fast,  
 Hurling him down upon the field.  
 He lay dead upon his shield...  
 Dust arose from the trampled plain.  
 Those nearby said: "He is slain!  
 With his blood this spot is stained!"  
 6890 So that place after him was named.  
 Crying: "Their strongest giant I slew,  
 That Kirghiz hurled down as due,  
 Broke his breast-bone and back-bone so,  
 And Kalmaks I brought to woe,  
 Now my name Dang-Dang is known!  
 If another would face me alone,  
 Let him step forth, and test his will!"  
 Thus he cried, both loud and shrill.  
 Hearing his boast, stepped forth a young man  
 6900 With the battle-cry "Aidarkan!"  
 Thus stepped forth his son, Kēkchē.  
 "Woe is me, my son, I aver —  
 You will turn white grey hair of mine!"  
 Cried his father, just in time.  
 He would not let him challenge Dang-Dang.  
 When Aidarkan to his son's side sprang,  
 Then his reply rang loud in his ear:  
 "Why do you come, and follow me here?  
 Why my challenge have you delayed,  
 6910 Father of mine?" he cried, dismayed.  
 He had already straddled his steed,  
 He was burning for battle's deed.  
 Aidarkan, though, that road had barred.  
 "You are too young, your muscles not hard,  
 You have not yet sufficient strength,  
 And your heart would give out at length!  
 Your time's not ripe for combat now,  
 Son of mine, that's the truth, I vow!  
 Wait a little, till you're a real man!"  
 6920 Such were the words of Aidarkan.  
 Brave Kēkchē, on hearing this, he  
 Thought "My father speaks wisely to me!



Since that's so, then I'll obey!"  
 Therefore he turned his horse away,  
 And rode back to his fighting men.  
 Aidarkan remained there then,  
 After he had left the scene,  
 Took up the place where his son had been.  
 Battle-axe ready, in case of need,  
 6930 He spurred on Ularboz, his steed.  
 Spear held fast, he dashed to the deed.  
 Bold Dang-Dang prepared to attack,  
 Saw him coming, his looks were black,  
 Thrust his spear against his foe —  
 Aidarkan was resourceful, though,  
 Warded off the sharp spear's blow,  
 So that it stuck in the ground below,  
 And its flag in the mire also.  
 Furious, helm thrust forth like a ram,  
 6940 Crying "I'll show him just who I am!"  
 Giant Dang-Dang, gone mad with rage,  
 Stuck on the spear of one more sage!  
 Now, just see, how clever is age!  
 Not at his breast he'd aimed, nor his heart,  
 No, he'd chosen a vulnerable part.  
 Though it may seem to you uncouth —  
 He'd directed his spear to his mouth!  
 Once he'd struck, and that was enough!  
 Through his throat went the spear-head tough,  
 6950 Out through his nape it burst forth rough...  
 From the Kitais another stepped forth,  
 Strong-man Kēdēng, to show his wrath.  
 Straightway his spear he fiercely set  
 On Aidarkan, unprepared as yet.  
 Facing such fury, he had to retreat,  
 And his victory could not repeat.  
 But Manas had seen the attack —  
 Nothing now could hold him back.  
 On Akkula he sped at his best,  
 6960 With his helmet stuck in his breast.  
 Crying "For Bey Jakib!" he rode,

On Akkula he forward strode,  
 Stuck his banner-staff in the ground,  
 In the wind his pennant streamed round.  
 Headlong into the joust he set.  
 Soon as Kitai Kēdēng he met,  
 Him, like a cap, from the saddle he cast,  
 Just one thrust, the first and last!  
 Following him came Iranshoo.  
 6970 This Kitai shook a long spear too.  
 All the heathens cried out "Hoo-rah!"  
 But when Manas rode up to the bar,  
 All his men shouted "Manas! Manas!"  
 So he went forward to meet him thus.  
 On his steed Akkula he sped,  
 One more thrust — Iranshoo lay dead!  
 Down he was hurled on the ground below,  
 Head in the dust, defeated so.  
 There in the mire his corpse lay spread,  
 6980 With his tunic blown over his head.  
 When the heathen was pierced through so,  
 Then his dark blood began to flow  
 Onto Manas' spear it poured...  
 All the Kitais who saw it roared,  
 Their five senses all fled afar.  
 Then their champion Shangmusar,  
 On his steed who was named Shaltang,  
 Who with his heavy armour rang,  
 He came charging forward to fight.  
 6990 On his back Shangmusar sat tight.  
 Then his bow and arrow took he,  
 Sent a shaft flying, swift as could be,  
 But bold Manas went galloping on,  
 Full of fury, his dark eyes shone.  
 Then the Kitai get fly again —  
 But his efforts were all in vain.  
 When to his quiver his hand he dropped,  
 Then Manas not one moment stopped,  
 Struck with his battle-axe straight on his head.



7000 Shangmusar reeled backwards dead.  
 Was that not valorous, what he did?  
 Slipped from his steed, and hewed off his head.  
 Then Shaltang by the bridle he took,  
 Rode to old Bai, and said to him "Look!  
 Thanks to that combat, this steed's for you!  
 Bai accepted him, gratefully too,  
 Saying "May Allah come to your aid!"  
 Bowed to him too for the gift he'd made.  
 Those who had come from Alti-Shaar,  
 7010 Seeing this, weren't pleased by far.  
 So they raised a protesting cry.  
 Nezkara, impatient, stood by.  
 Then he spurred Chadbar his steed,  
 And to attack Manas made speed...  
 "Be you accursed, you heathen!" cried he.  
 "Judgement Day now your end will see!"  
 So cried Manas, spurring Akkula,  
 Racing on towards Nezkara.  
 With a screech he reached his foe,  
 7020 Holding his spear-point steady so.  
 His Chiltens then, all the same,  
 Changing their shapes, to his succour came,  
 One as a tiger, sprang with him,  
 One as a snarling dragon grim,  
 One as a roaring lion leapt,  
 Some as black-winged eagles swept.  
 All the Chiltens — their full two-score,  
 Showing their teeth and talons once more;  
 Soaring above him in the skies,  
 7030 See the flock of black eagles flies!  
 They surround him on every side,  
 Forming a shield both high and wide.  
 Craggs and rocks they made level for him.  
 He was a black-striped tiger slim.  
 If he seized, he would not let go,  
 If he snapped, he would slay the foe.  
 With his steed Akkula below,

And black eagles above also,  
 He like a snarling dragon did go.<sup>114</sup>  
 7040 When Manas attacked him so,  
 Was not that impudent one afraid?  
 Had he the nerve not to be dismayed?  
 Skirting his host of fighting men,  
 Swiftly retreating he hastened then,  
 Lashing his steed Chadbar with his whip,  
 Off from Manas he tried to slip.  
 He, on his dappled and heated mare,  
 Aiming straight with his long white spear,<sup>115</sup>  
 Lion Manas, the bogatir,  
 7050 Flew, pursuing in Nezkara's rear.  
 He, it seemed, had a tireless steed —  
 Hidden deep in its chest, indeed,  
 Eighty devilish spirits stew.  
 So his horse like a demon flew.  
 His six-thousand host of men,  
 Six times round, Manas sped then,  
 Thinking: "I shall catch him, I know!"  
 His remaining five thousand or so,  
 Five times round Manas then sped,  
 7060 Thinking: "I'll catch him up ahead!"  
 On the empty steppeland vast,  
 Many times his people he passed.  
 Running away, and skirting his men,  
 Many times he passed them then.  
 Whipping and spurring Chadbar his steed,  
 While Manas, on his heels at speed,  
 Eyes with fury burning bright,  
 Like a duck with neck stretched tight,  
 Chases after his flying prey,  
 7070 Races after him half the day,  
 Keeping close on his traces then.  
 He, the leader of thousands of men,  
 Nezkara, oft named "the bold",  
 Was, it seemed, just nineteen years old.  
 He, a Kitai, from the Mangub\* tribe,  
 Was the foe of all Tyurkmen alive.



As he beat a hasty retreat,  
 To himself these words did repeat:  
 "Oh, what a leopard lay waiting for me!  
 7080 I could not face him, I had to flee!  
 Was it not a tiger, maybe,  
 Hunting those whom he should not see?  
 Oh, what misfortune I have met!"  
 Tears of fear made his eyes grow wet.  
 So with himself communed Nezkara,  
 As he spurred on his steed afar.  
 All the maidens; and all young wives,  
 Those with threatened honour and lives,  
 Cried: "Could we but break free aside!"  
 7090 While their foul captor they all defied.  
 But for Manas with love they burned,  
 Most coquettish for him just yearned.  
 Each had completely lost heart and head...  
 Meanwhile Manas yet nearer sped.  
 Soon he must pierce him with polished spear. 116  
 Nezkara, to the villagers near,  
 "Farewell, my folk!" then sadly cried.  
 "Now I must get away and hide!"  
 He was thinking that he'd escape  
 7100 To Kakachin, to end this scrape.  
 Having caught up on his Akkula,  
 Now Manas drew near Nezkara.  
 Thinking: "There's the top of his belt —  
 There's the space 'twixt shoulder-blades felt,  
 At that he struck with his polished spear,  
 Soon as he managed to draw quite near.  
 But his foe's steed, the splendid Chadbar,  
 Made a spurt, left Manas afar.  
 On his master's golden heel,  
 7110 Loudly jangled the stirrup steel.  
 But Manas again drew near,  
 Thrust at him with his polished spear.  
 Twice he struck, with thrice did pierce,  
 Under the blows so fast and fierce,  
 Out of their stirrups flew Nezkara's feet.

"Farewell, my folk, my end I meet.  
 Broken in two is this spine of mine!  
 Why do I die before my time?"  
 Still Chadbar flew on at a run,  
 7120 Just like a bullet out of a gun.  
 So this strong-man from the town Changshur  
 Could not cope with Manas any more.  
 On to the crest of Almali,  
 By a track where the rowans you see,  
 Up the steep slope began to flee,  
 Where not a cloven-hoof runs free.  
 But Manas' much younger steed  
 Couldn't find all the strength in need,  
 Couldn't much longer keep his feet,  
 7130 Couldn't much longer his task complete.  
 But that splendid steed Chadbar,  
 Lower than any heavenly star,  
 Higher than any fork-stemmed grass,  
 Flew like a bird o'er a mountain pass.  
 "Let him even fly 'neath the ground —  
 But let him not in Beidzhin be found!  
 Let him fly over the crest of Ken-Too,  
 Still I shall find him whate'er he may do!  
 Either I'll slay him, or I'll be slain —  
 7140 Otherwise how go home again?"  
 So Manas spurred Akkula, on and on,  
 And the peak they had almost won —  
 Then on Tuuchnaka, his mare,  
 Bey Jakib, his father, drew near.  
 "Wait, my son!" to him he said,  
 Took his bridle, and backward led.  
 "Let me be!" Manas then cried —  
 But his father this wish denied,  
 Led him off to the warriors there...  
 7150 That was misfortune, I must declare!  
 He who had driven these men so far,  
 Was that same chieftain, Nezkara.  
 Basankul already had died,  
 Many strong-men, and fighters beside.



Those who had come here, ready to boast,  
 Lost their leaders whom they prized most.  
 Now by Manas, so thoroughly scared,  
 Nezkara had thus disappeared.  
 All those who trembling here were found,  
 7160 Guiltily, meekly, looking around,  
 Begging for mercy, they wept and wailed,  
 Loudly they cried as their spirits failed.  
 Over four hundred Sarts raised cries,  
 With them were Kalmaks and Kitais:  
 "We shal brush against you no more!  
 We shall put hands on heads therefore!"<sup>117</sup>  
 Thus, as meek as sheep, they bleat.  
 Nezkara's captives then were freed —  
 Uishyun, Umët, Dzhaisan,<sup>118</sup>  
 7170 And Manas encouraged each man.  
 Then Manguls who searched around,  
 Came together with what they'd found.  
 Saying: "Those dogs took all the best!  
 Will you accept from us the rest?"  
 For Jakib, Dëgën, Aidarkan,  
 Spread what they'd found in shed and barn.  
 Then they came with meek bowed head,  
 Young Manas to them soon said:  
 "What's gone wrong with you Manguls?"  
 7180 Have you all become just fools?  
 If we accepted these goods from you,  
 Shared them out to our old folk too,  
 Saying: "We seized them from the foe!"  
 Should we not shame ourselves, acting so?  
 You have been robbed, and scattered became,  
 Fallen in need, and covered in shame!  
 Better you take some shot-guns from us;  
 Hunt where you will, and prosper thus,  
 Once you had over ten thousand steeds —  
 7190 Now you nave nought to feed your needs!  
 Three days through you've groaned in your plight,  
 Now let us hear some laughter light!  
 We shall take counsel, and all prepare,

We shall waft away your despair.  
 We shall no longer indifferent be.  
 On one side Chu Aral you see,  
 Then Kingir\* and Tarbagatai\*.  
 There's Tarmal-Saz\* in Altinbai\*.  
 There's Kerme-Saz\* in Ayagërs' land\* —  
 7200 On the other — let Kara-Kum stand.  
 Warning your friends of approaching foes,  
 Live at peace in places like those.  
 On the Orkun\*, in Maral Kechyu\* —  
 Let your borders begin there too.  
 And in the middle, the pass Angirti\*.  
 Then in Kara-Emil\*, Kadzhirti\*,  
 Also your yurtas there let us see.  
 Esen-khan will not leave us free.  
 Us he does not even people call.  
 7210 His Kitais outnumber us all.  
 They are a dangerous, numerous foe.  
 We must therefore prepare ourselves so.  
 If Allah's will is such, and affirmed,  
 Then from Kitais, by their forebears spurned,  
 We must capture Altı-Shaar.  
 We can't sit heedless of this, by far.  
 We must inflict on them a defeat!"  
 So said Manas, "Our foes we must meet!"  
 Thus he informed all the elder men.  
 7220 All were amazed at his boldness then.  
 They were astonished at his young lad.  
 Evening came, and the folk felt sad.  
 Time had come for them to disperse.  
 Nezkara, who'd survived the worst,  
 Thought: "What will Manas now do?"  
 He was lost and defeated too...  
 Of those rogues who had robbed and raped,  
 Of those scum who hard scarce escaped,  
 Of those merciless men, accursed,  
 7230 Who had maidens and widows coerced,  
 Of crude heathens, who slew young boys,  
 Eighty-six Manas destroyed.



Took their clothes, and took their steeds,  
 And among those with greatest needs  
 He divided this booty then,  
 Shared it among the bravest men,  
 First to those who had served him best,  
 Then to the others he gave the rest.  
 All were pleased, and none complained.  
 7240 Over five thousand there remained.  
 Them he stripped of steeds and arms,  
 Left them bare, despite their alarms.  
 Then he said: "Good health to you all.  
 Over five thousand, to you I call —  
 Khan Nezkara has fled the field.  
 If to us he had to yield,  
 Then you can lay the blame on me!"  
 There for a while we shall let them be...  
 And of Manguls, despoiled to the last,  
 7250 Hear the news of what had passed...  
 Two, Uishun and Umët by name,  
 Strong-men Ur, and Dzhaisanbai came.  
 Many together with them as well,  
 All to Jakib, their wish to tell:  
 "Take us all beneath your wing,  
 Keep your good name — a precious thing!  
 We shall serve you well, at all ends,  
 Live in accord, as brothers and friends.  
 Take us beneath your sheltering cloak!  
 7260 Count us, now on, as your own folk  
 Thoughtless we cannot live, by far.  
 If such heathens as Nezkara  
 Come to crush us, and give no peace!"  
 Said elder brother of brave Kunës,  
 War-chief Kyulgur, as he stepped near.  
 On the first day of spring's new year,  
 When the nights full of stars shone fourth,  
 Kyuldyur's wife to a son gave birth.  
 Then Kangais and Manguls had met,  
 7270 Seeking a name for the nameless yet.  
 Then, some fourteen years ago,

Giving his name the elders said so:  
 "He was born in the early spring —  
 'Chaganbai' means just that thing!"  
 So "Chaganbai" he was named with pride...  
 Now he stands by his father's side.  
 Fourteen years old, a brave young man.  
 "Let Chaganbai, my son," he began,  
 "Be for Manas a comrade true,  
 7280 And a sign of our unity too!  
 Take, then, my one and only son,  
 If you agree with what I've done!"  
 Such were the words which he began.  
 All those present, all to a man,  
 Said: "He has spoken sincere and true!"  
 Everyone smiled, started laughing too.  
 Those heathen fighters, held as foe,  
 Let them find shelter this night also.  
 Soon they started to yap and yawn...  
 7290 Then on the tomorrow, at early dawn,  
 Soon as the daylight filled the plain,  
 They all gathered together again.  
 All came crowding, young and old,  
 All came shouting, loud and bold,  
 Saying: "Come, let's get things clear!  
 There are few Altais — they're here.  
 From the Kangais — few are here.  
 From the Manguls — so many are here.  
 And their strong-man Kyuldyur is here.  
 7300 Uishuns and Alchins — they're here  
 Karakodzo from Argins is here.  
 Aidarkan, bogatir, is here.  
 Bey Jakib, the Nogoi, is here.  
 Albalta, the Noigut, is here.  
 Many Kalmaks, they too are here.  
 All are gathered together here.  
 Land by the river Orkun they have.  
 Land by lake Këkë-Naar\*, they have.  
 Gubu-Shamu\*, the desert, they have.



- 7310 Mountains, rivers, and lakes they have.  
 Lake Tengiz-Naar\* they have.  
 Tekshi-Arish\*, the desert, they have.  
 Vales where fir trees grow they have.  
 And a town, Kangush\*, they have.  
 And a city, Beidzhin, they have,  
 Never defeated yet, they have...  
 Cursed heathen Kitais are here.  
 Bakburchin\*, a strong land, is here.  
 Kakanchin, teeming with folk is here.
- 7320 Chin-Machin\*, land of feys, is here.  
 Bad town of Kentun\* is here.  
 Fine lake of Tangshut\* is here.  
 Everything that's good they have.  
 And a black mount Kaspan\* they have.  
 Where Kitais full numbers have,  
 Further still an ocean is there.  
 Folk who lived on Altai are here.  
 Have not seen what others have here.  
 Others become our enemies here.
- 7330 But Altais are a small folk here.  
 Where can they hide when foes attack?  
 If we're fated to die, alack,  
 Let's be buried in one great great grave!  
 If, united, our lives we save,  
 Let us live on one mountains range!<sup>119</sup>  
 Did you all hear what we've explained?"  
 So they discussed, both young and old,  
 Not knowing yet how blessings unfold,  
 Not yet believing in Allah too,
- 7340 Cried thier farewells "Mëndyu, mëndyu!"  
 Then both hands o'er their heads they raised,  
 Lifted them to the skies and gazed,  
 Making their most sacred vow —  
 Then they slowly dispersed somehow...  
 Saying: "Divided, we must have run!  
 Others came, both old and young,  
 Crying: "Manas stands true and erect!"

- Thus they showed him great respect.  
 Then they left, each group alone,  
 7350 Each one going to his own home.  
 Then the summoned fighters left.  
 Off on the highway home they swept.  
 Nezkara's five thousand men  
 Lion Manas gave their freedom again,  
 Saying: "Well, have you homes and wives?  
 Go where respect for you survives!"  
 Saying: "Well, have you daughters and sons?  
 Go back and listen to little ones!"  
 Saying: "Well, have you brothers too?"
- 7360 Hear what they have to say to you!  
 Tell your experience, what you've seen,  
 Tell your people where you've been!  
 All those lost ones free he sent,  
 Over five thousand, away they went.  
 What a host of them covered the land!  
 Liberty now they have at hand!  
 Lion Manas saw them off on that day.  
 As good friends they went on their way.  
 Over five thousand, their glad host goes,
- 7370 Who with Nezkara came as foes.  
 Full of regret for that they spoke,  
 Saying: "They really are decent folk!  
 What a fine fellow Manas is too —  
 Not fearing death, he thrusts on through!  
 He who said that Manas was no good,  
 Let him lie like a block of wood!"  
 So, all satisfied, off they spurred.  
 Now just see what next occurred:  
 Half a year since then passed away,
- 7380 And Manas is fourteen today!  
 When to fourteen that lad had come,  
 He, as a huntsman, left his home,  
 In Chu-Aral his falcon set free,  
 In Chu-Aral, where no stream you see.  
 Roaming round in herds there go  
 Stag, and ram, and deer, and doe.



Now just see what he's doing there,  
 That Manas who will anything dare!  
 Having friends here and there dismissed,  
 7390 So that each could do as he wished,  
 Tracking down the cloven-hoof prey,  
 They all went their own sweet way.  
 Here and there, anywhere, they stray.  
 On Boz-Dëbë, in Esil, let us say,  
 Bold Manas now climbs and rides,  
 Looks around there upon all sides,  
 And his falcon and hounds sets free.  
 On the shores of Sari-Su, see,  
 He at last appears to stand,  
 7400 With just seven close comrades at hand.  
 Since they left eleven days passed.  
 "What has happened to them?" all asked.  
 No one had seen of them a trace.  
 No one had word from any old place.  
 Bey Jakib thought: "I have lost my son!  
 Where shall I find my wandering one?  
 I must go, bring my lad to book!  
 Round Chu-Aral I'll take a look!  
 Where has he got to?" himself he asked.  
 7410 Since then eleven days had passed.  
 "Where is that madcap, then?" all said.  
 "Shall we find them, or are they dead?"  
 All around are found only foes!  
 Where they have got to, God alone knows!"  
 "Has that rogue gone to Ala-Kël\* lake?"  
 Thought Jakib, "Just for mischief's sake!  
 Has he, perhaps reached the ocean shore?  
 Shall I ever meet him once more?  
 Has no one seen him, where he's strayed?  
 7420 Why is his return so delayed?  
 Maybe he's somewhere unknown to me!"  
 So Tuuchnak he's mounted, see,  
 Off he's gone by the shortest way,  
 Thinking: "Where's my hope and stay?"  
 Bey Jakib searched all around,

But his son not having found,  
 Bitterly grieving, he wandered on,  
 Fifty furlongs or so having gone,<sup>120</sup>  
 Further away from his own abode,  
 7430 Out from a hollow eleven men rode.  
 Out from the waving sorrel-grass,  
 Out from the shady glade they pass.  
 In their steel-blue armour they ride,  
 With their sabres by their side.  
 To their long white spears they clung,  
 With their flint-locks o'er shoulders hung.  
 So self-confident, they looked round.  
 When they came out on higher ground,  
 Bey Jakib they questioned when found,  
 7440 And to answer them he was bound.  
 "Bey Jakib, the sire of Manas,  
 Many herds of horses has,  
 Many head of cattle also —  
 Maybe, that lad Manas you know?  
 We shan't leave till we find out!"  
 Thus, all round him, they start to shout.  
 "You're a fat-bellied, important old man —  
 What's your name, and what's your clan?"  
 Sternly, firmly, an answer they seek:  
 7450 So bey Jakib began to speak:  
 Not knowing what to do he cried:  
 "First, who are you, and where do you ride?  
 What's your tribe, and family name,  
 Say from which forebears you came?  
 You tell what you are doing here,  
 Then I'll answer, when all is clear!  
 Of Jakib and his son you know —  
 Why are you searching for them so?  
 Why do you come here thus — armed men?"  
 7460 So Jakib made answer to them,  
 Faltering, halting thus, and lame.  
 "Carriion crow, come tell your name!"  
 Still more insistent again they bid.  
 Bey Jakib kept his name well-hid,



And replied: "I'm called Berdike,  
 My forefathers, Kirghiz were they.  
 Our wide pastures are found on Altai.  
 As for my forebear — a Tyurk am I.  
 Bey Jakib I've often seen.

7470 Young Manas is now fourteen!  
 But his father is hostile to me,  
 Therefore it all as one would be  
 If you should take and bind his son,  
 Or if you slay that impudent one!  
 Or if you take his father too —  
 Tell me, young fellows, what will you do?"  
 Thus Jakib made answer to them.  
 All the eleven, they listened then.  
 Thus they answered him straight to his face:

7480 "You ride alone in this mountain place,  
 If Jakib is hostile to you,  
 Show us his village, where that is too —  
 Lead us there!" they then replied.  
 "What we shall do to Jakib," they cried,  
 "See with the eyes in your own head!"  
 So they spoke, and the same thing said...  
 "Tell me the reason for which you came?"  
 Bey Jakib raised that question again.  
 "You get our nerves, for sure —

7490 Same old question you ask once more!  
 You just show us first," said they,  
 "Where Jakib and his people stay,  
 And arrange our meeting with them!  
 No more idle chatter, then!  
 Where's the road? Come, show us the way!"  
 Still more angrily shouted they.  
 Bey Jakib lost his senses quite.  
 To the eleven he then replied:  
 "My brave fellows!" to them he said,

7500 "Slopes of Tarbagatai lie ahead.  
 That Jakib, after whom you chase,  
 As you leave this present place,  
 At a distance of two day's ride,

In Terektyu does he there abide.  
 He moves there as winter nears,  
 Finds winter pastures for his mares.  
 Do not make me take you there,  
 For the road I have told quite clear!  
 Now that I have answered you —

7510 Tell me what with Manas you'll do?  
 That is what I'd still like to know,  
 And you have not yet answered so!"  
 Thus he pumped them, thus he tried.  
 Then the eleven at last replied:  
 "Eh-h, old man!" they finally said,  
 "No easy road lies on ahead!  
 We have ridden many a day!  
 If we don't take Manas away,  
 Folk on these Altai heights of yours

7520 Won't be rid of dissensions and wars!  
 From Kumul comes one of us.  
 You'll have to do his bidding thus.  
 From Kambil another one comes —  
 Beats his opponents into crumbs!  
 One of us comes from the city of Mar,  
 Fifteen days he's travelled so far,  
 Fearing the wrath of his overseer.  
 If you ask another man here,  
 He will say: "I come from Tarlan!"

7530 We are Talkus, Kitais, to a man!"  
 On that side towards Hindustan\*  
 Lies our land, which is called Kongu\*.  
 We're from Kitai, from the folk Dangshu.  
 If you ask yet another one,  
 From the river Koton he's come,  
 By the lake which is called Tangshu\*.  
 His Dalba\* folk all live there too.  
 If you ask yet another one,  
 From a land of springs he's come,

7540 Where many rivers and streamlets run.  
 That land's known by the name Dzherken.  
 No foes can stand before such men —



They all give way, and perish soon.  
 Chief among us is Bakburchun,  
 Lord of a land called Kakachin.  
 If you add up our separate ways,  
 And, since we left, count up the days,  
 Six whole years would have rolled away!  
 Still no news, and still we seek  
 7550 That Manas about whom we speak!  
 Still unknown does he remain.  
 Still we search, and still in vain.  
 That's our story, then, old man!  
 Having heard their projected plan,  
 Bey Jakib, confused, began:  
 "That's enough! I'm a cattle-man.  
 Fearing that wolves may them attack,  
 I have become disturbed, alack!  
 So to them, young fellows, I ride —  
 7560 Sheep, and cows, and horses beside.  
 Governors of Kitai sent you,  
 With a threatening aspect too!  
 Checking my camels and foals I go,  
 How they are faring I want to know.  
 To the village of Bey Jakib  
 I've no time to make the trip,  
 Nor to take you to meet him there —  
 That's the truth which I declare!  
 See that mountain peak ahead?  
 7570 There you'll find him!" Jakib then said.  
 Thus he sent them upon their way,  
 Thinking: "Where is my son then, say?"  
 Bey Jakib was deeply upset.  
 Ten weeks had not passed as yet,  
 Since Bakdēlēt, his second wife,  
 His second son had brought to life...  
 Has Manas by a foe been seized?  
 Will the son Bakdēlēt released  
 Now be my one and only heir?  
 7580 Ten weeks back, after that affair,  
 Gave him a feast, and the name Abike.

"He's just a babe!" he then did say,  
 He is not fit for fighting yet,  
 Just a small babe, in his cradle set.  
 Can he be any support for me?  
 If from Beidzhin they come to see,  
 Will they not seize my valiant one,  
 My support, Manas, my son,  
 Will they not slay him on the spot?  
 7590 On Abike, that tiny tot,  
 What kind of hope can I place on him?  
 My dear Manas — the times look grim.  
 If Khan Kakan comes pestering us,  
 Evil will he not engender thus?  
 If I've an orchard — boughs he'll break.  
 If I have horses — those he'll take!  
 Can I help worrying over my son?  
 Through Turkestan will foes not come?  
 Then will Manas not show his ire?  
 7600 Will he not save and protect his sire?"  
 Tuuchnak he spurred ahead,  
 Up to his yurt he rode half-dead.  
 All which had happened his first wife hears —  
 Chiyirdi is reduced to tears!  
 To his adviser, old Berdike,  
 And his chief elder 'Balta did say:  
 "Here, where a hundred families live,  
 I have much news which I must give.  
 So he called all his kith and kin,  
 7610 All of them he invited in.  
 With old Bai at their head, he said:  
 "Those red-tassels are far from dead!  
 Those Kitais have heard about us —  
 "We shall slay Jakib!" they said thus.  
 They have decided to work us woe.  
 Those black-tassel, alive they go!  
 Those Kalmaks of us too have heard.  
 "Well, Jakib," glib-tongued, they averred,  
 "We are ready to go ahead!"



7620 "What are we going to do?" he said.  
 Can we take a lad someone has,  
 Bind him, and give him up as Manas?  
 Would one on cattle grow fat and rich,  
 Making with their son such a switch?  
 If they had one only son,  
 That, of course, would never be done!  
 But, what if they're troubled with ten?  
 Could that not be a blessing then?  
 Gag a bad lad, and call him Manas —  
 7630 Then a poor father great riches has!  
 What if we suffer great Allah's will —  
 Give him up for the foe to kill?  
 What if we suffer the Padishah's will —  
 Would not that be harder still?  
 What if my cattle I give away —  
 Sacrificed for Manas that day?  
 One for all, and all for one!  
 Could such a sacrifice be done?  
 So Jakib addressed all there.  
 7640 People listening got a scare.  
 Not a word could anyone say...  
 All felt awkward, in their own way.  
 Bai stood up, and spoke up free:  
 "Bey Jakib, and Chiyirdi!"  
 Don't speak so. It is idiocy!  
 Bribe somebody to sell their son!  
 Pray to the Padishah! That's not done!  
 One of you is a woman as well!  
 The other a man, but truth to tell,  
 7650 As I see it — both stupid as hell!  
 Two old fools — it makes me weep!  
 Who would sell their son for sheep?  
 Who'd get rich at their son's expense?  
 Who would send their fledgling hence?  
 Who for cattle would see him slain?  
 Brutish words you speak in vain!  
 Who would consent to such an idea?

Does the road from Chilan lead here?  
 Are we surrounded by armed Kitais?  
 7660 Are we besieged by heathen spies?  
 Does the road from Kumul lead here?  
 Do we see the enemy's spear?  
 Is he planning immediate woes?  
 What kind of nonsense do you propose?  
 We cannot get your meaning clear!  
 Over six thousand attacked us here —  
 Nezkara, and his fighting men,  
 Various peoples set on us then,  
 But nobody attacked us twice,  
 7670 When Manas slew them before your eyes!  
 Bey Jakib, you've not acted well.  
 You yourself lead yourself to hell!  
 Right before your very eyes  
 You have seen how his enemy flies!  
 Say, what kind of a wretch are you,  
 That, without reason, you moan and moo?  
 Bai with the bey could not agree.  
 Chiyirdi's eyes with tears ran free.  
 "Jakib's first son for him I bore —  
 7680 Those all round Manas adore!  
 When, say, will this dissention cease?  
 I could scarcely bear him in peace.  
 All the people in him believe.  
 When shall I cease to suffer and grieve?"  
 Sadly and softly said Chiyirdi —  
 Then not a further word spoke she...  
 So we shall leave her weeping awhile,  
 And return to Manas, with a smile...  
 Having at Uch-Aral arrived,  
 7690 There eleven days he'd survived.  
 He remembered his comrades then,  
 So set out his way again,  
 Kept a sharp look-out all round,  
 Seeking his hunters, homeward bound.  
 In a valley called Taldy-Su\*,  
 Suddenly there they came in view.



Six wolf skins and ten fox furs!  
 Those young hunters had won their spurs!  
 Three wild rams, and two wild goats  
 7700 They had shot, and stripped their coats!  
 Thus six nights had they passed there,  
 On the seventh day did fare,  
 On their way to find Manas...  
 Thinking: "What has come to pass?  
 Where has that rascal got to, say?  
 Has he, perhaps, not lost his way?  
 Then his comrades began to ask.  
 "How go home without him at last?  
 There below ran a winding dene —  
 7710 "Come, let's take a look at the scene!  
 Let's climb up to a higher crest,  
 Where we can get a view of the rest!"  
 So they spurred their horses strong —  
 Came out on a crest ere long...  
 When his comrades looked from the mound,  
 There an enormous river they found.  
 That is the place called Kurbukum\*.  
 Many wild rams there all found room.  
 Birches, willows, and poplars grew.  
 7720 There Manas stood gazing too.  
 He was surprised to see his friends,  
 Coming out where the woodland ends,  
 From the forest riding ahead —  
 "There they are!" to himself he said.  
 Spurring Akkula he intends  
 Straightway to ride towards his friends.  
 But his steed wouldn't move from the hill —  
 Frightened by something, stood stock-still.  
 "What has scared you, poor swine! he said.  
 7730 On an island, which was seen ahead,  
 There Manas a marvel did spy,  
 There a monster with tail cocked high,  
 With a widely expanded breast,  
 With two eyes, big as bowls, at least,  
 With a squealing howl he cried,

With his reddish-grey woolly hide,  
 With his head like a cauldron there,  
 Hair as long as the tail of a mare,  
 Which long ago her foals did bear.  
 7740 From his breast hangs the wool, to spare,  
 And protruding, with nought to hide,  
 Shamelessly naked stood his backside.  
 His extended tusks raised alarms,  
 Each as long as wide-spread arms.  
 Take a look at other long fangs,  
 Each one like a sharp knife hangs.  
 On his side showed a birth-mark plain,  
 On his neck grew a lengthy mane,  
 Dangling dense and falling full,  
 7750 Thus came this monster, big as a bull,  
 Walking on two hind legs, like a man,  
 Two great wings his sides did span.  
 His long tail was sharp as a sword,  
 When he ran the breeze bent the sword.  
 Seemingly, he had just appeared,  
 Clutching with claws which must be feared.  
 Hideous jaws are gaping wide,  
 Rough red tongue they cannot hide.  
 Brutish upon the earth his stride.  
 7760 If on his buttocks you look wide-eyed  
 They're like a wolf-hound, smooth and sly.  
 He has a horn on his forehead high,  
 Which he can pierce with, sharp as a spear.  
 He has not noticed Manas is near.  
 Quite unexpected did he appear:  
 "What kind of monster have we here?"  
 Thus Manas stood gazing still,  
 As the monster climbed the hill.  
 There he screamed aloud at will.  
 7770 There he screeched so high and shrill.  
 Five days away one could him roar!  
 Seven hundred wild rams, and more,  
 Fell on the spot, and down they dived.  
 All of them perished, not one survived.



When Manas saw the rams all die,  
 Then a fierce look came into his eye.  
 "I shall shoot that monster!" he said.  
 "Bad thing for all, till he lies dead!"  
 He had with him his powder-pan gun,  
 7780 Never known to miss anyone.  
 Steel was its barrel, its muzzle blue.  
 In Isphahan\* it was mastered true.  
 Sight meant a fright, and shot meant death.  
 Akkelte\* had such fiery breath!  
 Angry — it was called Koichagir\*.  
 Vengeful — a cannon one had to fear.  
 Shaimerden\* o'er Manas did stand.  
 Taking his gun with care in his hand,  
 Then he lit its pale-blue fuse,  
 7790 And he thought: "May God so choose!  
 Here are his lungs where I can aim,  
 That is the spot where death will reign!  
 From Akkelte his shot he fired —  
 Blue smoke rose, to the sky aspired.  
 Then the monster, six lassoes long,  
 Leapt in the air with action strong,  
 Up he reared, and loud he screeched,  
 But before Manas he reached,  
 Down he tumbled, stretched on the ground,  
 7800 And his last screech spread all around...  
 When the first screech his comrades heard,  
 They were scared, without a word.  
 After that screech, they herd him roar,  
 Rumbling, thundering, more and more.  
 Then they heard the shot of a gun —  
 One more screech, and all was done...  
 "He's been shot at by someone!!  
 Did he kill him, or only stun?"  
 No, the monster gave up the ghost...  
 7810 Then Manas began to approach.  
 Achalbars\*, his sword, he raised —  
 Such a blow — don't be amazed —  
 In two halves that monster he hewed;

Then the creature's remains he viewed.  
 "Seven hundred wild rams, and more,  
 From his screech met death therefore!  
 "Have you seen live rams?" he said  
 To his comrades when they met.  
 "No, we saw sheep-dams alone!"  
 7820 "Well, go and tell the folk at home:  
 'Bring your bull, or camel, or steed!  
 Something marvellous happened, indeed!  
 From a monster's screech' you may say,  
 'Many hundreds of rams today  
 Met their end, and are lying dead'"  
 Six good riders he sent, and said:  
 "Go and gather the Altai men!"  
 So they did, and collected them.  
 Round a thousand took that track,  
 7830 Loaded the rams, all brought them back!  
 So, until this day, there you are,  
 That great river is named Kuldzha\*!..  
 Now it's time to return, by-the-by,  
 To those eleven, who came from Kitai.  
 When the people with rams made a fuss,  
 Then they spoke of "Manas! Manas!"  
 Those Kitais, they heard his name —  
 "Where is this fellow, all the same?  
 We have come here looking for him!"  
 7840 Now we've found him!" They looked grim.  
 "Now our honour is saved at last!  
 Why should we wait? The time is past!  
 Take us to him! We would have words!"  
 Said the eleven, sent by their lords.  
 So they found him after two days,  
 And on Manas they turned their gaze.  
 Seven comrades to him stayed true.  
 Lion Manas was their tiger too!  
 "Why do you ask of my father?" said he.  
 7850 "So, from your rulers you've come, I see?"  
 I shall take you, then, to my sire,  
 If that is your erroneous desire,



But you are making an error!" said he,  
 "All you eleven, then, come with me,  
 Be my good guests, and all will be right!"  
 Only once they stopped overnight,  
 Then his guests to the village he led.  
 "Ask them to send for my father!" he said.  
 So with Jakib they got in touch,  
 7860 But the news he received was such:  
 That the messengers of the Khan  
 Had arrested that bold young man,  
 That Manas had met a bad fate...  
 Poor Jakib got in such a state,  
 That in his throat a lump came then.  
 So he summoned the village men,  
 Even Allah of torment accused,  
 Moaned and groaned, completely confused.  
 Albalta and old Bai he called,  
 7870 Elder men, by nothing appalled,  
 And together, with Berdike,  
 To Manas they made their way.  
 "While he lives, my son Manas  
 Would not give up his honour thus!"  
 But, meanwhile, those eleven men,  
 Bragging about, to Manas said then:  
 "We shall fulfil our Padishah's will!"  
 Suddenly seized him, meaning to kill.  
 Just at that moment — surprise of their lives —  
 7880 Bey Jakib with his men arrives!  
 "Who is your father? asked him then  
 Bakburchun, the chief of them.  
 "That man there — he is my sire!"  
 Answered Manas, with voice raise higher.  
 When they looked, they recognised him,  
 And they spoke, severe and grim:  
 "Why did you lead us then astray?  
 You opposed us in every way,  
 Showing dislike for our Padishah thus!  
 7890 So you deceived and cheated us!  
 Shall we not wreak vengeance on you?"

Shall we not overthrow you too?  
 Those unacquainted with your land,  
 Pointing to mountain peaks at hand,  
 You sent out on a spurious track —  
 Seven days we were lost, alack!  
 Thus your treachery you have shown,  
 We shall shave you, and hold you down,  
 Then will pull a damp skin on your head!"<sup>121</sup>  
 7900 So they spoke in a fury dread.  
 Four of them at the ready stood by,  
 "Bind Jakib!" did their leader cry.  
 All four round him began to crowd,  
 Then Jakib shouted out aloud:  
 "Wait a moment, young fellows!" cried he,  
 "If I am guilty, put chains on me!  
 If I did something I did not ought,  
 Then straightway let the axe be brought!  
 All I did was to make a mistake —  
 7910 Friends, it seems, for foes did take!  
 We're a small people, I tell you thus:  
 Do not vent bad temper on us!  
 If we are not submissive to you,  
 Tell us, what are you going to do?  
 Do not sin in this way in vain!"  
 So Jakib spoke to them again.  
 But his words they did not accept,  
 And in scorn for him they swept,  
 Crying: "Take him, and bind him well!"  
 7920 All four at once upon him fell.  
 But Manas, who was standing by,  
 Full of fury, began to cry:  
 "You are eleven strong young men,  
 Is it thus you treat old folk, then?  
 How can you do so before our eyes?  
 Don't dare touch my father!" he cries.  
 "If you are really sent from afar,  
 Show, then, what gentlemen you are!  
 If you seize everyone you meet



7930 Then I'm surprised — for you'll meet defeat!"  
 Saying this, bold Manas stepped forth,  
 Quite determined to show his worth.  
 "Bind him at once!" their chief then cried,  
 "We'll take him, and his father beside!"  
 Hearing this, Manas ran wild —  
 Lion Manas, no longer a child.  
 Fury was flaring in his speech,  
 Flaming eyes did blazing-point reach.  
 One in his right hand then he seized,  
 7940 One in his left hand, as he pleased,  
 One by the scruff of the neck he took,  
 One by the collar he soundly shook,  
 All the four like shirts shook around,  
 Then he hurled them down on the ground.  
 Then the seven who still remained,  
 All in a bunch towards him strained,  
 All together on him they fell,  
 And Manas took them on as well,  
 Just like the others who crushed had been,  
 7950 Though just a lad of barely fifteen.  
 With each hand one more he grabbed,  
 And together their heads he jabbed,  
 Cast them down on the flattened floor —  
 That meant six who fought no more.  
 All of them lay silenced quite.  
 Five that were left kept up the fight.  
 On Manas they hurled again,  
 But their efforts were all in vain,  
 Two he took, and shook them well,  
 7960 Then two more, and down they fell.  
 One remained, who stood in fear...  
 "Shall I drink your blood right here?"  
 Shall I not see the business through,  
 Since I've raised my hand against you?"  
 From each one he tore the right eye,  
 Pulled it out, like a plum from a pie.  
 Then he hacked off each right ear,

Hewed them off, left right cheeks bare.  
 Then he sliced off noses too,  
 7970 Cut moustaches and beards they grew.  
 Now they were in a sorry plight,  
 No longer dear to them the light.  
 Those who as messenger-braves had come  
 Now were half-blind, half deaf, half-dumb.<sup>122</sup>  
 Then he let them go, to a man,  
 Saying, "Where now lives your Khan?  
 Well, no matter where he may dwell,  
 Go to him, and your story tell.  
 If I get angry — your days are past -  
 7980 So believe my words now at last!  
 Each one now must leave without fail,  
 Go to his ruler, and tell his tale.  
 Go and tell them what I have said.  
 Gather your knights, ten thousand head,  
 Then, if you wish, make war on me.  
 If you have power, no pity there'll be!  
 Lion Manas — his sire's one son,  
 Think how you can destroy that one!  
 Don't be afraid, the fight don't refuse,  
 7990 If it's a battle you're going to choose!  
 Those who have neither strength nor will,  
 Those who'll be beaten — come on still!  
 You will never get even with us!"  
 Lion Manas addressed them thus.  
 "Though your thousands the dust may raise,  
 No less than others do we earn praise!  
 Just eleven, the Lion to tame,  
 With such thoughts to us you came,  
 But you haven't a sign of sense,  
 8000 So I say go, and get you hence!  
 I have not sacrificed heads and lives,  
 Only your ears, and noses, and eyes.  
 If your Khans have respect for you,  
 Let them collect their armies too.  
 Don't leave any brave man behind,  
 And too late, your mistake then find.



Don't regret it later on,  
 That you didn't enlist that one.  
 Find some knights for tourneys; too,  
 8010 Find sly wizards, with all in view.  
 Your wise men, with the richest minds,  
 Sorcerers, knowing tricks of all kinds,  
 All who know the woes of their foes,  
 And can let out the spleen of those.  
 All your strong men, able to fight,  
 Bring them out, encourage their might.  
 There, if Allah aids me in the strife,  
 I shall castrate, without a knife,  
 All your boastful buck-goats then!"  
 8020 Having addressed the eleven men  
 He gave orders: "Mount your steeds!  
 Ride back home and tell your deeds,  
 Let your Khans your protest hear!"  
 But before they started there,  
 Lion Manas told forty-six men  
 To fulfil last commands given then:  
 "Forelocks on all steeds, likewise,  
 Cut them short above the eyes!"  
 To this order they paid good heed,  
 8030 Then the tail of every steed,  
 Higher than knee-joints were cut off short.<sup>123</sup>  
 "Now know shame of the deepest sort,  
 And with your complaints about me,  
 Go to your Khans, and let them see...  
 For this shame which you now know,  
 Let them take revenge on me so.  
 Don't hold back, be on your way,  
 Tell your Khans what I've had to say:  
 If you think you can conquer me,  
 8040 Then your war-horde let us see!"  
 That was the last he had to say,  
 Then bold Manas sent them all away.  
 Each one travelled to his town —  
 Sixty days to the nearest one known.  
 But the farthest ones, beside,

Took them over six month to ride...  
 Let those messengers go off home,  
 Those who simply as spies had come.  
 Let us leave them there, on their way...  
 8050 Something of lion Manas let's say.  
 Well, and what news do we bring?  
 Listen, and you'll hear everything!  
 Standing by father, knowing no fears,  
 Lion Manas reached fifteen years.  
 More successes came his way:  
 Something of them we'll have to say.  
 Head of those who from Altai came,  
 Bey Jakib remained, the same.  
 And the place to which they drew near,  
 8060 That was the meadow of Mamir.  
 Karakodzhо came from Argins,  
 Bo-obek came from the Alchins,  
 From the Mandzhi there came Dëgën,  
 From the Naimans there came Rëgën,  
 From the Kirghiz came Salamat,  
 And Oshpur came, from the Kipchaks.  
 Kidirbais' son came — eloquent Taz.  
 From the Uzbeks came Akinbek,  
 And the sharp-worded Basilbek.  
 8070 Settling round Aydin-Kël\* lake  
 So, to be near Jakib, they came,  
 On the banks of one river the same,  
 Settled as well on the mountain slopes,  
 Settled down quietly, full of hopes.  
 In the breezy vales, cows mooed,  
 Camels in mountain hollows stood.  
 There, where the Kankoo\* mountains stand,  
 They took possession of that land.  
 All who settled there cried "Hoorah!"<sup>124</sup>  
 8080 On the high reaches of Ushagar.\*  
 Then some made Charkastan\* their aim,  
 There to go hunting after game.  
 Central mountains of the Altai  
 Reach up high to the very sky.



Cloven-hoof creatures no man have known.  
 On the side runs the river Orkun.  
 All the land there is just a boon.  
 At its end lake Barköl\* stands near,  
 From the north leads the pass, Angir.  
 8090 In the centre all's wide and clear.  
 Very suitable there for game.  
 Thinking things over, all the same,  
 They took with them plenty of stores,  
 Took their falcons, too, of course!  
 Hanging their guns across their backs,  
 Thirty or forty men made tracks,  
 With their flintlocks, in groups of ten,  
 Took their golden eagles with them,  
 Screaming, screeching, more than due,  
 8100 And their whining wolf-hounds too.  
 Hasting, chasing, with eager eyes,  
 "Come, let's go!" each to other cries.  
 So their hunting campaign began,  
 To the valley of Charkastan.  
 Eighty-four fellows, frightful scamps,  
 Raised their tents, and set up camps,  
 Just wherever they set their sights,  
 Staying out on the steppe six nights...  
 Listen now, and I'll tell you thus.  
 8110 Of that bold young lion Manas.  
 He went up to Jakib, and said,  
 On the day when the hunt he led,  
 "Father, if you don't think it absurd,  
 If you will let me say just a word,  
 Then from the foals intended for war,  
 From those young ones you keep therefore,  
 From those fillies, fine, beyond price,  
 From those intended for sacrifice,  
 From the herd of Kambarboz bold,  
 8120 Tell them — take three, just three years old,  
 I shall saddle three good steeds  
 For three friends, to suit their needs.  
 On a straight road we shall start —

Distant hunt in a far-off part.  
 We after fleet-foot deer shall fly,  
 Get used to living 'neath open sky!"  
 So Manas his sire addressed.  
 "My dear fellow, my hope, well-blessed!  
 Be well-reasoned, waste no word,  
 8130 If you need it, take the whole herd!  
 Seize Kambarboz, for goodness sake!  
 What you want just go and take!  
 All's for you — I'll feel no loss!  
 So from the herd of Kambarboz,  
 For Manas he ordered five.  
 Comrades on three of them would ride,  
 While he, leading the other two,  
 Somewhat later followed through,  
 Hastened after, and caught up too,  
 8140 With him eighty-four huntsmen true.  
 All their prey before them they swept.  
 One said: "For the sixth night we've slept  
 In this valley of Charkastan.  
 Much we've done, since we began!  
 Set our hounds and hawks on the prey,  
 Wolf-skins and fox-furs came our way!  
 We are eighty-four comrades here —  
 One should name our khan, that's clear.  
 Having named our khan, of course,  
 8150 We should slaughter and eat his horse!<sup>125</sup>  
 On white felt we should set that man,<sup>126</sup>  
 Make him our ruler, and our khan,  
 Make him our commander-in-chief.  
 We should obey him, show our belief.  
 One of us out of the eighty-four  
 Let's select as our man of war!  
 What if we show him honour due?  
 He is our commander, it's true!  
 We'll take his orders, and thus survive.  
 8160 Here our eldest is round twenty-five.  
 Here our youngest is just fifteen!"  
 So they conferred, raised questions between



"We shan't pretend hunting's easy today,  
 Nor, having tasted his horse, not obey.  
 We shan't say: "On the steppe all was fine!  
 We shan't forget our chief any time!  
 Having detected the best man here,  
 Having selected our khan, it's clear,  
 We shall honour the one we elect.  
 8170 We shall show him all due respect!  
 When we return to our people back there,  
 "This is our khan!" we shall then declare.  
 When we return to our homes again,  
 "This is our bey!" we shall explain.  
 If he is generous — he'll slay his horse,  
 If he is mingy — he won't, of course!  
 If he is liberal — then horse-flesh we'll taste!  
 If he is stingy — our hopes we shall waste!  
 We shall not say: 'The feast was a joke!'  
 8180 We shall not say: 'We forgot our folk!'  
 We shall not ever our promise deny!  
 We shall not ever our chieftain defy!  
 He who goes back on his word — just try!  
 He will be sorry for that by-and-by!  
 So they all sat, and smiled, and frowned,  
 With their hunting tents all round.  
 All were satisfied, merry were they.  
 One said: "You are all sons of some bey.  
 Can't you decide your steed to slay,  
 8190 Can't you keep an old custom, say?  
 There you sit huddled, for just one horse!  
 Simply can't show yourself, of course!  
 Those who wish to attain great ends,  
 Don't refuse horseflesh to their best friends.  
 Those who wish a commander to be,  
 Do not delay — first slay — then see!  
 From those lads with noblest ways,  
 He who true to himself ever stays,  
 From such a lad, who'd never connive —  
 8200 Eldest among you is twenty-five!  
 Youngest among you is just fifteen!

Hey — you well brought up have been —  
 Don't sit huddled for just one horse,  
 To such tricks have no recourse!"  
 There they lived in groups of ten  
 In their hunting tents, eight of them.  
 Come out now, and listen to me!  
 Come out one from each family.  
 To a lad of the Mandzhu tribe,  
 8210 "Be our chieftain now!" he cried.  
 All the others with him agreed —  
 But the youngster paid no heed:  
 "Not long since I changed my clan,<sup>127</sup>  
 When we were besieged by that khan.  
 Now I am Manas' man!  
 Slay someone else's steed if you can!  
 Other youths still felt the desire  
 For fresh horse-flesh, roast o'er the fire.  
 "Oshpur's son Nazarbek, wields a mace —  
 8220 Maybe he will accept the place?"  
 When they told him say "Slay your steed!"  
 He replied: "There is no need!  
 When I was only eight years old,  
 I gave place to Manas the bold!"  
 Then they asked Kirghiz Ainakul,  
 Salamat's son, if he'd take rule,  
 If he then his steed would slay.  
 All were agreed on that same way.  
 But he said: "I fear Manas too!  
 8230 So I say now to all of you!  
 His great valour and strength I prize,  
 I have seen them with my own eyes.  
 I have reason, and I have sense —  
 Why must you others be so dense?  
 Make Manas commander-in-chief —  
 In him all could place belief!"  
 But they turned to another once more —  
 Aidarkan's son, the brave Këkchë,  
 Saying: "Be our chief! Slay your steed!"



8240 You are the leader whom we need!  
 Then Këkchë a deep breath drew:  
 "May your forebears' ghosts punish you!  
 Six days since to the steppe we came.  
 Clearly, you are all suffer the same,  
 Victims of one desire — to choke,  
 Stuffing yourselves, though half in a joke,  
 None but a fuddle-head slays his horse,  
 None but a muddle-head takes such a course!  
 Only a fool would hark — that's enough —

8250 Whether we starve, or whether we stuff!  
 We shall somehow get through today.  
 If there are no cloven-foot prey,  
 Shoot down mountain turkeys and fowls,  
 If you cannot find anything else.  
 Kill some pheasants, or ought that flies.  
 If you see nought at all, otherwise,  
 Let us return to our native deer!"  
 So said Këkchë, the bogatir.  
 Having heard such words from this one,

8260 Dzhabagi, Askara's young son,  
 Got quite angry with him straightway:  
 "At the foothills of Altai,  
 On summer pastures of Sari-Arka\*,  
 Go, rule Kazakhs, who numerous are!  
 Your forefather was Barak-khan,  
 Your grandfather was Kambar-khan,  
 Your own father was Aidarkan,  
 And among all our younger men,  
 You are the one they must respect,

8270 Not a beggar whom they can neglect!  
 Let someone else speak out what's true.  
 What you said does not befit you.  
 In your stinginess with your steed  
 You have found much delight indeed!  
 Don't stop others, who wish to speak!  
 Give up ranting — your argument's weak!  
 Thus crudely answered him Dzhabagi:

"Since I have sown dissention, I see,  
 If you cheapest beasts now own,  
 8280 My Dzhabagi, don't shout me down,  
 Slaughter your horse, no more ado,  
 Use no high words which don't ring true!"  
 Këkchë stopped, no more said he.  
 One called Kyuldir's young son, Chali:  
 "Cut up your horse for us!" he said.  
 All the others cried: "Go ahead!"  
 But he said: "When Nezkara came,  
 Fear ran through me, all the same,  
 Then Manas' man I became.

8290 Now to slay my steed's not the game,  
 Thus to become a khan at length,  
 I have neither desire, nor strength!"  
 So with him no more did they try.  
 "From Tirgoots you came, Derkenbai.  
 Your grandfather was great Kaldai.  
 Each of you has a young filly to eye,  
 And Tirgoots have numerous men,  
 Many are first-rate warriors then!  
 What if you slaughter your horse?" said they.

8300 "Now it's your time to become our bey!  
 What if you lead our people now?"  
 So they all said, insistent, somehow,  
 All of them, youngsters and elders too.  
 "I'd be unable to see things through!  
 I have no right such honour to take!"  
 Thus he replied: "A poor chief I'd make!"  
 "There is one more Tirgoot!" they cried,  
 "Son of Angir, Konoï, our pride.  
 It would be good if you slay your steed.

8310 Blessing would fall on your head indeed!"  
 So the choice now remained with him.  
 "I'll never slay my steed!" he said, grim.  
 He had refused, ere they could insist,  
 Thus a united vote he missed.  
 Now for Manas the turn came round,  
 Youngest of all the men there found.



"You are Jakib's support and pride,  
 You have many fine herds beside,  
 You have the people's respect and belief,  
 8320 We'll do your honour, and make you chief!  
 Give your consent to what we say.  
 Forebears of yours, in an earlier day,  
 Were Kirghiz, like Jakib, the bey.  
 Well, young Manas, then what do you say?  
 Why do you not now slay your steed,  
 Why not give us a pleasant feed?  
 Bey Jakib's rich, as we all know —  
 Why not receive our blessing so?  
 To Manas such words then sped.  
 8330 Hearing them all, Manas then said:  
 "There are many now gathered here.  
 Members of various tribes, that's clear.  
 Here are Argins and Alachi\*,  
 From Alchins Kodzho have we,  
 And yet wiser ones we may call.  
 So it's unworthy of you all,  
 That you keep asking us steeds to slay,  
 And be made khan on that some day!  
 Seeking your cloven-footed prey,  
 8340 To Charkastan you have made your way.  
 Since you then so strongly desire  
 Roasted horse-meat around the fire,  
 Then I must give up riding, of course.  
 Ask them to bring to me my horse,  
 So that my Akkula I'll slay.  
 Is a steed dearer than life then, say?  
 If you are hungry, my horse I'll bring,  
 Simply to save your lives, that's the thing!  
 So, please bring Akkula to me,  
 8350 And I'll slay him, if so it must be!  
 Only I ask you, don't think thus —  
 'He won't slaughter his horse for us!  
 So they all were assured by Manas.  
 Chegebai heard all he said,  
 He jumped up, and shook his head:

"Akkula is lean, has no fat!  
 Will you eat a steed like that?  
 Where's your conscience? Are you so mean?  
 Lion Manas straightforward has been —  
 8360 He will slaughter him, fat or lean!  
 Bey Jakib caught and trained that horse,  
 Not an easy task, of course!  
 Here I have, if truth be told,  
 One white-coated four-year-old.  
 He has known neither bridle nor bit,  
 And has grown rather fatter for it!  
 If you give it to bey Manas,  
 If you have not talked idly thus,  
 If you, in truth, will go that far,  
 8370 Then don't touch his Akkula!  
 Slaughter the four-year-old instead.  
 Make a banner to fly overhead.  
 Lion Manas, that bold young man,  
 Then proclaim as your chosen khan!"  
 Chegebai spoke, and nodded his head.  
 "Well then, let it be as you said!"  
 Four-year-old white-coat in they led  
 Slew it and hewed it — how it bled!  
 In eight portions the meat they set.  
 8380 In each tent they busily met  
 With all Manas had done indeed,  
 With all he'd said, they were agreed.  
 As required the meat was hewed,  
 Then in their travelling cook-pots stewed.  
 Fully satisfied, thus they ate!  
 But, though on escape he was set,  
 Tiger Manas they surrounded then,  
 Though he said: "Go away, young men!"  
 They then shook him, and turned him round.  
 8390 They then took him, and sat him down,  
 On a piece of felt, pure white,  
 Happily crying: "Our Khan! That's right!"  
 They proclaimed him their leader then:<sup>128</sup>  
 "We are Manas' serving-men!"



Youngsters who were present there,  
 With their laughter filled the air.  
 Fine white fat — they ate their fill,  
 Only the bones left lying still.  
 They then stayed on there for the night.  
 8400 Next day bold Manas looked bright!  
 "Now you have made me be your Khan,  
 Though I'm a young unwilling man,  
 And you simply compelled me too,  
 If that suits each one of you,  
 If you give me the right to decide —  
 Then I say: "We must take a ride,  
 Over the Altai pass Angirti.  
 On this side the Orkun runs free.  
 Let us make for Maral-Kechyu —  
 8410 There some good scouting we must do!  
 I shall take only the sharpest ones.  
 We shall scout the road where it runs.  
 If we meet thieves, we'll run them through.  
 If we meet robbers, we'll catch them too.  
 If we meet evil-intentioned men,  
 If we meet hostile enemies then,  
 I shall engage them, and beat them down,  
 With my battle-axe on their crown!  
 Boasting and bragging Kitai cavaliers,  
 8420 Any attackers we'll take by the ears!  
 Maybe Kangais are making raids there?  
 If I'm your Khan, I shan't stand and stare!"  
 To all the bravest who rode with him,  
 He gave orders, proper and prim,  
 And they accepted commands he gave,  
 Each one made ready, bold and brave.  
 "See all's in order before we go.  
 If you're preparing, then don't be slow!  
 Saddle, bestraddle, take arms with you,  
 8430 Travelling tents, ammunition too!"  
 All was ready, all firmly tied.  
 They feared Manas a little, beside.  
 Flattering words to him they would say,

Riding together the long, long way.  
 First over Angirti pass they rode,  
 Through the Altai their horses strode.  
 Many a time they stopped for the night,  
 Then took the road, together held tight.  
 Having received the powers of a khan,  
 8440 Young Manas showed himself a man!  
 At long last, and not too soon,  
 They approached the rapid Orkun.  
 Then he thought: "There's a ford, they say,  
 Maral-Kechyu — that's our best way.  
 Elsewhere sheerest cliffs arise —  
 Like a thrown stone the current flies.  
 Swiftly Orkun's steep torrent falls.  
 We shall see those rocky walls,  
 And the ford, too, interests me —  
 8450 Then we'll return back home!" said he.  
 "If we meet opposition," he said,  
 What a commotion will fall on their head!"  
 And with that, the last lap they leapt,  
 Over the night many times they slept.  
 Then at last, at one high noon,  
 Reached that vale where flowed the Orkun.  
 Saw their road then dividing in three —  
 Two to the right hand turned, they see.  
 One to the left — but which of the three?  
 8460 Here pussy-willow, and there poplar-tree.  
 Many others here raise high crests.  
 Perched on one are a thousand nests.  
 Such decorations a sycamore shows.  
 "These are fine places, where everything grows!  
 Thickets, and brush, and dense forests too,  
 Leopards, and lions, and lizards, not few.  
 All kinds of life are here to be found.  
 This is most fertile and fruitful ground.  
 Let's remain here for five or six days!"  
 8470 "Since Khan Manas now orders our ways,  
 We all agree with what he has said!"  
 So they took counsel with him at their head.



Horses were tethered upon a short lead,<sup>129</sup>  
 Saddles and padding they no longer need.  
 Out on the high and thick green grass  
 Woolly felt blankets they spread at last.  
 Lay down and rested — a satisfied lot.  
 Nothing to do — so does they shot.  
 Thus they rested, and toil ignored,  
 8480 Shooting at stags when they felt bored.  
 If they weren't bored, they rested well.  
 There meanwhile we shall let them dwell...  
 Let us leave them there to smile,  
 Go back to Esen-khan meanwhile.  
 Forty-five camels he'd loaded with stores,  
 And with gold coins, not mine, not yours.  
 And with precious silks from Kitai,  
 From Shibem\* six slaves did hie,  
 And ten merchants, Uigur men,  
 8490 Ten Kalmaks to accompany them.  
 They were scouts, or rather spies,  
 Sent to know where Manas' strength lies.  
 Esen-khan sent them long ago.  
 "Where they've got to, I do not know —  
 Many went off to Altai!" said he,  
 Sending others to go and see.  
 "When you get news, come back and say.  
 If you meet any Tyurks on your way,  
 Smash them up, spare no wild boars!  
 8500 Fifty-five camels, loaded with stores,  
 They have got lost, my servants too.  
 If you hear ought, let me know as due.  
 If anybody should bar your way  
 Cut off their heads, or blind them, I say!"  
 Such were the words of Esen-khan.  
 So they went searching, many a man!  
 Leader and chief, Nuuker was sent,  
 From the far-famed city of Kent.  
 With Nuuker there set off not few —  
 8510 Nine hundred warriors, brave and true!  
 They took the road to Maral-Kechyu.

Chief Nuuker was a strong-man too,  
 Coming from the other side,  
 There Manas and his men he spied.  
 "These are people straight from Altai,  
 Which before me have met my eye!"  
 Chief Nuuker was gladly stirred.  
 "Let those obey, who hear my word!  
 If your time has come, you must die!"  
 8520 If you survive, not as corpses lie,  
 Then you're responsible only to me.  
 Let a hundred my envoys be.  
 Tell those fellows to come to me here.  
 If they refuse, and will not appear,  
 Beat them flat, as you beat a mat!"  
 So said their chief, and left it at that.  
 When the hundred men arrived soon,  
 Cutting them off, they saw the Orkun.  
 At its source melting glaciers lie.  
 8530 If you look down from cliff-tops high,  
 There you see tributary Dzhaïsan\*.  
 Black as black its waters scan,  
 Seething and weaving, threatening flow.  
 Tall trees are rustling, bustling below.  
 Echoes resound in the mountains high.  
 Poplars, like candles, rise to the sky.  
 Water in waves sweeps down in a swirl,  
 Birches and willows it floods awl.  
 Over the knees of a man it would flow.  
 8540 Thundering down these waters go.  
 If a man should go and stand near,  
 Then his whole body trembles in fear.  
 Those hundred braves Nuuker had sent,  
 Came to these torrents — their spirits bent,  
 Soon as they saw the foaming flood,  
 Lost to the last, before it they stood.  
 Rocks and stones it swashed and swept.  
 "If a man in such currents stepped,  
 He'd not survive, would be carried away,



8550 No man could pass through here!" said they.  
 "If someone tried this ford to force,  
 He would soon come to grief, of course!  
 Let's go back to our chieftain, then,  
 Tell Nuuker that us hundred men  
 Thus he would lose, not one would survive!  
 If, at his orders, we still must strive,  
 Then we must try the ford to cross,  
 But we'd rather turn back without loss.  
 Everyone treasures his living breath!

8560 Why then go willingly to one's death?  
 So they sent one messenger then  
 From the remaining ninety-nine men.  
 But Nuuker just pounced on his head —  
 "Don't be afraid of water!" he said.  
 "Don't be afraid of the roar of war!"  
 Orders to cross he gave once more.  
 Every one of those hundred braves,  
 Hitched high his steed, and entered the waves.  
 Straightway they all were swept off their feet.

8570 Here and there, wet heads you'd meet,  
 Bobbing about on the waves like ducks.  
 Some, grabbing horses' manes, had luck,  
 Reached the shore, and wrung their clothes.  
 Twenty were drowned — never found were those.  
 All saw how they were then swept away.  
 Eighty men reached the shore that day,  
 Where Manas and his warriors stayed.  
 Stealing through willows, through rushes which waved,  
 There they spied out what was what, who was who,

8580 Thus ever nearer to them they drew.  
 Bridles drawn, on their steeds they ride.  
 Lion Manas, by the water-side,  
 There had placed some excellent scouts.  
 Seeing the enemy, one crept out,  
 And he reported then to Manas:  
 "Roughly a hundred the ford tried to pass,  
 Armed with sabres and flintlocks too.

Not everyone of them got through!  
 Now they are coming this way, in brief...

8590 Had they no orders from some great chief?  
 Who would have dared to try to cross,  
 Knowing they'd suffer serious loss?  
 If no great Khan had urged them on,  
 Who to his death ahead would have gone?  
 Take good note of what I report,  
 Make preparations of every sort.  
 Soon these foes are bound to appear,  
 We must be ready to meet them here!"  
 Thus to his Khan the young scout said.

8600 Then Manas ordered: "Go straight ahead,  
 Saddle your steeds, make ready for war!  
 Well, and what are you waiting for?  
 Did you not hear the report of our scout?  
 All as one must now turn out!  
 Start up the sternest combat with them!"  
 That's what Manas instructed them then.  
 While he was speaking, a few were afeared,  
 Eighty men of the Khan appeared,  
 Rode straight up to Manas, and one spoke:

8610 "Are you all from Altai folk?  
 Where have you all sprung up from now?  
 You have no herds to feed, anyhow!  
 You have no land here, nothing to sow!  
 You have no goods to sell, as we know.  
 Nothing imported you have, we guess —  
 Sabres and flintlocks alone you possess.  
 What they are for — we do not know!  
 What are you doing here, travelling so?  
 Give up trying to hide things from me —

8620 Golden hawks and eagles I see!  
 That means hunting and falconry.  
 That being so — there's no mystery!  
 By your behaviour, you're ruling men.  
 Say what folk you belong to, then!  
 Wandering cattle-men, it would appear?"  
 So to Manas spoke the man severe.



Then Manas began to enquire:  
 "You, young man, seem to stand somewhat higher,  
 Looking down on us, boastful and bold,  
 8630 Seemingly here some power you hold?  
 Who, yourselves then, may you be?  
 Deer we are hunting, as you see.  
 Therefore don't ask us what we do.  
 That has nothing to do with you!"  
 Then the Kitais, those heathens bold,  
 May Allah punish them, as of old,  
 They replied: "We're from Kakanchin\*.  
 No matter where may death look in,  
 We shall never run off in despair!"  
 8640 Chief of our warriors is Nuuker.  
 Having seen you and your men appear,  
 He then ordered "Drive them here!  
 Make them saddle their steeds and come —  
 Otherwise — death for every one!  
 None among them there must survive!  
 Over the stream, then, we must strive,  
 There our chief, Nuuker is found —"  
 Thus they told all those standing round:  
 "Saddle and straddle your steeds, none missed!"  
 8650 Thus already began to insist.  
 One further query had young Manas:  
 "Good thing you came from your chief, my lads!  
 We shall hear what you have to say.  
 Tell us — what do you want with us, eh?  
 Which Altai whom you wish to attack,  
 Does he call foe, behind his back?"  
 Young Manas put the question so.  
 "We do not know whom he call his foe.  
 Come to our chieftain, then you'll know."  
 8660 Come with us now, and away we'll go!  
 Now we know where the ford runs through,  
 That which he wishes to say to you,  
 Hear yourself from the chief's own mouth.  
 He is forceful, at times uncouth:  
 Only a youngster himself, you see,

But how harsh that fellow can be!  
 Ride on now, and get ahead.  
 Ride at once, or your last day's sped!  
 Quicker ride, or I'll strike you dead!"  
 8670 Sharply to young Manas he said.  
 "You are the one who drives me on!"  
 Cried Manas, all his patience gone,  
 Drew Achalbars, his sword, from its sheath:  
 "I am the one who will bring you death!"  
 Straightway he slashed and hewed off his head.  
 Eighty-four men whom Manas then led,  
 Sped straight forward towards the foe,  
 Not one among them did not so...  
 Of those Kitais, who bragging had sped,  
 8680 Eighty-seven were laid out dead!  
 To the last man they laid them low,  
 Gave them a real hot time, you know.  
 That's the way they dealt with them.  
 Horses, clothes, and weapons then —  
 Look what spoil for themselves they reaped!  
 Their reprisal was outright defeat!  
 From the hundred men who came —  
 On the banks cast up again —  
 Only seven, thought dead were saved —  
 8690 Eighty-seven met death as braves.  
 Not a single soul survived...  
 Like the rest on the other side,  
 All lay down to sleep for the night...  
 "Where are my men, there's something not right!"  
 Thus thought giant Nuuker, distressed.  
 One hundred men! He got no rest.  
 "Not a single man has come back!"  
 Where they had got to, he'd lost all track.  
 He was quite shattered, and looked all round —  
 8700 On this side his own were found.  
 On that side those others were spread.  
 On both banks where the river led,  
 In their rest-camps beneath dark skies  
 On an open space slept Kitais...



Don't be impatient — more will arise!  
 Mussulmen in the thickets hid,  
 Many or few, it cannot be said,  
 They were concealed as their prayers they read.  
 In the night, if you looked around  
 8710 Smoke in the forest glades was found.  
 Just like stars, the fires burned bright.  
 In the clearings, if keen your sight,  
 Horses running about you'd see...  
 Chief Nuuker, still worried is he.  
 Still not knowing what number of foes,  
 Still without news, which no one knows,  
 He can't decide just what he should do.  
 One hundred missing — well that's no few!  
 How can he then expect success?  
 8720 Saddened all night he slept less and less...  
 Dawn grew golden, up swelled the light,  
 Calling to war the drums throbbed tight.  
 Those who with giant Nuuker stood fast,  
 Eight hundred men remained at last.  
 Loudly the long brass trumpet blew,  
 Proudly the long flutes sounded too.  
 Up rose, unfurled, the fluttering flag,  
 Banners beat on the wind with a wag.  
 Then the Kitais, with alarming cries,  
 8730 Trotted down where the river-bank lies.  
 Poplars they felled, and willow-boughs brought,  
 With those logs firm rafts they wrought.<sup>130</sup>  
 On each raft stood two hundred men,  
 Who were marched to the riverside then.  
 Four such rafts they made apace,  
 Eight hundred men found there a place.  
 Onto the rafts in squads they stepped,  
 Then altogether, away they swept.  
 Not each singly, for they could not say  
 8740 Where the shallows and hidden rocks lay.  
 Thus in a group they swept along,  
 Bumping each other when things went wrong,  
 Causing for many injuries new —

Some got crushed between them too;  
 Altogether a hundred died.  
 On the bank stood those who survived.  
 Many fine horses drowned, what a loss,  
 When they followed the rafts across.  
 Riders then went on foot once more,  
 8750 When they gathered upon the shore.  
 There before Buddha each bowed his head.  
 "Where do Altais now stand?" they said.  
 "If we don't beat them," Nuuker cried,  
 "Then from shame I might well have died!  
 Here rose-bay-willow and rushes I see —  
 They look so young and betattered to me.  
 If against such we have to strive —  
 Never a one of them goes back alive!  
 Where are my missing one hundred men?  
 8760 Those who arrived just recently, then,  
 How many men from Altai are there here?  
 Ride and find out, I must get that clear.  
 Look all around you, on every side,  
 Then if the foe is too few for my pride,  
 Seize them and beat them, and don't let them go!"  
 Khan Nuuker commanded them so.  
 Sending them out to scout round the land,  
 Strong-men and knights, and footmen at hand.  
 So they divided, some here and some there,  
 8770 Round seven hundred, not easy to scare.  
 Now, isolated, the few stood fast.  
 They were besieged all round at last.  
 Up rode a knight, by name Chang-Chang,  
 So they a parley between them began:  
 "What is your tribe, and where do you dwell?"  
 Quickly, quickly he spoke, but well.  
 Then Manas, in great anger, replied,  
 Looking sternly on every side:  
 "Heathen swine! May you soon be dead!  
 8780 Ignorant pig, get this in your head!  
 Have you not heard of Babir-Khan?  
 He was my forebear, a frightening man!



Those who opposed him themselves worked woe.  
 My grandfather, Nogoi, you must know.  
 And, as my sire, Jakib I own.  
 Lion Manas, thus I am well-known!  
 If mighty Allah protects my head,  
 I shall live to see you all dead.  
 I shall be saved from disaster!" said he.

8790 "If you are full of hatred for me  
 Then in a fight put your honour to test.  
 Do not spare your soul, nor the rest.  
 I shall put you to shame!" cried he.  
 "Blood poured out like water will be,  
 If I but lay my hand on my sword!"  
 Thus Manas cried his fighting word.  
 Eighty-four braves bestrode their steeds,  
 Eighty-four braves, prepared for great deeds.  
 Putting their trust in Allah, the great,

8800 Thus, in expectation they wait...  
 Then from the side of hostile Kitais,  
 Strong-man, Kumkar by name, did rise,  
 Took his sabre swift in his hand,  
 And with his battle-cry there did stand...  
 Këkchë said: "Manas, we are lost!  
 That's what all your tricks have cost!  
 Now, alas, Alachi must die.  
 Though Beidzhin far away does lie,  
 If their Khan to attack so chose,

8810 Those from Altai won't dare to oppose!<sup>131</sup>  
 We should have hunted deer, and then gone.  
 We have been stupid, attacks have brought on.  
 You've slain Kitais, that crime would repeat —  
 But Esen-khan's not so easy to beat!  
 You went your way, and now face defeat,  
 Thinking Kakan would me easy meat.  
 You are my kinsman, my cousin, and so  
 We have both wounded a dangerous foe.  
 Thus all in vain we now shall die,

8820 And if any should try to fly,  
 You would be deeply offended with us!"

So, his opinion expressing thus,  
 Aidarkan's son, the brave Këkchë,  
 Spoke to Manas, who then did aver:  
 "Oh, Këkchë, empty-headed are you!  
 If you are destined to die — you do!  
 Khans do not always die on their throne,  
 Other conclusions for them are known!  
 Don't make such senseless speeches here —

8830 Enemy numbers alone don't fear!  
 Many obscenities here do not speak,  
 Just because six-hundred foes do us seek.  
 You've become lost, don't know what to do!  
 Where are your senses? What brains have you?  
 Useless the speeches which here you make,  
 They will lead others to quiver and quake,  
 People of thirty or forty years old,  
 Here among us, if truth be told.  
 Fearing, as you do, to get in a fix,

8840 Altogether are five or six!  
 All the rest are youngsters, I'd say.  
 Trembling from fear? Not they! Not they!  
 Still not knowing oppression's plight,  
 Not having lost the desire to fight,  
 Hearts standing fast against the foe,  
 All we are youngster-braves, you know!  
 Do not such fellows grow strong in war?  
 Is that not what such frays are for?  
 Have you seen such, who would wish to fly?

8850 Have you seen such dig soil, then die?  
 Have you seen such catch cold and sneeze?  
 Have you seen such with small-pox disease?  
 Have you seen such smart lads grow weak?  
 Have you seen such the cold earth seek?  
 Here are some seven or eight hundred men.  
 Here we are, encircled by them.  
 Not alone from these we'll be saved —  
 But, as from those sixty thousand braves,  
 Whom we engaged on the highway broad,



8860 Khan Nezkara, and his heathen horde —  
 Will great Allah our lives protect!  
 Twenty years older than I, I expect,  
 Yet you utter such colourless words,  
 Useless alarms, like broken sherds!"  
 Thus did lion Manas make reply.  
 "Now to single combat go I!"  
 Straightway he prepared for the fight.  
 "Since you are Khan, you have that right!"<sup>132</sup>  
 So to him replied Ainakul...

8870 Boiling over, with fury full,  
 Aidarkan's son, the bold Këkchë,  
 Prodded his steed with prickly spur.  
 With a Kitai, Kimkar the knight,  
 In a tourney he went to fight.  
 With his spear the foe he struck,  
 In his breast the spear-head stuck.  
 Seated on his grey steed, Kimkar,  
 Head over heels went flying far.  
 Taking his sabre, sharp and long,

8880 One bogatir, by name Boldzhong  
 Standing apart from the others quite,  
 He had a horse with neck snow-white,  
 He himself looked distinguished too,  
 As towards Këkchë he flew.  
 Whoever saw him quaked with fright,  
 Death-dealing bow, and arrow-heads bright,  
 Carried within his quiver had he,  
 Then a blue-steel flint-lock we see,<sup>133</sup>  
 With its slowly-burning long fuse —

8890 So came Baldzhong, with cunning ruse.  
 Hearty and healthy, brave Këkchë.  
 Rode towards him, no whip, no spur.  
 Then cried Boldzhong: "Kimkar you o'erthrew,  
 Good-for-nothing Mussulman, you!  
 Now you think you're one of the best!"  
 And with a cry he nearer pressed...  
 Then Manas, who was watching nearby,

Thought: "Not with a bow, but a gun he'll  
 let fly!  
 That is his ruse, and a cunning one!"

8900 So he himself prepared his gun.  
 From Akkelte one shot he fired,  
 Hit the Kitai, as he desired.  
 From his horse he pitched headlong forth,  
 Plunged flat out on the grassy earth.  
 Thus bogatir Boldzhong did die.  
 Then Nuuker raised one sharp cry,  
 Spurred his steed towards his foe,  
 Not holding back, he galloped so,  
 Then a longer cry raised he,

8910 Speeding towards him, swift as could be.  
 If Manas shot, he did not miss.  
 He had the spirits' protection in this.  
 If he struck with his spear — that was all!  
 Down his opponent was bound to fall.  
 Now Akkula the spur he gave,  
 Galloped towards Nuuker, the brave.  
 On towards the giant he sped,  
 Where Këkchë was waiting ahead.  
 Then Këkchë said: "Manas, what's amiss —

8920 Why are you interfering like this?  
 When on the jousting-place I stand,  
 Why do you come with such hasty hand?  
 What has happened to cause such a stir?"  
 So enquired the brave Këkchë.  
 "From the Kitai's Nuuker rode forth,  
 He's the most powerful man on earth,  
 That I noticed," Manas replied,  
 "Therefore I hastened to come to your side.  
 I felt concern, and pity for you,

8930 Therefore I acted to save you too!"  
 So Manas to his cousin replied.  
 They had no time the point to decide.  
 When up rode the giant Nuuker.  
 On the two youngsters waiting there,  
 With great hatred then he looked.



Aidarkan's son, Këkchë, was shocked.  
 Straightway he spurred his steed ahead,  
 And with a cry to Nuuker sped.  
 Not a shot from bow or gun,  
 8940 Not a sword-stroke not spear-thrust — none!  
 If that's not valour, what is it then, pray?  
 Brave Nuuker, for a moment at bay,  
 Roaring with anger was ready to strike,  
 Seize him and hurl him to earth, most like,  
 Or to smash his head on a stone...  
 Seeing this, bold Manas rode alone,  
 Spurred on his steed, the swift Akkula,  
 Just before matters had gone too far,  
 And there was still a moment to spare,  
 8950 And with a cry he reached for Nuuker,  
 Just as he grasped his elder foe.  
 Round his shoulders Manas gripped so,  
 Lifted him up, with Këkchë held fast,  
 Held them with legs still bowed, at last,  
 And they both seemed to feel a fright,  
 In this powerful grip held tight.  
 Both he laid on his horse's mane,  
 Galloped back to his men again.  
 To his eighty comrades he reared,  
 8960 All the eighty were slightly scared.  
 As upon him they fixed their eyes,  
 Seeing him come with great surprise,  
 One arm holding Këkchë went dead.  
 He, it seemed round Nuuker spread  
 Both his arms, and gripped from the side.  
 While he did so Manas then tied  
 Nuuker's arms, thus holding him fast,  
 So with that giant got even at last!  
 Then, with two feet firmly spread,  
 8970 Slashed with his sword, and hacked off his head!  
 Those seven-hundred Nuuker's men  
 Spurred on their steeds into battle then.  
 All joined in to the very last man,  
 While the opposing eighty-four men

Swept all aside before them then.  
 Taking their spears and swords again,  
 "Baabeddin\*!" they raised their cry,  
 Set all their flags afloat in the sky,  
 Shouted their battle-cry "Lion Manas!"  
 8980 And with the enemy came to a clash!  
 Battle-halberds on visors — crash-crash!  
 Spears on breastplates too — clash-clash!  
 Sabres and swords on necks — slash-slash!  
 Bludgeons on brazen shields — bash-bash!  
 Blows on coming together — thrash-thrash!  
 Clothes all cut to shreds — flash-flash!  
 Helmets battered to bits — smash-smash!  
 Brows with pouring blood — splash-splash!  
 Buckets with red-lead stain — dash-dash!  
 8990 Leopard Manas with his whip — lash-lash!  
 Full of fury he roared aloud!  
 Aidarkan's son, Këkchë was proud,  
 Making Kitais just gape with fear.  
 From one side, first here, then there,  
 They began to annihilate foes.  
 Boiling the bloody conflict goes.  
 Firing deadly, without a miss,  
 Near and far the lead balls whizz,  
 Thunder of shots just deafens the air.  
 9000 Cries of "Manas!" ring everywhere.  
 Look at lion Manas, the bold!  
 Round the field his roaring rolled.  
 When a difficult moment reared,  
 Then the forty Chiltens appeared,  
 Then the cries of the eighty braves  
 Like eight thousand rose in waves,  
 Then lost Kitais were drowned in blood,  
 Rolling like a stream in flood.  
 Then a breach in their centre was hewn,  
 9010 And a road of dead bodies lay strewn.  
 After Manas the eighty-four  
 Followed him into the fray once more,  
 Six or seven were wounded sore,



Leant on their saddle-bows before.  
 Ainakul dashed up and cried:  
 "Hey, you fellows, ride aside,  
 Get back to our camp again,  
 Dress your wounds, and ease your pain.  
 You have waged heroic war!  
 9020 Then we'll meet you there once more".  
 Then they attacked the Kitais again.  
 Mandzhibek, who from Mandzhu came,  
 "Where are these heathen swine?" then cried,  
 "Drive them back to the river-side!"  
 Slashed with his sabre, pierced with his spear,  
 Set the foes a-trembling with fear.  
 Then they pursued the refugees,  
 Slew the riders, took forty steeds.  
 Chalimbai burst through, and Kitais  
 9030 Could not withstand the furious cries  
 Of those eighty brave warriors there.  
 Their fierce thrusts gave them all a scare,  
 So they re-crossed the swift Orkun,  
 And misfortune befell them soon.  
 Those who on stronger steeds did ride  
 Scarcely could reach the opposite side.  
 Those Kitais who weak steeds beset,  
 Flopped from their backs in the water flat.  
 Just like fish, did they dip and dive,  
 9040 Lost all hope of remaining alive.  
 Like softened clay they are washed away,  
 Heads are heavy with shame this day!  
 Stretched out on the water they float,  
 Limp and loose as their own blue coat!  
 They are exhausted, their power all gone.  
 Caps in the water go floating on...  
 All are swept where the waters whirl,  
 There drowned bodies twist and twirl.  
 They have no earthen burthened graves,  
 9050 Only their buttocks stick up from the waves.  
 Those of them who did survive  
 Felt deep fear: "We are scarce alive!"

Those Kitais soon came to see  
 That for large numbers no ford could be.  
 Some had gone down the river-side long,  
 And had reached the mount Bodong\*.  
 Others escaped down the river-side too,  
 Since there was nothing else they could do.  
 They went towards the mount Dzherken.  
 9060 First had come nine hundred men,  
 With them had come strong-man Nuuker.  
 All had been thoroughly beaten there.  
 What were Kitais, if not beaten men?  
 Of that nine hundred, defeated then,  
 Scarce two hundred of them survived.  
 They at Esen-khan's court arrived.  
 Round about seven hundred had died.  
 When the Kirghiz the spoil espied,  
 They collected the clothes and steeds,  
 9070 Shared them out to serve their needs.  
 Even the youngest of their men  
 Got eleven good horses then!  
 They became rich from all the spoil,  
 Raked together the battle-soil,  
 Raised the dust, heaped ashes and clay  
 High as a yurtia, anyway!<sup>134</sup>  
 Having chosen their steeds for the race,  
 Donned their clothes, made feasting space.  
 Having the foe at last o'erthrown,  
 9080 Having drunk his black blood down,  
 Tiger Manas, their brave bogatir,  
 They began to name "blood-thirsty" there.  
 Tents and ammunition they bound  
 With a double lasso around.  
 Saying: "Manas is a blood-sucking man!"  
 Thus their flattery they began.  
 Having crossed the pass Angirti,  
 Crossing Altai's high territory,  
 They returned to those near and dear,  
 9090 To Sari-Chël\*, which is by Mamir,  
 To the shores of lake Aidin\*,



To the place which Jakib lived in,  
 There they assembled together again.  
 All which they had recently seen,  
 They described fully, and told about.  
 Two days thus they rested out.  
 On the third day, bold Manas  
 Then gave orders to herdsmen thus:  
 From all the foals reserved for war,  
 9100 From all the milking mares, what's more  
 Those predestined for sacrifice,  
 From Kambarboz's herd, in a trice,  
 Catch and fetch nine for us!" said he.  
 Slain for our feast-day let them be.  
 Then he ordered: "Dig fire-holes round!"  
 From the folk on Altai then found,  
 Not one family missing out thus,  
 All were invited to visit Manas.  
 "You good people who live on Altai,  
 9110 And have come in reply to my cry,  
 Tell me, now, how many are you?"  
 "All of our folk are here on view!  
 Many Manguls and others are here,  
 Brave and wise Dzhaïsan is here,  
 Beys Kyuldyur and Kaldar are here,  
 From Mandzhur, Madzhik is here,  
 Old man Dëgën, as always, is here,  
 Also Këgën from Naimans is here,  
 Aidarkan's son, Këkchë is here,  
 9120 Other folk too from Altai are here.  
 Here are Alchins, and Uishuni,  
 Here are Naimans, and Kipchaki,  
 Here from Argins comes Karakodzhö,  
 Here from Abaks Aidarkan, you know,  
 Here from Kirghiz comes Salamat thus,  
 Here from Kipchaks, comes eloquent Taz,  
 Here from Nogios comes Jakib, our bey,  
 Here from Noiguts — Albalta today.  
 Here from Totus comes rich Toktoo,

9130 Here from Lokush\* — Omurzak's on view.  
 Here from Uzbeks come Damulda,  
 Here sharp-witted, sharp-tongued Abdilda,  
 And Akimbek, his kinsman grey,  
 We are all here!" cried Berdike.  
 "Think now, our enemies stand around,  
 Open hostility soon may be found.  
 We must prepare to keep them at bay!"  
 "Now let the elders have some say!"  
 So cried Jakib, as the counsellors' head,  
 9140 Where all the wisest in council met.  
 There with their heads a-nodding they sat,  
 Taking refreshments together at that,  
 Which bey Jakib had sent to each man.  
 "We have shown enmity to their Khan,  
 And disrespect to their grand Padishah.  
 Most Kalmaks we have driven afar,  
 Who once were living along the Altai.  
 Villagers come to us from Kangai,  
 Shibertsî\* living along the Angir...  
 9150 People, just look for a moment here!  
 All those heathens are now our foes.  
 We must prepare now to deal with those!  
 Us Kirghiz, Kazakhs, Tyurkmen's sons,  
 They wish no good, those godless ones.  
 They will destroy us, our children too.  
 How now escape misfortunes new?  
 How can we tolerate pagans, then?  
 How can we be submissive to them?  
 How will it be when a horde of them comes?  
 9160 Will it not happen, that in our homes  
 For our support not a child will remain?  
 Having our women enslaved, or slain,  
 Having brought down on us endless night,  
 Having all of our men in sight  
 Trampled beneath their feet like dirt,  
 Making them slaves, with feelings hurt,  
 Sold them for gold which they put in a chest,



Valued much higher than all the best,  
 Having our leaders robbed of their lives,  
 9170 Making poor widows out of their wives,  
 They will our countless cattle then steal,  
 Try to bring noble beys to heel.  
 But no matter how hard they strive,  
 Thus to divide us, we'll yet survive.  
 They will not drive us to various lands;  
 If every brother united stands.  
 If you agree with what I propose,  
 Let us prepare to oppose our foes.  
 Let us resist them until we die —  
 9180 What else to do when death draws nigh?  
 Let us all fight on to the last.  
 Those Kitais — may the Devil them blast! -  
 Seemingly will not let us exist!"  
 So said Jakib, and then took a rest.  
 All fell silent around him too,  
 Then their voices again broke through,  
 As they discussed, both left and right.  
 Someone reminded them of the fight  
 Which they fought against Nezkara,  
 9190 And the eleven who came from afar,  
 Those who said: "We'll destroy you all!"  
 How with nine hundred braves at call,  
 Riding the road towards the Altai,  
 Strong-man Nuuker had too drawn nigh.  
 How bold Manas had held his own,  
 How the Kalmaks from Altai had flown,  
 Off on the road towards Andzhu\*,  
 How their complaint the Khan heard too.  
 All those things they had seen and heard.  
 9200 Bey Jakib than added this word:  
 "If there's no ruler, no order there'll be.  
 People themselves can't govern, you see!  
 If there's no leader, no prospects there'll be.  
 If there's disorder, no plenty you'll see.  
 If there's a Khan, you'll all stay alive,  
 If there's a man with a gun, he'll survive.

If there's no pasture, no cattle you see.  
 If come Kitais, there'll be deep misery.  
 If there's no folk, no bey then you see,  
 9210 Therefore each man must not lazy be!  
 If there's no man, then there is no Khan.  
 If there's no body, no soul lives therein.<sup>135</sup>  
 Here all around us are found only foes.  
 If they attack, they'll bring only woes.  
 If you all wish to remain alive,  
 Then to elect one Khan you must strive!  
 You can't survive with no Khan!" said he,  
 "Then from your foes no pity there'll be.  
 Let's be one people, one Khan at our head,  
 9220 Then if the heathen sow discord," he said,  
 We shall stay one, and resistance shall show,  
 And if we all are defeated so,  
 Then we shall all fill one great grave.  
 We must be careful, our lives to save!  
 If we desire to remain alive,  
 Then on one hill we must all survive!  
 One of you, with a character stern,  
 Let us as our own Khan affirm!  
 Let us our folk of this plan apprise.  
 9230 One of you, in whom valour lies,  
 Let us proclaim as our single Khan,  
 Let all our folk join in, to a man.  
 Then if the heathen at us should fly,  
 Trained, well-armed, we shall make reply,  
 And we shall sternly oppose the foe!"  
 So said Jakib, and sat down below.  
 Old Akbaltā stood there by his side,  
 There Berdike looked on, full of pride.  
 When Jakib asked: "Do I speak true?"  
 9240 All those around cried: "You do! You do!"  
 All the people cried out as one,  
 Praised Jakib for what he'd done,  
 Showing respect for him and his word,  
 For the good counsel they had heard.  
 Raised their hands, heads slowly bowed.



On that day most men in the crowd  
 Said: "If you think, there's much to be done!  
 Praise to Jakib, and to his bold son.  
 We must look forward, and move ahead;  
 9250 We must do as Jakib has said!"  
 Here among us are a few Altais,  
 Here among us are a few Kangais,  
 Here is a leader from Mandzhu,  
 Here are Tirgoots, in hundreds too,  
 Here are Kazakhs, the three main tribes,<sup>136</sup>  
 Here are they all, none left aside,  
 Here are forty Kirghiz tribes too,<sup>137</sup>  
 Here are Fergantsi\*, though they're few.  
 Here, then, step to the fore, our Khan,  
 9260 Here, he who's ready to play the man!<sup>138</sup>  
 He who is valorous, move up here,  
 He who is just, and shows no fear,  
 He who is bold when on campaign,  
 He who is ready to take the rein,  
 He who in tourneys shows his might,  
 He who is fearless in any fight,  
 He who is sharp of speech and sight,  
 He who knows what is power used right,  
 He who is elder, or younger he,  
 9270 He who is ready our Khan to be!  
 There was no man prepared to say:  
 "Make me your Khan today straightway!  
 Whatever happens, I shall do  
 Just what the folk commands me to!"  
 Waiting, and discussing the past,  
 All the people present stood fast.  
 Those eighty-four who hunting had been,  
 Then stepped forth upon the scene:  
 "Why at a dead end are you found?"  
 9280 Thus they asked the others around.  
 We went hunting together all,  
 None among us whom old you'd call,  
 None with beards and whiskers grey.  
 We don't know you all today —

But already we've named our Khan!"  
 Ainakul then spoke, a young man:  
 "Folk," he said, "we raised a scare,  
 Killed Chege's four-year-old mare —  
 Out on the steppe we voted thus,  
 9290 And our leader, the young Manas,  
 Chose as Khan among us there.  
 We proclaimed him so, just and fair.  
 So this chosen by us young Khan,  
 For your upper and lower man,  
 For your elders and for your youth,  
 Would he not suit for all, in truth?"  
 Salamat's son, young Ainakul,  
 Spoke these words with wisdom full.  
 Son of Uzbek, named Abdilda,  
 9300 Sharp-tongued speaker, known afar,  
 Cried: "If it's true you chose a Khan,  
 If both you, and Jakib's young son,  
 You and Manas, are among the best,  
 And if he becomes Khan for the rest,  
 May your riches grow full like a lake.  
 If Manas, Khan for all we take,  
 Clearly forty advisers he'll need.  
 You of that forty must take the lead!"  
 People around disliked by far  
 9310 How maliciously spoke Abdilda.  
 Young and old, they raised a fuss —  
 Saying: "Manas became our Khan thus!"  
 All the folk raised aloud its voice,  
 And were satisfied with that choice.  
 Then Kambar reproached Këkchë:  
 "Better if you an abortion were!  
 From the very day of your birth,  
 Was not ought lacking, something of worth?  
 Your young two-year-old foal you begrudged,  
 9320 And, because you were mean, you fudged!  
 Thus the Kirghiz the Khan's power took.  
 We Kazakhs — left with nothing, look!  
 You and your father count if you can



Cattle as dearer than any poor man!  
 Yet they're just beasts, that's all!" he said,  
 "He whom Allah above has led —  
 Young Manas — slew beasts for the rest,  
 All the folk who were deep distressed.  
 He is the people's only choice!"

9330 Said Kambar in a grievous voice.  
 This was heard then by all the folk.  
 "You are assembled, your wishes spoke.  
 If there are some who don't wish for this,  
 Let them step forth, and say why it is!  
 Let them not grumble later on.  
 Having agreed to Jakib's young son,  
 Don't start quarreling over the choice,  
 Let everybody then freely rejoice.  
 Of all those here, let not one man

9340 Say: "We did not make Manas our Khan!"  
 These were the words of Akbalta.  
 He wanted none to complain afar.  
 Loudly the crowd all gave their assent.  
 Suddenly then — all quiet things went.  
 Lion Manas stepped forth from the crowd,  
 And to the gathering cried aloud:  
 "I have no elder brother you know!  
 If death should come, then down I'd go!  
 My younger brother is still quite small.

9350 You are wise warriors, one and all.  
 Now I have something to say to you:  
 I have plenty of riches, it's true!  
 If misfortune should fall on my head,  
 Then, to rescue me, live or dead,  
 My own kinsmen have not the powers.  
 My own father has seen better hours!  
 He has no strength to come to me then,  
 But Kirghiz and Kazakhs are akin.  
 He who wishes their Khan to become,

9360 Let him step forth, and the deed is done!  
 True, on the steppe I slew a steed.  
 True, I then became Khan, indeed!

Still, I do not seek my own ends.  
 So that I shan't be ashamed, my friends,  
 Here are Kalmaks and Manguls as well,  
 Here are Kazakhs and Kirghiz to tell,  
 Here are Kangai, and Tirkoots too,  
 Here are Fergantsi, though few,  
 Here am I, and you, Mandzhi.

9370 Make him Khan who desires to be!  
 Let me resign, and set me free!  
 So spoke Manas, and seriously.  
 All showed signs of embarrassment then.  
 They all said, those other men,  
 "You are most suitable of us all,  
 Therefore you our Khan we shall call!"  
 Most of them just that desired.  
 Even the others of others were tired!  
 So, as far as they were concerned,

9380 Back to Jakib their thoughts then turned.  
 On campaign go the brave and the bold.  
 Though it is true, Jakib is old,  
 Still he has riches enough, and to spare.  
 If his son is too youthful there,  
 Though Jakib's already gone grey,  
 Let's make him our Khan, anyway!  
 As for that young leopard Manas,  
 Who shows valour and reason thus,  
 Let's make him a Knight, instead!"

9390 That was the thought in someone's head.  
 Then the majority voiced that way.  
 So up and spoke Këkchë, the bey:  
 "So Jakib takes over Khan's power,  
 And the title of Knight, from his hour,  
 Falls on Manas, his youthful son?  
 If those elders esteemed are at one,<sup>139</sup>  
 If so many on that are agreed,  
 I shall then bear with you, indeed!  
 And if the folk will give their accord,

9400 Now I shall ask to be made a Lord!"  
 Just ignoring the anger then



Of Kambar, and Aidarkan,  
 Just ignoring reproaches bare,  
 Of Kazakhs — his kinsmen there,  
 Stately, majestic, brave Këkchë  
 Then stepped forth where the people were,  
 Saying: "If most of you will agree,  
 Be so kind, make a Lord of me!"  
 "Very well — be a Lord indeed!"

9410 Thus the majority agreed.  
 Let Kazakhs and Kalmaks too,  
 When some man sits the throne anew,  
 Name him then as their own Lord!"  
 All then roared with one accord.  
 "Let the Kazakh a Lord become!"  
 Thus the crowd cried out as one.  
 "Now let us toss our chosen Khan,  
 Up in a blanket, if we can!"  
 So a blanket of warm white felt

9420 They spread out — at its edges knelt.  
 Akbalta and Berdike  
 Took Jakib, with beard gone grey,  
 By the arm, and led him along  
 There on front of the cheering throng.  
 "Don't toss me in the blanket, please!"  
 Cried wise Jakib, with weakening knees.  
 "Though I had riches, and herds also,  
 In my heart I felt deep woe.  
 People, remember, how I cried

9430 When I had no son by my side!  
 Only that was on my mind.  
 All my riches I'd left behind,  
 I saw nothing more in them,  
 But I wept for a son again.  
 'Be our Khan!' you say, But I'm old,  
 Do not trouble me — I'm not bold!  
 Since I now have a faithful son,  
 My support, now day is done,  
 Don't lead me to the garden gate

9440 For a Khanship — it's too late!  
 'Well,' you say, 'be Khan with your son!'  
 That would not do for anyone!  
 If you have true respect for me,  
 Let Manas your real Khan be!"  
 So said bey Jakib, and wept,  
 Down his face the tear-drops swept.  
 Knowing still their scorn for tears,  
 Bey Jakib the tossing fears.  
 Weeping from weakness and from age,

9450 How he longs to leave the stage!  
 Now Kirghiz and Kazakhs, they too,  
 Now Kalmaks and Manguls, a few,  
 On the blanket of soft white felt  
 Sat Jakib, where the others knelt.  
 Bogatir Manas, his son,  
 Set beside him: when that was done,  
 Then they gripped the blanket fast,  
 Tossed them up in the air at last!<sup>140</sup>  
 "When they had taken seven steps

9460 "Enough my lads!" cried Jakib, and wept.  
 So Jakib stepped down on the ground,  
 Then in the blanket alone was found  
 Lion Manas, who nothing feared.  
 Then the crowd around all cheered.  
 Then all those who had given the swing,  
 Seven times went round in a ring.  
 People from neighbouring villages too,  
 Crying: "We've made a Khan of you!"  
 All went shouting and waving caps,

9470 Giving that title to Manas.  
 "Here is your crown, our Khan!" they said,  
 Placing a cap upon his head,  
 With a wreath of bronze around.  
 Then Jakib his senses found,  
 Ordered them ninety mares to slay,  
 Making a feast lasting many a day,  
 Nine at least, whatever you say!







Brave-hearted warrior, bold Manas,<sup>1</sup>  
 Brought home as wife Karabërk to us.<sup>2</sup>  
 Bey Jakib, Manas' sire,  
 Sent his messengers out on hire,  
 Gathered together all kinsmen then,  
 Called a council of wise old men,  
 At his dwelling-place said to them:<sup>3</sup>  
 "Having lost sight of him long, long years,  
 Hale and hearty, my son appears!  
 10 Brave are his comrades, bold without fears.  
 What they aimed at, they now have won.  
 Countless Dangits\* to death have done,  
 City walls they sent crumbling down...  
 Life with a wife Manas began —  
 Seized the dark daughter of Kayip-khan!  
 My Akbalta and Berdike,  
 Oshpur Bey, with beard going grey,  
 Baidzhigit, so rich in mind,  
 Aidarkan, Salamat, strong-lined,  
 20 Listen then all of you, so inclined,  
 See if you then do not agree,  
 Hear what bey Jakib has to say:  
 "From Altai we should wander away,  
 In the direction of Andizhan.\*  
 If the Kitais\* attack began,  
 That would not bother a single man.

From their Pasha's three-fold attack,<sup>4</sup>  
 Earlier many did not come back.  
 God gave me what was long overdue —  
 30 One fine son, but a fierce one too!  
 He sent everything to its grave —  
 All the commands which the Pasha gave.<sup>5</sup>  
 I should say we did not fail,  
 But stepped straight on the dragon's tail!  
 Start to think of the present affair,  
 All you clear-heads, and get things fair.  
 Many of you are just sitting dumb —  
 Think things out, to sound judgement come.  
 If you don't think that I'm too old —  
 40 Hear my words, and what I've told.  
 If we speak truth our people here  
 Stand in a difficult spot, it's clear.  
 If our foes all round attack,  
 How are we going to hold them back?  
 When I was young I knew despair,  
 Lost my brothers in battle's flare.  
 My young days were with torment sped,  
 Lived with Manguls\*, their flocks I fed.  
 'Mid Mandzhus, life was not sweet —  
 50 Lived, but barely could make ends meet.  
 From my parents — Nogois\* were they,  
 When seventeen I was forced to stray.  
 When I think of it now I weep,  
 Tears in unrestrained streamlets sweep.  
 I am an orphan. My father's dead.  
 Brothers too in his tracks have sped.  
 Hither, thither, driven I went.  
 Youthful days were in torment spent.  
 Tear-drops onto my bosom ran.  
 60 On Bëën, the son of Chayan,  
 In my youthful days I relied,  
 Served him faithfully beside.  
 In Bëën a support I found.  
 Seeing my service, true and sound,  
 He gave his daughter to be my bride.



Kazakhs, Kirghiz, sit side by side,  
 Think thing over, then give your reply  
 To these words of mine as they fly.  
 First consider, then answer make —  
 70 Don't sit silent, for goodness sake!  
 Bey Jakib thus had his say.  
 At those gathered he gazed away.  
 There was Kambara's son, Aidarkan,  
 There was Eshtek, a wise old man,  
 To Jakib's proposal now,  
 They have something to answer, somehow.  
 Taz, a Kipchak; he too was there.  
 Baidzhigit, a Kirghiz was there.  
 From the Noiguts,\* Akbalta was too.  
 80 From the Nogois there was old Chagoo.  
 All the people were gathered there,  
 Many from all the tribes were there,  
 Karakodzho, and Argin\*, was there,  
 Many family clans were there,  
 Karakesek, and Alchin\*, was there,  
 Wise old counsellor-men were there,  
 Sixty of them, together told.  
 Berdike rose, spoke loud and bold:  
 "Great is Allah, the Planner, he!"<sup>6</sup>  
 90 You have mortally wounded me,  
 O, Jakib! Must our riches be crushed,  
 All because with Kitais we've brushed?  
 Where are we running, afraid, like you?  
 We shall lose all our cattle too!  
 All because the Manguls we vexed.<sup>7</sup>  
 Where are we running to save our necks?  
 Living beside the Manguls, like we,  
 You seem scared of the enemy!  
 Living beside the Kitais as well,  
 100 You've had enough, we all can tell!  
 Of new pastures for your herds  
 You are thinking, and utter such words!  
 On Andizhan and on Altai\*  
 You are set, and we all see why.

But in Andizhan, you know,  
 Waits Alo-oke, your dread foe!  
 Talk and talk — but times are grim.  
 If you wish to Jakib, go to him!  
 There between Andizhan and Kashgar\*,  
 110 Inaccessible heights stretch far.  
 High and steep are the passes there,  
 If in that direction we fare.  
 How then, indeed, shall we get through?  
 Openly here I speak to you,  
 No bad intentions do I hide —  
 Let the majority now decide!"  
 Berdike thus ended his speech.  
 Each one nodded his head to each —  
 None of them thought his words were weak.  
 120 Baidzhigit then stood up to speak:  
 In the words of Jakib, our bey,  
 From beginning to end, I'd say,  
 There is nothing that need be feared —  
 'Where there are whiskers — there's a beard!'<sup>8</sup>  
 So the ancient folk-proverb goes —  
 Careful men remain whole and sound.  
 Careless men covered in blood are found.  
 Where they fall, they stay there, those!  
 These poor folk, who Kitais are called —  
 130 Hordes of them, mere heathens, though bold —  
 No matter how we stand in their way,  
 If they come in their thousands, say,  
 How then destruction should we escape?  
 If towards the Great Bear we gape,  
 If to the north on earth we stare,  
 There's Ilepsi\*, and Kara-Kum\* bare,  
 Sari-Arka's\* eastern steppelands throng —  
 All these lands to Kazakhs belong.  
 Should we set our steps to the west —  
 140 How avoid needless torments best?  
 We know the rivers Edil\* and Nura\*,  
 Whole and unspoiled their courses are.  
 There the long crests of the Urals stand.



Let us go nearer to such a land!"  
 Many among those present say so:  
 'Where the Edil and Dzhayik now flow,  
 There our mothers and fathers grew!  
 Many among those present say too:  
 'Well, discuss the matter, decide,  
 150 Small and great, and old ones beside!"  
 Baidzhigit had said his say.  
 Aidarkan's son, Kambar, held sway.  
 He to the people began to speak:  
 "One and all to me sound weak,  
 Starting with old Jakib, our bey,  
 All their courage has ebbed away.  
 So you begin to think of retreat.  
 Listen, people, be more discreet!  
 You, it seems, have given up hope,  
 160 Look for escape, and in panic grope.  
 'I shall destroy you!' Tell me true —  
 Has a Kitai thus threatened you?  
 You Kazakhs and Kirghiz tribes here,  
 Say, is there reason such words to fear?  
 'I shall trample you into the earth!  
 Has a Kangai\* such a threat put forth?  
 You Kazakhs and Kirghiz tribes here,  
 Say, is there reason for words unclear?  
 We found refuge in the Altai.  
 170 Here, many years has the sun rolled by,  
 Like red blood we have been outpoured.  
 What do we babble about, ill-assured?  
 If we believe in such a bad way,  
 Long unquiet our souls will stay!  
 Time immemorial — 'twas always so.  
 Think not alone of yourself, oh no!  
 Do not pity yourself — you'll fall!  
 I wish to speak to you about all.  
 You Kazakhs and Kirghiz tribes here,  
 180 Of Akbalta, and Jakib, grown scar.  
 If those Kitais find strength enough,  
 Won't they begin to treat us rough?

If those Kitais such strength had found,  
 They would have beaten you into the ground!  
 Mumbling, grumbling, starved of sleep,  
 Toothless grannies would they make weep.  
 Would they not have worked you woe,  
 Robbed you of youth and beauty so?  
 Would they not have tortured your breath?  
 190 There is birth, and there is death.  
 There is goodness, and there is ill,  
 Each in its turn your soul will fill.  
 If some poor soul, by God's will on high,  
 Faces death — then he must die!"  
 So he spoke, scarce closed his lip,  
 When bold Manas and Këkchë slip  
 Into the ring with Dzhambirchi,  
 Then Abdilda and Bolot we see,  
 Then Shakum, from Mandzhu's ends —  
 200 One of Manas' nearest friends.  
 Their old white-beard Ainakul,  
 Famous Kirgil, no feckless fool,  
 Seven of them, all in one row,  
 Came to the council there, and so  
 People who met the seven said:  
 "We face difficult times ahead!"  
 Then Manas rose up and replied:  
 "Elders and youngsters, our joy and pride,  
 Father's brothers, when did you come?"  
 210 "Yesterday they arrived, my son,  
 Truth to tell, for them, one and all,  
 I, your father Jakib, did call.  
 May your soul, awake or asleep,  
 Safely great Allah always keep!"  
 Thus Jakib to his son replied.  
 Then Manas turned round one side,  
 Back to their home at once he hied.  
 There to Iyman and Oskënbay,  
 Who for years had watered and fed  
 220 All their horses, then he said:  
 "Gallop as quickly as can be,



Find the best-fed mares for me,  
 Take a dozen or so of them,  
 One Kamborboz\* from them choose then.  
 Round her lower lip slip your noose,  
 Then return as quick as you choose!  
 All the foals, as ever before,  
 They are destined to go to war.  
 All the mares of noblest blood,  
 230 They are destined to serve the good.  
 Not a weak one, but strong anyway,  
 Not a black one, but palest grey,  
 Choose one mare, and bring her back!"  
 Oskēnbai and Iyman weren't slack —  
 Off to their steeds they ran full speed,  
 Saddled, bestraddled them, swift indeed,  
 Off to the herd they spurred out of sight...  
 Having called all, to left and right,  
 Those Manas to his home did bring.  
 240 That was not summer, it still was spring.  
 Little there was of fermented kumiss.  
 Swift young fellows, he sent off six.  
 Six-hundred sheep-skins full of kumiss  
 They brought back and said: "Here it is!"  
 "Now from the village leave none behind,  
 Go and welcome all whom you find!"  
 Then they dug fire-holes there in the soil,  
 Seventy cauldrons they set to boil —  
 Each of them with a copper lid.  
 250 "So that arak\* gets strong," he said,  
 "You may add some herbs, my sons,  
 Fresh young shoots, as long as your thumbs!"  
 These they chopped and popped them in.  
 Those who wished, they swallowed this gin.  
 Bold ones then grew bolder yet,  
 Tummies tight, brows wet with sweat.  
 From the six hundred sheep-skins poured  
 Fresh kumiss, and white-beards restored.  
 This took their tension all away.

260 Having supped it, they then grew gay.  
 Conversation started up thus:  
 "Allah so kindly sent down to us  
 One most unusual child he has —  
 Happiness, by the name of Manas!"  
 On the meadow where grass grew green,  
 There the villagers seated were seen.  
 Grey-maned young wolf had ordered that.<sup>9</sup>  
 In a wide-spread circle they sat.  
 In the centre — a circular space.  
 270 Showing wide soul, and goodly grace,  
 Fat horse-ribs, and horse-neck fat,  
 Ordered to serve them where they sat.  
 All the gluttons not satisfied,  
 Belly-fat, white as white, did provide.  
 Two hundred sheepskins of fresh kumiss  
 He stood before them, and told them this:  
 "He who is thirsty — here's just the thing!"  
 Forty sheep-skins he ordered to bring.  
 "He who wishes to drink, may do!"  
 280 Then arak, in sheep-skins too,  
 Serving the families, went around.  
 Lion Manas in their midst was found.<sup>10</sup>  
 He stood before them, and thus he spoke:  
 "Elder and younger brothers, my folk,  
 If Kakanchin once finds the strength,  
 He will not leave us alone at length.  
 Nothing will stop him in that hour.  
 If the Kitais once feel their power,  
 They'll take revenge for all, somehow!"  
 290 Father — to gather the people now,  
 Troubling them thus, there is no need!  
 I to Oshpur's word pay due heed.  
 Save from him alone, it's clear,  
 No news from Kitais does one hear.  
 If you all would be once agreed —  
 Make me your Khan, though young indeed,  
 That is what I would wish to do:



Conquer the foe, take him captive too.  
 If in defeat to hell I'm hurled —  
 300 Then I'll go to that other world!  
 Do not others die of disease —  
 Lads like me — those who sniff and sneeze?  
 Does not small-pox carry them off?  
 Lungs inflamed, they croak and cough.  
 Have they not once on earth all been?  
 Twenty-four springs I've seen turn green.  
 Shall I not set the world aflame,<sup>11</sup>  
 Leave a memorial to my name?  
 Let our task be to fight our foe.  
 310 Let our souls to heaven then go!  
 Let our blood in full wine-skins flow!<sup>12</sup>  
 All Kirghizia's sons should know:  
 If they're short-sighted, here they'll die.  
 If they're long-sighted, off they'll fly.  
 Thinking: "Death is waiting for me!"  
 Bowing himself to his saddle-bow, see,  
 His poor head he will hang in shame,<sup>13</sup>  
 Giving himself to death all the same.  
 Well then, plait your hair up tight.  
 320 Place the chains round you feet alight,<sup>14</sup>  
 Thinking: "I shan't die, but stay whole!"  
 Don't deceive your immortal soul.  
 From the bey Oshpur I have heard —  
 Tekes-khan from Ters-Su\* has stirred.  
 What a soul cursed by God has he!  
 He said "Our riders have caught, you see,  
 Four Buruts\*, who our settlement found.  
 How did they dare start alarm all round?  
 They have taken Orol from us —  
 330 Four Buruts have shown themselves thus!  
 How did they dare to threaten us so?  
 I'll give them no time to breathe, oh no!  
 I'll exterminate them!" said he.  
 "We Kitais rule this world!" said he.  
 "All Kipchaks, Kirghiz, Kazakhs —  
 They shall fall beneath my axe!

I'll destroy them all!" said he then.  
 To their leader, by name Kemen,  
 He sent word to inform him thus,  
 340 Through an old wizard named Kenges.  
 He was sent as a herald to tell...  
 People say there's a land called Kor-Kël\*,  
 People say there's a khan called Orgo —  
 None can defeat him, none overthrow.  
 Many brave men, whole hordes, has he —  
 Warriors, at the least there'll be  
 Sixty thousand fighters, they say.  
 If the Creator shows us the way,  
 We shall rout them all, never fear!  
 350 Elders, and younger brothers here,  
 Will you survive, if with them you plead?  
 Will they pity such cowards, indeed?  
 If there is born a meek, mild lamb,  
 What fate lies waiting when he's a ram?  
 If there is born a warrior bold,  
 What fate lies waiting for him, untold?  
 When there is born a lamb, it's plain —  
 For the sacrifice he is slain.  
 When there is born a warrior brave,  
 360 He his own honour is bound to save!  
 Here are old men, caring for sheep.  
 Here are babies who wail and weep.  
 Here are toothless grandpas and nans.  
 Here are children with rosy hands.  
 I shall saddle my trusty steed,  
 I shall sharpen the spear I need.  
 I shall think: 'Esen-khan is strong,  
 But from Beidzhin\* the road is long.  
 Five month's ride from there, to boot.  
 370 So to be scared — it does not suit!  
 If God sends him to take my head,  
 If I go to fight him instead,  
 Can I take pity on myself?  
 Maybe he's no mere man, just an elf,  
 Fairy, devil, or giant, perchance?



If God leads me on my war-dance,  
 With Esten-Khan I'll fight for my life.  
 Since I'm set against him in strife,  
 And we both are hot-blooded, somehow,  
 380 Why should I pity my spirit now?  
 How can we still live in Altai?  
 We shall gather our forces high,  
 We shall rather go out and fight,  
 Keep our forefathers' road in sight!  
 Why should we thus all idly sit?  
 We shall gather our warriors fit,  
 Forth on our forebears' road we'll fare —  
 No room for good-for-nothing there!  
 We shall not give such slackers rest...  
 390 If in the fray we don't come off best,  
 Then the Kitais will give you such "feasts!"  
 Don't think you'll die, if you fight such beasts!  
 So such thoughts shan't confuse you, indeed,  
 Noiguts old Akbalta will lead!  
 And Nogois — Eshtek, the bold.  
 He won't let you sit in the cold!  
 For Alchins comes old Boobek.  
 For Naimans Këbën keeps check.  
 For Argins comes Karakodzho,  
 400 For Kipchaks — bold-tongued Taz, you know!  
 All these are tested braves, no fear!  
 For Uzbeks, Akimbek is here,  
 For my tribe Bazilbek has come.  
 Better to die, but still stay dumb.  
 Never say: "To Naaman\* don't go!"  
 There is birth, there is death also.  
 There is good, there is evil too,  
 Each in its turn will come to you.  
 Why was I from my father born?  
 410 While my soul, God's gift, is not torn,  
 Honour's path I shall follow free.  
 Land which my forefathers left to me,  
 Shall I let those Kitais grab it all?  
 Am I a gaper, bound to fall?

Why was I of my mother born?  
 Honour's path I shall boldly storm!  
 If I don't get our old lands back,  
 Shall I find peace upon my track?  
 If the gold crescent on crimson flag  
 420 O'er my head I don't raise and wag,  
 If I don't plunge its staff in the earth,  
 If I don't let its ribbon float forth,  
 May all the people forget my name.  
 If Naaman, which from father came,  
 In half a year I don't restore,  
 If our land I don't gain once more,  
 Better I'd not from father been born,  
 If my folk I shoul leave forlorn,  
 Better I'd not by mother been born.  
 430 I shall throw off the noose I've worn!  
 If the Kitais we don't defeat,  
 I shall give up God's gift complete.  
 When the Kitais in battle I've slain,  
 Then our land we'll take back again.  
 Why give up our fruitful soil?  
 Why, oppressed, should we seethe and boil?  
 Let the Kirghiz raise heads on high!  
 Better by far if we all should die.  
 Those dishonest rogues we'll work woe,  
 440 And recover our lost lands so!  
 If your lands we do not restore,  
 Sons of Kazakhs, we swear once more —  
 Better it were to spit out blood!"  
 Thus said Manas, then silent stood.  
 There, among those all gathered round,  
 Not one interrupter was found —  
 That white-beared bey Akbalta,  
 Bey Oshpur, no fool by far,  
 From Kirghiz brave Baidzhigit,  
 450 Kipchak Taz, whose words were sweet,  
 From the Kazakhs came Aidarkan,  
 Gathered here how many a man?  
 From the Nogois comes Dzhamgirchi,



From the Noiguts Akimbek we see,  
 From the Teits\* come Salamat —  
 All who round in the circle sat.  
 From Kalmaks\* there came Kyuldyur,  
 From Kazakhs, Bo-obek, for sure,  
 Karakodzho, from Argins afar,  
 460 From the Albans\* came Biyinazar.  
 All the wisest old men were here —  
 Greybeard Jakib, to Kirghiz folk dear,  
 There in the circle counsellors sat.  
 They all agreed with Manas at that.  
 So they all raised their hands up high.<sup>15</sup>  
 "Two days he fed us!" some did cry,  
 Bold Manas for us horses slew —  
 Fifty at least, and that's nor few!  
 Gave us fat ribs, and belly-fat too!  
 470 And kumiss, with gold honey's hue!"  
 Said Manas: "Go off on your ways!  
 Who delays for more than five days,  
 He'll be deprived of cattle and all,  
 Heavy the woe that on him will fall.  
 He who saddles, bestraddles a horse,  
 He who can grapple a spear, of course,  
 He who is proud to be called a man,  
 He must not stay, and nobody can,  
 Who has a hearth which he values like life,  
 480 Who has a home, and a newly-wed wife!  
 Let them not stay, nor young nor old,  
 Seventeen, eighteen years all told.  
 Not even those with seventy years,  
 Let not one stay nursing his fears.  
 These are my words, so heed them well,  
 Understand them, and others tell.  
 Those who can thrust with a trusty spear,  
 Those who can conquer a foe severe —  
 Let not one of them stay behind,  
 490 Nor tested archers, who targets find.  
 Braves with a powerful spinal bone,  
 From such fighters leave none alone,

Let none remain, whom God's slaves they dub,  
 From those skilful with skull-cracking club,  
 From those who swiftly return a blow,  
 From those who show big muscles, you know,  
 Those who can batter and slash the foe,  
 Those who all tricks with the sabre show.  
 From all the strongest braves you find,  
 500 Leave not a single one behind!  
 From those braves who the battle-axe wield,  
 Leave not one — we must not yield!  
 From the bold ones and from the strong,  
 From the village bring them along!  
 From the archers who strike the bull's eye,  
 Let not a single one get by!  
 From the horsemen with shoulders wide,  
 Let not one of them try to hide!  
 Expert war-chiefs let them serve,  
 510 Or the skilful, with steady nerve,  
 Hardy, and to the battle used.  
 Of the eloquent, none refuse!  
 Of the dervishes — Allah they praise  
 Of the guides, who know the ways,  
 Of the wizards who make men sleep,  
 Of the knights, who with banners sweep,  
 Of the poor, not strong in the head,  
 Of the dare-devils, raising dread,  
 Of the clever, who death don't fear,  
 520 Of those lions, whose honour is dear,  
 Of those esteemed, who still endure,  
 Of the scouts, who see the far shore,  
 Let not one stay at home, nor sleep.  
 Of those ones who their oath can keep,  
 Of the best of the saddled steeds,  
 Leave not one — they meet our needs!  
 From the far-sighted, who all can see,  
 From the sharp-tongued, who can argue free,  
 From the strong-minded, with judgement sound,  
 530 Let not one left at home be found!  
 Those who think: 'Manas talks absurd!'



Let them all remember my word!  
 I am taking a distant route,  
 Let them provide us well with food.  
 Let them not fear the foe — have pride!  
 Let them not tremble, nor try to hide!  
 From their fathers' road which we tread,  
 Let them not turn aside their head.  
 Those who come to the flag, I'll take.  
 540 Those who are late, and their promise break,  
 I shall stick their heads on a stake!  
 Those who come to the flag I'll take,  
 Those who don't come, their backs I'll break!  
 Those unwilling — to pieces I'll shake!  
 Those who straddle their steeds, I'll take,  
 Those who refuse, to woe will wake!  
 Those much misery I will make!  
 Listen to me, for safety's sake,  
 Old and young, do you hear what I say?  
 550 Old and young then had to obey.  
 Furious, blood-thirsty was Manas.  
 Thus he dismissed the people's mass.  
 Sunday evening, Allah be praised,  
 Jakib's old banner aloft he raised.<sup>16</sup>  
 Those who know, to them I say:  
 From the Kirghiz tribes, till that day,  
 From ancient times that flag passed on,  
 From their first forefather, Babir-khan.  
 It was handed on down, you know,  
 560 When they fought hand to hand with the foe.  
 Round that banner their cries they'd raise,  
 As they did in more ancient days.  
 From his father who held it, look,  
 Lion Manas that red flag took.  
 From the breeding-steed Kambarboz,  
 All the foals around, so it was,  
 Now were destined for use in war.  
 From sacrificial steeds, therefore,  
 One young mare they brought — see she runs!

570 Abike and Këbësh, younger sons  
 Of Jakib, went after that mare.  
 He himself, that white-beard there,  
 Bowed, and nobbled, half-lame, you see.  
 Bakdëclët, Shakan, Chiyirdi,  
 Since they shared young children now,  
 Other women to them must bow.  
 Akbalta and Berdike,  
 Oshpur-bey, with beard going grey,  
 All elder brothers and younger were there,  
 580 All had arrived with time to spare.  
 There they all stood in one long row,  
 Headed by Jakib, aging so.  
 Near to one another they stood,  
 Turned towards Mecca, as they should.  
 Wailing, as both hands upwards sweep,  
 Old Jakib, like a bleating sheep,  
 Prayed to Allah upon his throne,  
 In the name of good souls alone,  
 In the name of those grey-beards there,  
 590 And those brethren, with heads all bare:  
 "Our Creator, our one God still,  
 Hear my prayer, and fulfil my will!  
 When my right hand high I raise,  
 Do not break, O my shoulder-blades!  
 Pain, do not my old heart grip!"  
 Wailed the aged bey Jakib.  
 "Begging a son, I suffered then;  
 When he arrived, I spread pinions then!  
 If my courage o'erflows when restored,  
 600 Do not let me go blind, O Lord!  
 Now my tail can touch the ground,<sup>17</sup>  
 Now my joy's known all around,  
 Let me not into sadness slip!"  
 Groaned and moaned old bey Jakib.  
 Tears which he was weeping shone.  
 Joining him, his first wife looked on.  
 Throwing his belt about his neck,<sup>18</sup>



Bey Jakib tried his tears to check.  
 "Blindness, Creator, all things wrecks!"  
 610 Throwing sheep-nooses round their necks,<sup>19</sup>  
 Bakdēclēt and Chiyirdi  
 Bosoms bathed as their tears rolled free,  
 And Kēbēsh and Abike  
 Wept and loudly wailed away,  
 Their young souls were far from gay.  
 Like young shoots, they began to sway...  
 From the villages on that day  
 Sixty people gathered, I'd say.  
 All their homes were left quite bare.  
 620 Sighing, they ceased praying there,  
 Took that mare with moon-shaped hooves,<sup>20</sup>  
 Cut her throat — blood flowed in grooves.  
 Then each skilled one took his blade —  
 Fore-legs, hind legs straight they made.  
 Old Balta and Berdike,  
 Found beside Jakib that day,  
 Crimson banner of Nogoi  
 They made ready to employ.  
 Lifted up the flag, like a sleeve.  
 630 On the previous Sunday eve,  
 As day dimmed and darkness grew,  
 That red ribbon grew longer too.  
 Into the soil its staff was stuck,  
 That bright banner the moonlight struck,  
 Then in the heavens daylight came.  
 Bey Jakib called on Allah again,  
 Ordered that a camel be slain.<sup>21</sup>  
 Bey Jakib had business plain —  
 That was a great affair he planned.  
 640 If you consider, you'll understand,  
 This is a transient world, a mere toy.  
 Now the father-in-law of Koshoi,  
 Having gathered his countless braves;  
 Having spurred their steeds on their ways,  
 Sixty-thousand, down to a man,  
 Now raising dust, comes Munarkan,

Previous foe, but now your friend,  
 Calling on Allah, prays without end.  
 Now he's your ally, and close to you,  
 650 And his whole horde of warriors too.  
 Like a river in stormy flood,  
 After him, and thirsting for blood,  
 From Karakish\* there comes Burchak,  
 Forty-thousand braves at his back.  
 They have come to join you too.  
 There are wizards; and not a few!  
 Count them up, find out if you wish.  
 His two chiefs — Kēiyush and Begish,  
 Each seven thousand brings to you.  
 660 They have come to join you too.  
 From Dagalak to your borders then,  
 With a full hundred thousand men,  
 Father-in-law to Manas, Kaiyip,  
 Now has come, his word to keep.  
 Noisy, with forty-thousand men,  
 Comes Tēlēc, who can tell where and when.  
 He has come to clear-headed Manas.  
 Crimson banners, white flags he has.  
 Loud are their cries as they boast and brag.  
 670 Crimson banner, and bright blue flag!  
 Two-hundred-and-twenty-four-thousand boys —  
 All the heavens re-echo their noise.  
 Look, all around are blazing fires.  
 Twenty-four thousand Uigur sires,  
 They too have come to join in the van,  
 With their bold leader, Kayip-khan.  
 Six hundred thousand, down to a man,  
 And at their head brave Aidarkan.  
 Warrior Kazakhs had made their way —  
 680 Monday is appointed day!  
 None can tell — what flag, what place.  
 Nought can be seen of earth's fair face.  
 None can tell one flag from the rest.  
 Nought can be seen of Altai's fair breast.  
 Tips of spears are shining bright,



Heads are wagging, left and right.  
 Earth is shaking from stamping steeds.  
 Golden-staffed banners blow in the breeze.  
 Earth in quaking from noisy unrest  
 690 As Manas welcomes each known quest.  
 From this multitudinous host,  
 Altai mountain dales suffered most.  
 From the warriors, beating them flat,  
 From the old men, with paunches fat,  
 From the youth, unbecomingly dressed,  
 One with sores and sickness depressed.  
 Saying: "Look after your wives!" Absurd!  
 Some are dumb, and can't say a word.  
 Some are deaf, and hear no replies,  
 700 Others have watery sightless eyes,  
 Some so weak, you are put to shame,  
 Some are crippled, and hobble lame,  
 Others weak-headed, out of their mind —  
 Twenty thousand were left behind.  
 All weak and aged, they examined them,  
 Did not prepare them for warfare then.  
 Did not make weapons sharp and bright.<sup>22</sup>  
 Two-hundred thousand, unfit to fight.  
 Six-hundred thousand war-fit men  
 710 Took the road towards Naaman.  
 When those warriors thundered hence,  
 You could not see them all at one glance.  
 Eyes grew tired from gazing at them.  
 Grey were the hills, and black was the glen.  
 Earth was hunched-up with the horde, it seemed.  
 Gold-woven tunics, and breast-plates gleamed.  
 Forward the swiftest steeds then thrust,  
 Belt-buckles gleamed above the dust,  
 Pantaloon flutters 'neath banners red,  
 720 Squadron on squadron forged on ahead.  
 Clattering, battering, noise filled the air,  
 And for a while, we'll leave them there...  
 News of the people of Naaman  
 Now I bring you, so listen each one!

He who in Uch-Turfan\* did dwell,  
 Who defeated in fight never fell,  
 He whose city is in Kara-su,  
 Son of the wizard Kaar, that's who,  
 Rabid Kultang ran off, got lost —  
 730 Mount Arzat's\* high pass he crossed,  
 Over Dzhildiz, Tien Shan, did go —  
 Found Khan Tëkës in Ters-Mayçö.  
 On arrival, it seems, to him said:  
 "In the Anals your foe rides ahead.  
 Coming, it seems, from Kara-Shaar —  
 None can match him now, by far!  
 If you ask where his borders loom —  
 That means the steppe of Kara-Kurum\*.  
 He's named Manas himself, do you hear?  
 740 His great forebear was Khan Babir.  
 He is bey Jakib's eldest son!  
 Quiet his childhood seemed to run.  
 Rarely he bothered another boy,  
 His grandfather was Khan Nogoi.  
 That bold Manas, unforeseen, may call —  
 Be on your guard, or you're bound to fall.  
 I have come with this warning for you.  
 No deceit in my words — they're true!  
 Be our saviour, stave off his yoke!  
 750 You have around you numerous folk,  
 You have a ruler, who stands o'er you —  
 Akunbeshim, a brave one too!  
 Spare not your steel, nor fur coat!" said he,  
 Send him the news, as quick as can be!  
 Then there's a lake called Ker-Kël, you know.  
 There lives a Khan, by name, Orgo —  
 Pass on the news to him, for sure,  
 To the folk dwelling in Alma-Koyur,  
 Who to this day no conquerors found.  
 760 This Khan has sixty wizards around.  
 Seventy wise old witches as well,  
 Serving some Buddhist god, so they tell.  
 Make your way there, as quick as you can,



Straightway tell what you told their Khan.  
 Gather round you intelligent men —  
 If not today — well, tomorrow then,  
 That Manas will attack, I declare!  
 In Laailama's\* name, I swear,  
 I will do my duty, indeed!  
 770 If you'll send me, a squadron I'll lead!  
 Bowing, Tekes' feet he embraced...  
 Down his cheeks the tear-drops raced.  
 At the name of Manas he bowed,  
 At the name of Koshoi, kow-towed.  
 Scared, Kultang remained on his knees.  
 Khan Tekes trembled, ill at ease.  
 He too was scared and began to say:  
 "When I came here as head that day,  
 Leading Tyurkish-tongued tribes severe,  
 780 Not alone in Beidzhin, but here,  
 In Kara-Shara and Kumul\* as well,  
 Of those Kirghiz they did not tell.  
 "Laailama, — protect us now!"  
 Powerful they have grown somehow.  
 Thanks to that Manas, of course!  
 Those who in Altai found resource,  
 From such folk on the run, numb and dumb,  
 What kind of champion chief has come?  
 If as you say — then I must pay heed,  
 790 Make preparations proper, indeed!  
 From his council he messengers sent,  
 Reaching Kuryas all day they spent.  
 Summoned the wizard before him thus:  
 "Warning news has come to us —  
 I am passing it on to you:  
 Archers send, whose arrows fly true,  
 Orderly swordsmen, wise in war,  
 Tested troopers who all endure.  
 Twenty thousand steeds on the rein,  
 800 Spur down the road that leads to the plain!  
 When the crests from the south side cease,  
 Then you must travel towards the East.

Mountains of Echki-Olbës\* are high.  
 On both sides cliffs rise to the sky.  
 If the foe should attack you there,  
 Then return when the coast is clear.  
 Let all the other people hear.  
 On the high crests of Echki-Olbës  
 Travel, bending down on your horse  
 810 If the foe shows up, of course!  
 Some of you come, and some must stay!"  
 So said Khan Tekes that day.  
 From the archers, who bulls-eyes hit,  
 From the ones who scare others a bit,  
 From the reasoning ones, with rich minds,  
 Who in speaking one eloquent finds,  
 From the far-seeing and sharp of sight,  
 Who see more than the others might,  
 He selected some sixty men.  
 820 Allah alone knows where and when,  
 And how he did so, none can guess.  
 All in a panic stood Khan Tekes.  
 But while midnight still survived,  
 Then the wizard Kuyas arrived.  
 All the Manguls were pleased at that,  
 All of them gladly began to chat:  
 "Wizard Kuyas has come!" they said,  
 Each of them busily nodding his head.  
 "For Tekes, by God's will divine,  
 830 Now has begun a most difficult time!"  
 "Kultang's a refugee!" said Tekes,  
 Deeply scaring the folk, no less,  
 "You I've called to make a way out —  
 This is the task we must hasten about!"  
 Hearing this, the wizard felt pride:  
 "Do not fear!" to them all he cried.  
 "On the Altai there live Buruts\*.  
 Sixty families mountain air suits.  
 Clearly, their forebears' ghosts are cross —  
 840 Death threatens all with final loss!  
 They go wandering, vagrants still —



Kakanchin and Kaspan hills,  
 And the west they're wandering in,  
 All Tirgoots\* and Khan Akbeshim\*,  
 In the middle — four families  
 Of "Buruts", as Kalmaks call Kirghiz,  
 Just four families of Buruts —  
 Soon they'll die — they have no roots —  
 Allah has punished them, clear to see!"  
 850 So said Kuyas, man of wizardry.  
 Then he sat astride his steed.  
 He had six helpers, in case of need.  
 Off they went to look around,  
 Having cast a spell profound,  
 Cattle upon the pasture-ground  
 He then ordered them to impound.  
 Then to popular and willow spoke he  
 With such bewitching mastery,  
 He whom the angels punish, you see —  
 860 Some incantation it seemed to be.  
 Then the grass which was found on the ground,  
 Changed into people all around!  
 And the rushes and reeds he charmed —  
 Touch them, if you're a knight well-armed!  
 Salt-marsh shrubs and bushes as well  
 All became warriors 'neath his spell.  
 Trees turned into warriors too —  
 What a wonderful things to do!  
 Firs and birches enchanted then  
 870 All turned into armoured men.  
 No bold foe before such could stand!  
 This shore, and that shore, All the land,  
 Sands and plains with soldiers were full.  
 Flames rose, with steam, from lake and pool.  
 Everywhere banners flying, a-blow,  
 Everywhere chieftains stood below.  
 They were footmen, not cavalry-men.  
 Every wide-boughed maple then,  
 Not a mere man, but a giant became,

880 Armed with swords and spears, all the same!  
 From the trees and branches he made  
 Soldiers, and spears, and long sword blades.  
 All were menacing men to view.  
 When all this wizardry was through,  
 Then Kuyas, when the daylight came,  
 To Tekes returned once again.  
 There he said: "My Khan, just see  
 How many soldiers I bring with me!"  
 They'll not be beaten by foes, my Khan!  
 890 They'll show no mercy to any armed man!  
 Why Khan Akunbeshim," said he,  
 "Do we now scare by hostility?  
 Just be calm, and make no fuss.  
 What are those Kirghiz to us?  
 Just keep calm and collected thus.  
 What are these Kazakhs to us?  
 Just keep quiet, and have no fears!  
 Khan Tekes, you're a giant, it appears,  
 Yet so quickly you lose all cheer!  
 900 If the foes should attack us here,  
 We should simply defeat them!" said he.  
 So he spoke, with such certainty.  
 "Where did he find so many armed men?  
 To himself Tekes wondered then.  
 Forty-odd men, each sat on his steed,  
 Bold Kuyas then rode in the lead.  
 Off they went, the footmen to view.  
 They glanced up at the heights they knew.  
 There the pass with ice was bound.  
 910 In the middle they looked around.  
 There flowed a fiery-flaming stream,  
 Red ran its waters, all a-gleam.  
 On this bank, and the other bank,  
 Not one foot of the land lay blank —  
 Footmen with swords and spears stood tight.  
 Those who had never seen such a sight  
 Thought: "How did all these footmen appear?"



"Let's take a ride all around them here!"  
 So said Khan Tekes again.  
 920 With the clatter of hooves they came.  
 To the footmen they then drew nigh.  
 There they stood, with spears to the sky,  
 And, expectantly, all looked on,  
 When the riders galloped along.  
 There they stopped, and looked round once more.  
 Then a bogatir named Shungyur,  
 Wanting to know their skill at arms,  
 How they would face unexpected alarms,  
 Set his spear, and ahead he flew...  
 930 When his spear one's breast pierced through,  
 That one felt nothing, and did not fall.  
 Well, he was wizardry, after all!  
 But, with a crash, fell bold Shungyur,  
 With no resistance he fell, what's more,  
 Flat on his face, and could not rise...  
 Madly Kuyas towards him flies,  
 Does his best to help him survive,  
 Says a spell, to keep him alive.  
 Having seen all that came to pass —  
 940 "All will be well, while I have Kuyas!"  
 So decided accursed Tekes-khan,  
 And to forget about death began.  
 Khan Ilebin, and Khan Orgo,  
 Nothing either of these he let know.  
 To Akunbeshim, just the same,  
 Not one with news from Tekes there came.  
 "For if wizardry can't stay the foe,  
 In any case, they will perish so!"  
 Thus Tekes quiet days did pass...  
 950 On the fourth day our Khan Manas  
 Finally came to Tekes' gates.  
 No small squad for that one there waits —  
 Six hundred thousand fighting men,  
 Then thirty thousand added to them,  
 With their chieftains too they came,  
 Leaving behind the weak and the lame.

So he came, the long road passed,  
 So he came, and arrived at last.  
 And Jakib's crimson banner too  
 960 On its staff with red ribbons flew.  
 Chief-commander of warriors then,  
 That was Kambar's son, Aidarkan.  
 They had chosen him as their chief.  
 When they glimpsed the foe in brief,  
 They were struck with wonderment:  
 "Who has all these footmen sent?"  
 "Who has told them of our intent?"  
 Who to them as traitor went?"  
 "How can they fill all this land  
 970 With these thousands which here stand?"  
 Thus they stood and thought, alas.  
 "Clearly we can't confront this mass!"  
 Looking at them from far away  
 They saw spears and sabres play.  
 In amazement then they went,  
 Found Aidarkan outside his tent.  
 There were many who came likewise,  
 To their Chief, to take advice:  
 Son of Kyuldyur, young Chalibai,  
 980 Abdilda, of the merry eye,  
 From the Kirghiz came Kutubiy,  
 Sweet-tongued Taz, a Kipchak he,  
 Here came secretive, brave Urbyu,  
 Here from Argins came Karakodzho,  
 And with them came wise men too —  
 Here was Madzhik, from Kara-Toko\*,  
 Here was the mighty brave, Chalik,  
 All to Aidarkan came quick,  
 Went to their Khan, the leopard Manas,  
 990 All for counsel they gathered thus.  
 "Seemingly, one can't see it all —  
 Here are the shores of Mačo.  
 Here is the hollow of Temirdik\*,  
 Border to border, and crowded thick,  
 Stands the footman horde of the foe.



On the plain they stand also.  
 Soldiers everywhere, swords and spears.  
 "What shall we do to allay our fears?  
 Think up something, you bold young men!"  
 1000 Thus they counselled each other then.  
 Six hundred thousand warriors have we,  
 Six hundred banners between them you see.  
 But against those all round and about,  
 If you look with your eyes popping out,  
 It would seem that we're three or four!  
 What kind of wonder is this, what's more?  
 To Khan Tekes, from lands far away,  
 Whence came all these hordes today?"  
 Aidarkan and Munar looked black:  
 1010 "What if these heathens we don't attack,  
 But return to our homes again?"  
 Thus they spoke, those counsellors twain.  
 And at once that provoked a reply —  
 Lion Manas was angry, that's why!  
 Having heard their senseless speech,  
 Some kind of reason he had to teach.  
 "Well, my chieftains, what's that you say?  
 Only women could speak that way!  
 What! Having come, return without war?  
 1020 Chieftains, what are you jabbering for?  
 What? Can't cope, so home you go?  
 If there's no fate, none dies, you know!  
 Khans on the throne don't wish to die!  
 But — run from heathens? Why, oh why?  
 What will you do if this mass moves forth?  
 Do you think you can hide 'neath the earth?  
 Do you think you can save your head  
 By pretending to lie there dead?  
 Do you hope to conceal yourselves so?  
 1030 Thus survive from the heathen foe?  
 If but in heaven you would hide!"  
 Thus Manas in hot anger cried.  
 Then he made haste to bestride his steed,  
 Ready to gallop off at speed,

Ready to take straight-way to the field.  
 Uncle Bakai then to him appealed:  
 "Eh, wait a moment my lad!" cried he.  
 "I will go scouting alone, you see.  
 To those heathens I shall pretend  
 1040 That I'm running away from them,  
 If they then come following me,  
 I shall lead them back here, you see.  
 You will cut them off, and fight,  
 And those heathens you'll beat all right,  
 And so doing, I too shall get by.  
 Start the fray with a loud battle-cry,  
 Then those heathens will fly to hell —  
 I'll help to chase them there as well!  
 Those were the words of Bakai, the bold.  
 1050 Then he was only thirty years old.  
 Birds of good fortune flew o'er his head.  
 Taking his weapons, his prayers he said,  
 Asking Allah to guard his track,  
 Then with his gun, Almabash\* at his back  
 And his quiver stuck close to his side,  
 Round Sari-Uchuk\* did he ride.  
 Tucked in his bosom — a bullet bag.  
 Bow o'er his shoulder — he did not lag.  
 Keep a watch on Bakai on his way —  
 1060 See what games he is going to play!  
 On the crest of mount Moyuldu,  
 On the bare steppe with yellow earth too,  
 Not concealing himself, rode Bakai.  
 "If they attack him, then I'll let fly!"  
 So thought Manas, in a hollow nearby,  
 Where, safely hid, the way he could spy...  
 Riding on Këkcholak, like the wind,  
 Leaving a cloud of dust behind,  
 To the soldiers Bakai drew near.  
 1070 Was he not showing his gumption here?  
 He was thinking: "They've seen me now!  
 But they do not react, somehow!  
 Has great Allah punished them so?



Why don't they follow, I'd like to know?  
 Is it not cunning that stays their stride?  
 Are they not using witchcraft beside?  
 Thinking thus, to get things clear,  
 Half-a-bow shot he then drew near.  
 "Will they not now start to chase me back?"  
 1080 Will they not suddenly now attack?  
 Chief Bakai started to aim with his spear.  
 Most of the warriors standing there,  
 All at once their spears aimed too.  
 "What are these carrion going to do?"  
 Cried Manas' young uncle, Bakai.  
 Straightway the warriors standing by,  
 All began shouting louder then he.  
 Deafened and stunned he seemed to be.  
 But he began to shout might and main —  
 1090 Then those heathens screamed out again,  
 So that he nearly fell from his steed.  
 Then he thought: "Shall I shoot, indeed?"  
 Grabbled his gun in his hand, took aim —  
 Straightway those warriors did the same.  
 All prepared like him, they stood too.  
 Then he thought: "What more they will do?"  
 So, in silence, his sabre he took —  
 All the soldiers, with one quick look,  
 Took out their sabres, in silence stood round.  
 1100 If the bold Bakai made no sound,  
 Neither did they, and made no move.  
 All this Bakai's own eyes could prove.  
 Then he began to play his own game:  
 He said one word — and they the same.  
 Quietly different words would he say,  
 Those same words then repeated they.  
 Then Bakai the chief made a guess:  
 "This is the Devil's work, no less!  
 There is something uncouth in this crowd,  
 1110 So he started to laugh aloud...  
 All the warriors laughed after him.  
 Chief Bakai then touched none of them,

But from there, back to camp he went,  
 Where Manas at once for him sent.  
 "That is deception, they're no fighting men!  
 If you shoot, they start to shoot then.  
 If you thrust, then they thrust too,  
 So will misfortune strike you anew.  
 They just repeat those things you do —  
 1120 Thus the result depends on you!"  
 If you set up your flag as a knight  
 You'll soon see — things won't go right!  
 They have various spells, most like:  
 If you strike, then they will strike.  
 They, it seems, stand fearless now.  
 If you wrestle, they'll wrestle somehow!  
 If we don't solve this puzzle amain,  
 All our soldiers will die in vain.  
 Let's return, wise counsel take,  
 1130 We have wizards too, wide awake!  
 Let us go, and tell them all —  
 Then see which way the ball will fall!  
 "Let's go at once!" exclaimed Bakai.  
 Swiftly their steeds began to fly.  
 Tight they sat, and light they sat,  
 Soon arrived at the camp like that.  
 What they'd seen, and what they'd heard,  
 To all the others Bakai spread word.  
 Out of six-hundred-thousand men,  
 1140 All the cleverest stepped forth then.  
 Gun-powder then in bags they brought,  
 Strong-men and bogatirs they sought.  
 Multitudes of the foe went to meet.  
 On the earth, beneath their feet,  
 All unsparing, the powder they spread.  
 To the river-bank, scared, then fled.  
 Stood far back, to the powder set fire —  
 Earth's face flushed, and trembled dire.  
 Then one wizard who weather-tricks knew,  
 1150 Said his spell, and the winds they blew!  
 With his magic black stone, fanned the flame —



Thousands of footmen ashes became,  
 Burned to death by the blazing fire,  
 Whipped by the wind at the wizard's desire.  
 Reeds and rushes and bushes dry —  
 Could they fight against fire, forby?  
 Straightway flames consumed them there,  
 Leaving skeletons black and bare.  
 Birches, willows, and poplars tall,  
 1160 Soon fell to ashes — no use at all!  
 All burned to ashes, and fell away,  
 And since that time to the present day,  
 That wild spot where they all did burn  
 People have given the name Ortien\*.  
 Then the khans to other khans came,  
 Filling the earth where once ruled flame.  
 When he saw how many were there,  
 Then Tekes, in a furious flare,  
 Wizard Kuyas, who was standing beside,  
 1170 Stabbed in the stomach, and straightway he died.  
 That was the end of wizard Kuyas.  
 That was the signal for bold Manas.  
 Into Tekes' head-quarters he burst,  
 Nowhere to flee — he faced the worst.  
 When Manas' men round him pressed,  
 Madly he stabbed himself in the breast!  
 That was the end of Khan Tekes.  
 Bold Manas cried out, no less:  
 "He did not seize his sabre and fight,  
 1180 He shot no shaft, as a brave man might,  
 We have defeated an unworthy foe.  
 Not one snapped needle we'll take from him so!  
 Why do you want to steal the rich store  
 Which Kalmaks have gathered before?  
 For every tent why beasts must you slay?  
 You have your own fine herds, anyway!  
 If from the rich you take steeds to slay,  
 Leave their poor neighbours alone, I say.  
 Youngsters, elders, and even wise men,

1190 Clearly you yearn for war-spoil then?  
 What has happened now to you all?"  
 Thus to his men he began to call.  
 Then the edge of his troops he pressed;  
 Slowed them, stopped them, gave them no rest.  
 Then he decided his chieftains to test,  
 And he gave orders: "Gather the rest!  
 From hills and valleys they gathered them,  
 So he asked: "Where were you going, then?"  
 Some of his chieftains he then pumped dry.  
 1200 "Oh, almighty Allah on high!  
 O, this ephemeral world of ours!  
 Take revenge on unwelcome powers!  
 Menace Manas — may he fail as such!  
 Why did he pity Kalmaks so much?  
 Their fine fillies the herds increase!  
 Dried-up mares with foals don't cease!  
 O, that menacing lion Manas!  
 Why did he pity Kitais so much?"  
 Discontented, they grumbled thus.  
 1210 Into the hollow of Akiyas\*  
 Then Manas' men returned.  
 Then those people together churned,  
 Six-hundred-thousand, and fifty more,  
 All collected, and counted the score.  
 "Khan Tekes is dead!" said Manas,  
 "Also dead is your wizard Kuynas,  
 Stabbed in the stomach by Khan Tekes.  
 People there were witness of this.  
 Allah punished that Khan of yours!  
 1220 Wife and children nearby, of course,  
 Saw this all with their own eyes.  
 I will give you some good advice:  
 Don't let any tribe's kinsmen go,  
 Call all together in counsel so.  
 On the crest of Tyursë-Tëië\*  
 Let them meet, from there not stir."  
 Thus to everyone there he spoke.



Thus Tirgoots of the Kalmak folk,  
 Over two hundred thousand men,  
 1230 That entire people, gathered then.  
 So Manas addressed all these men,  
 While Kalmaks were listening then:  
 "Eh, you people!" he said to them all,  
 "Your Tekes from his place had a fall!  
 You yourselves saw how he lost his head,  
 Then you cried out: 'Our Khan is dead!'  
 If you people have lost your chief,  
 You'll soon lose yourselves, I believe!  
 Would it be decent, if I seized power?  
 1240 By his own hand Tekes met his hour!  
 Choose for yourselves another Khan.  
 I speak to all, to the very last man!  
 Choose someone from your kith and kin.  
 No deceptive trick lies therein!  
 Set your own banner above your head.  
 Choose a better Khan!" he said,  
 As he stroked the fluff on his chin.  
 All those around raised a frightful din:  
 "Yes! Let's choose! Come on, come on!  
 1250 Choose another, now he has gone!"  
 He is dead, but we're still alive.  
 One of our wisest men, we'll strive  
 All together to make him our Khan!  
 So most of them to agree began.  
 Only short-sighted ones went off home.  
 "Who, then, is worthy our Khan to become?  
 Think it over, each elder, each youth,  
 Seek a good man, who knows what's truth!"  
 Thus they discussed the wherefore and why.  
 1260 There was one man named Uishumbai,  
 He had great riches, truth to tell,  
 Cows and camels, horses as well.  
 Round about thirty thousand head.  
 As for his people, so it was said,  
 He had about three thousand men.  
 So the folk all said to him then:

"Be our Khan, and earn our respect!"  
 "You do not need me as Khan to elect —  
 Now I have cattle, I live like a Khan.  
 1270 When I had none, I was just a poor man!"  
 So he did not consent, Uishumbai.  
 Took his own line, and all did defy.  
 There was another one, named Dardak.  
 He had power, and a crowd at his back.  
 "You be our Khan!" but he looked black.  
 "I have some strength, but skill I lack  
 I am a strong man, yet I am weak.  
 Trouble is this — I just can't speak.  
 What kind of Khan could you make of me?  
 1280 Someone more worthy it surely must be?"  
 There was another, by name Tëkë.  
 How many cows in his herd there were!  
 Four thousand head, and how many calves?  
 He was a man who did nought by halves.  
 "Be our Khan!" they said to that man.  
 "No, I won't!" he replied, and ran.  
 Having jumped up from his seat in shame.  
 There was a man, Karacha by name,  
 He was already a governor then,  
 1290 Master of ninety thousand men.  
 He had earlier office received,  
 And, as governor, he was believed.  
 "Be our Khan!" they insistently said,  
 Trying to make him become their head,  
 People surrounded him, every side  
 They stuck fast, he'd nowhere to hide.  
 "No, I won't!" he just could not say,  
 Could not refuse the folk, anyway.  
 Standing there, with his old grey head.  
 1300 "I grew up among leaders," he said.  
 "You people see that I'm an old man —  
 Nearly eighty years now I am —"  
 Modestly answered old Karacha.  
 "Though you're old, your not dead, by far!  
 Be our Khan!" the people replied.



Karacha found it hard to decide —  
 Should he agree, or should he not?..  
 When he prepared to say "Yes!" on the spot,  
 Out of city of Akiyas,  
 1310 Suddenly there appeared a lass,  
 That was his daughter, by name Saikal,  
 Slender as a willow as well,  
 She was dressed as a man, by-the-by.  
 Teeth like amber, eyebrow-ends high,  
 Forehead wide, head round and small,  
 Features white, and cheeks a red ball,  
 Eyes so bright and clear had she,  
 All her face shone brilliantly.  
 Whiter than beestings was her flesh,  
 1320 Slender her neck, her fingers fresh.  
 Beauty among all the beauties was she.  
 Thoughts of originality —  
 When some warm kumiss she drank,  
 It seemed to shine through her throat ere it sank.  
 Having arrived, Saikal then said:  
 "What are you doing, my old grey-head?!"  
 Seemingly you have a thirst for power,  
 And from Tekes, who has had his hour,  
 You wish to seize the robe and throne?  
 1330 Father — that's not befitting, my own!  
 You must remember your place, you know!"  
 Young Saikal, she scolded him so.  
 He said: "I did not accept, my child!"  
 His reply "No!" was not meek nor mild.  
 But the people could not be stilled —  
 They all shouted: "You're so self-willed!"  
 "Katkalang"\* — he got a new name...  
 There was Temir, a father who came.  
 He had six sons, six fellows on view.  
 1340 Some were clever, some stupid too.  
 Eldest of those was Tekes-khan,  
 Known among folk as a famous man.  
 Youngest of these was named Teyish.  
 For a better, no father could wish —

Wise and knowing, and kind was he,  
 Eighteen years, and good to see.  
 "People, why do you stand and stare?  
 Why are you so disturbed out there?  
 Since all those named so far have declined,  
 1350 Young Teyish as Khan comes to mind!"  
 So Karacha to the people cried.  
 "Maybe his knowledge of folk is not wide,  
 Maybe the people's wish he'll ignore —  
 But none better can we now hope for!"  
 Thus the majority chose young Teyish.  
 "Now bring before us the Khan that you wish!"  
 So said Manas and chief Aidarkan  
 To Karacha, the white-beard old man.  
 Then round the town of Khan Temir  
 1360 They took Teyish for people to cheer,  
 Sat on a blanket of felt, soft and white,<sup>23</sup>  
 Crimson Tekes' banner in flight,  
 Pattern of golden crescent there sewn.  
 On that same day the great feast was thrown.  
 If on the place of the races you stare —  
 That is the plain of Tekshiger.  
 There where the people collect for bazaar,  
 There the town borders of Khan Temir are.  
 First prize for racers, everyone knows —  
 1370 Four hundred horses and three hundred cows,  
 Added to those come camels, four-score!  
 Place for the finish, a level floor.  
 Having discussed it, they fixed the start  
 On the heights of Tötö mountain pass.  
 "Don't run across the path of a horse!"  
 Khan Teyish warned all in due course.  
 Very last prize, when racing's done —  
 Horses — two, and camels — one!  
 Let nobody in angry mood  
 1380 Lash his poor horse till he draws blood!  
 Each of the forty steeds gets a prize.  
 Crimson banner of Khan Tekes flies.  
 On the crest of the mount nearby,



There unfolded the red flags fly.  
 Let Mankan and Kardoï both come,  
 Let them too join in with our fun.  
 Let Echki-Olbës come too,  
 Let them let our racers through!  
 Let a splendid steed get first prize.  
 1390 Let an old nag get one when he dies!  
 Prize-horses they at last led out.  
 They were counted, round and about,  
 Just nine-hundred of them, no doubt.  
 Ninety riders, if I'm not wrong,  
 Started to urge their horses strong.  
 There were no others to help them along.<sup>24</sup>  
 All the folk watching how things would pass  
 Spread themselves out on good green grass,  
 Thinking: "Let them race two days —  
 1400 On the third our cheers we'll raise!  
 We shall clear a finishing space.  
 Let them come and ride out the race.  
 Let them arrive and claim their prize!"  
 Six hundred head of cattle, likewise  
 Ten thousand sheep to them they led.  
 Khan Teyish to Manas then said:  
 "Slay the sheep, and all be our guests.  
 Two nights more you yet must rest.  
 Racing will finish the following day.  
 1410 If you're still hungry, more cattle slay!"  
 Then they drove milking mares to the crest,  
 Servants went with them, to do their best.  
 Tied up forty thousand of those —  
 Like a lake the kumiss now flows.  
 Racing has started far over the pass —  
 Who will be first, and who will be last?  
 What competitions meanwhile will there be?  
 Wrestling, of course — here are prizes you see!  
 Nine fine cows and a camel as well.<sup>25</sup>  
 1420 Let the strong-men their muscles now swell!  
 If they are strong, let them overthrow  
 Champions whom already we know!

This was announced by Khan Teyish.  
 Thus he did all the people would wish.  
 Kazakhs and Kalmaks between them found  
 Strong-man Baikup — his name went round.  
 He from Kazakhs went forward to fight.  
 "We've just made friends, and this isn't right,  
 So we must ask to be excused!"  
 1430 Thus the Kalmaks the contest refused.  
 From the Kirghiz, the tribe Ochko,  
 From Ispara, the city you know,  
 Came a wrestler named Këkdzhoru,  
 Waddling forward, like ganders do.  
 Then Baikup from the other side came,  
 And on the square they started their game.  
 Straightway to grips Këkdzhoru then sped,  
 Lifted Baikup right over his head,  
 Whirled him helpless three times round,  
 1440 Then he hurled him down on the ground  
 All Kazakhs and Kalmaks were agreed:  
 "He's a very strong man, indeed!"  
 They felt rather depressed at heart —  
 No more wrestling did they start.  
 "Let the jousting with spears begin!"  
 So said the organizers then.  
 "All Kazakh and Kalmak men  
 Show yourselves as bogatirs, then!  
 Stand and defend your honour now —  
 1450 Don't accept such shame, anyhow!  
 Be prepared to fight to the death!"  
 So cried their leaders in one same breath.  
 When Kazakhs and Kalmaks heard this call,  
 By these words they were touched on the raw.  
 Each to the other said: "What's to do?"  
 "I shall fight — and what about you?"  
 But it was easier said than done.  
 They were bewildered, every one.  
 Suddenly bold Saikal was seen —  
 1460 She was then scarcely seventeen.  
 With her hair in one bunched plait,



On a Savras roan steed she sat.  
 "He whom I meet, I shall also defeat!"  
 Such were the thoughts which she found sweet.  
 She had donned all her fighting gear,  
 Chain-mail, and over-tunic clear.  
 Though a maiden, yet to the sight,  
 She appeared as an armoured knight.  
 She bore a tempered sword, and a shield.  
 1470 She wore a helmet of blue forged steel.  
 All of wrought steel she bore that day  
 And she rode in a masculine way.  
 She bore a spear nine arm-spans long,  
 Held at the ready, steady and strong.  
 All prepared to the lists came she,  
 Not delaying, but eagerly...  
 "Here a Kirghiz, there a Sart or Kazakh —  
 Many have suffered through her, alack!  
 So that you later draw easy breath,  
 1480 Think how to wound this woman to death!"  
 So proclaimed the chief Aidarkan.  
 "What's that he's saying?" so the word ran,  
 Round the bewildered, amazed folk there.  
 In painted slippers, and wondrous fair,  
 Holding her spear with its flag in the air,  
 Maiden Saikal on the look-out sat.  
 "Well, if you're ready, and willing at that,  
 Come out and knock this slave-girl flat!<sup>26</sup>  
 Bring this conceited dame to defeat!"  
 1490 Does a real man from a woman retreat?  
 Really, are we faced with such shame?"  
 Everyone said, who heard her name.  
 Wise and experienced old men replied:  
 "Catching a glimpse of the maid bright-eyed,  
 Folk of Tekes cried 'That's what we need!' —  
 Her old father's a governor indeed,  
 One of the leading black-tasselled Kalmaks.<sup>27</sup>  
 Though it sounds strange, one must face facts —  
 No bogatir her victor has been,

1500 Though she's a maid of just seventeen!  
 This year, it seems, she attains that age,  
 But in knighthood she's reached a high stage,  
 Higher than other mortals, they say.  
 Facing such a fierce heathen today,  
 If no one goes who death does not fear,  
 Then will another one dare to draw near?  
 Facing a vengeful heathen like she,  
 If no one goes who refuses to flee,  
 Then will another to her make tracks?"  
 1510 Four hundred thousand Kazakhs and Kalmaks  
 All start to frown, and silent they stand,  
 Sarts and Kirghiz, same number at hand,  
 But to the challenge nobody replies.  
 Silent they stand, and with troubled eyes.  
 Then Berdike and Akbalta said:  
 "They've lost their honour, or lost their head!"  
 So they replied to such people around...  
 Bai had a son, Bakai, the recknowned.  
 He got quite angry, and started to curse:  
 1520 "Run from a woman — what could be worse?!  
 Better that you had never been born!  
 No matter what they heard of such scorn,  
 Nobody answered the challenge they feared,  
 In the mid-morn Saikal had appeared,  
 Still in the lists she stood past mid-day.  
 Nobody answered — they all kept away.  
 When no challengers then could be found,  
 No prizes taken, no jubilation round,  
 When the Kazakhs and Kalmaks then said:  
 1530 "Let us return to camp — all's gone dead!"  
 Then bold Manas arose and spoke:  
 "Better you had not been born, poor folk!  
 You have forced me to fight with a maid,  
 Me you've dishonoured, your shame displayed.  
 No matter what kind of knight was she,  
 More than a woman she still cannot be!  
 Bring my horse Aksargil\* to me here.



Dear young uncle Bakai, show some cheer.  
 No matter how she opposes me,  
 1540 I shall most certainly conqueror be!"  
 Aksargil, ready saddled, they led.  
 "Bring him to me, my knights," he said.  
 Then he donned all his fighting gear,  
 Sword at his waist, in his hand his spear.  
 Like a dark cloud before the storm  
 Fury upon his features was born.  
 On Aksargil he climbed, gave a pat,  
 In hook-nosed slippers he proudly sat.  
 Raising his smooth and long-shafted spear,  
 1550 Bold Manas to the lists drew near.  
 Seeing him coming, Saikal the maid  
 Roused herself: "That's their lion!" she said.  
 "Everywhere causing a crushing defeat.  
 That's the best of their braves none can beat.  
 'He has conquered the world!' they say.  
 "He whom he faces in fight, he'll slay,  
 And their wives will be widows then.  
 He who alarmed the whole if Beidzhin,  
 He who threw into woe Kakan,  
 1560 He who Kirmus' subjects smashed then,  
 He who finished off Dyubyrë,  
 He who Oirots kept all astir.  
 He who coming to our Altai,  
 Though not shooting, led us to die,  
 He who Tekes and Kyuas as well  
 By his caprices sent both to hell —  
 That's Manas, and him I shall slay.  
 All Naamans I'll treat that same way.  
 I shall send them all to their rest,  
 1570 So this tourney will be no jest!  
 All the Nogois, I'll destroy them then,  
 I shall beat down their boldest men,  
 All the Kirghiz, I'll destroy them too!"  
 So did Saikal her thoughts pursue.  
 Then her Savras roan steed she beat,  
 Lashed with her whip his quarters neat,

Then with its yellow-grey flag, her spear  
 Took in her hand, as Manas drew near.  
 So the hot-tempered maid Saikal  
 1580 Galloped up towards him as well,  
 Thus to destroy this respected chief.  
 Aksargil, who galloped beneath  
 Lion Manas, the bold bogatir,  
 Struck with his whip, and made him rear.  
 Thus towards young Saikal he rode,  
 Hastily, racily Aksargil strode.  
 Glances flew quickly — a maiden she,  
 And as beautiful as could be!  
 Forehead wide, and wide breast too,  
 1590 Slender nose, and eyes bright as dew.  
 Teeth like pearls, a radiant face —  
 That was the maid he now had to chase!  
 Lion Manas, he thought once more:  
 "If I pierce her, and wound her sore,  
 She may die, like men have before.  
 Seems to me, my predestined bride  
 Thus might perish, my hopes beside.  
 At her right shoulder, the side that's near,  
 Then he began to aim his spear,  
 1600 But that maid Saikal showed no fear.  
 His long spear she warded away,  
 And her own she brought into play,  
 As at Manas her thrust she made,  
 Seeking his weak spot, unafraid.  
 "There is his saddle-bow!" thought she,  
 "Bending forward too is he,  
 So the top of his heart must be  
 Just above it — ah, there, I see!"  
 Her long spear struck straight at his chest —  
 1610 Crash! The sparks flew round his crest.  
 And from his eyes the sparks flew too.  
 Spears went scraping, not piercing through,  
 But their horses went rearing high,  
 Riders, too, flew up to the sky.  
 Then officials from both sides came,



Led them apart in the lists again.  
 Sensible folk showed signs of alarm:  
 "They'll do each other deadly harm!"  
 But again they crashed, alas!  
 1620 Fearless Saikal, and lion Manas.  
 Both were defending their honour high.  
 Crying her slogan "Kangail! Kangail!"  
 Once more against the leopard Manas  
 Flew like the wind Saikal, the lass.  
 Loudly shouting: "Jakib, the Bey!"<sup>28</sup>  
 Crying: "Manas!" in a menacing way,  
 Angry he galloped, his steed unstayed.  
 Crying: "Kangail!" Saikal, the maid,  
 Straight at Manas her spear then aimed,  
 1630 And his right arm-pit with blood was stained.  
 Out behind him, right at his back,  
 Under his forearm the spear went crack!  
 Having slid all along his cuirass,  
 Broke the buckles thereon, alas,  
 Tore off the plates of armour there.  
 He was almost hurled in the air,  
 But he held tight to his horse's mane.  
 Thus these two met head-on again.  
 Then, dropping spears, went galloping on.  
 1640 Side by side they swept along...  
 Galloped kilometres two or three.  
 Broken-off head of the spear one could see  
 Sticking out under Manas' arm,  
 For that thrust had done him harm.  
 With his left arm, lion Manas  
 On her right shoulder took a grasp.  
 No matter how he tugged away,  
 Young Saikal did not yield in the fray.  
 But with her right arm that strong lass  
 1650 Gripped the left arm of bold Manas,  
 Got a hold on his shoulder thus,  
 Pulled towards her young Manas.  
 Shield, and plates, and buckles and all,  
 Round about him began to fall.

"Oh!" he thought, "She's escaped me so!  
 How did that happen, I'd like to know?!  
 What if she now should pull me down —  
 How the news would fly round the town!"  
 That made him lose his temper, you know,  
 1660 And he caught hold on her collar so.  
 Then she went mad, and dealt him a blow  
 With her battle-axe on his brow,  
 But his shield, which he'd caught as it fell,  
 In his right hand he wielded well,  
 So he deflected the blow from his head,  
 Taking it on his shield instead.  
 So that the axe she wanted to wield  
 Slid off harmlessly from his shield.  
 Then with his axe in his left hand so,  
 1670 He prepared for a counter-blow.  
 "Worthless woman!" he cried with a frown,  
 Brought his battle-axe down on her crown.  
 She too protected herself with her shield.  
 Crash! went the battle-axe, steel on steel.  
 Flash! went the sparks, with fury aflame,  
 Bash! went the battle-axe once again,  
 Crash! And Manas began to roar,  
 But that Kalmak Saikal once more  
 Also began to make a dash  
 1680 Straight at Manas, and in a flash  
 Grasped him by his right shoulder tight,  
 Counting on her roan steed's might,  
 Wanted to pull him down from his horse —  
 That was her intention, of course.  
 So she lashed Kerkökyul with her whip,  
 Pulling backwards, and keeping her grip,  
 Till Manas had to bend and slide  
 From his saddle upon one side.  
 As he pulled, and tugged, and gripped,  
 1690 Both his feet from the stirrups slipped.  
 Maid Saikal intended, indeed,  
 Thus to drag Manas from his steed.  
 But she'd taken quite a wrong track!



Akbalta's young son, Chubak,  
 Flying off in offended mood,  
 Galloped up, and between them stood:  
 "That's not thrusting, but tugging!" said he.<sup>29</sup>  
 "Such a bad thing there cannot be!  
 That's not allowed, you must use your spears!"  
 1700 Then he beat Kerkëkyul on the ears.  
 So Saikal her Savras roan steed  
 Pulled to one side, and paid good heed.  
 Though but a maid, she'd amazed the folk.  
 "Pulling a man like that's no joke!  
 But she almost put him to shame,  
 Almost defeated him, all the same!  
 So the people around all cried.  
 Then the brave Chubak went to ride,  
 Though his alarm he could not hide,  
 1710 Holding Manas on his left side.  
 If it had not been for him, indeed,  
 He might have fallen down from his steed.  
 One Kazakh, who was known as Dogo,  
 Came from the crowd and argued so,  
 Taking the part of Saikal the maid:  
 "May you be cursed, Kirghiz!" he said.  
 "Fight with a woman in such a style,  
 Then ride off with her meanwhile!  
 Why, then, together did you ride so?"  
 1720 Thus objected bold Dogo.  
 "That's not thrusting but tugging!" you say —  
 But it turns out just the opposite way!  
 What can you say about that, eh, Kazakh?"  
 Then Akbalta's young son, bold Chubak,  
 Got very angry with what had been said,  
 And the blood rushed and flushed his head.  
 From the Kazakhs galloped up Aidarkan,  
 From the Kirghiz? Bey Bakai, a good man.  
 "Maybe there's going to be a fight?"  
 1730 "Everyone's armed here, there's danger in sight!  
 If there's real fighting and letting of blood,  
 All the ravines will be red in flood.

So they both said to Teyish: "You be judge!"  
 He then told both: "Don't nourish a grudge!  
 Those two there jousting are both very young!  
 Don't be offended, but just hold your tongue!"  
 Thus to Chubak and bold Dogo  
 Spoke Khan Teyish, and calmed them down so.  
 Uncle Bakai and Kazakh Aidarkan  
 1740 Said: "They're the words of a just young man!"  
 Then they took the young Manas,  
 Wounded by Saikal, the bold lass;  
 First the tassel of horse's hair  
 They removed from the spear-head there.  
 Carefully then took the spear-head too.  
 From the hole, where blood dripped through,  
 Many thought: "It's a very bad wound!"  
 Some were so frightened they almost swooned.  
 Lion Manas was excited anew —  
 1750 Fury his whole frame ran through.  
 Then a remedy, easing the pain,  
 They gave Manas to drink again.  
 And it stayed the blood which flowed,  
 And his once dull eyes then glowed.  
 Slowly his fury subsided too.  
 Then his armour he buckled anew.  
 Still he was cross, though, young Manas,  
 Thinking: "Someone must pay for this!"  
 Then Aksargil to the gallop he set.  
 1760 Clouds of dust are rolling there yet!  
 At the lists Manas then appeared,  
 And Saikal again then cheered,  
 Cried aloud her slogan "Zubun!"\*  
 As she galloped upon her roan.  
 Earlier there Manas had gazed  
 On her beauty with longing, amazed.  
 Therefore he carefully aimed his spear,  
 Not to destroy such beauty dear.  
 By her red cheeks he had been charmed.  
 1770 How could he take her yet, unharmed?  
 Now he had changed this capturing thought.



Though he desired her, and eagerly sought,  
 He was offended, and flew in a rage!  
 He who pitied a foe at his stage  
 Would not ensuing wounds avoid.  
 So he charged at Saikal annoyed.  
 Both of them thrust with spears at their best.  
 Both of them struck straight into the breast.  
 Both of them with their spittle were choked,  
 1780 Both once again with their spear-heads poked!  
 Both unharmed, they galloped apart,  
 Both unalarmed rode back to the start.  
 Then young Manas put an end to this game.  
 From his right eye there spurted a flame,  
 From his left eye the sparks then came:  
 "Why can't I overcome this young dame?!"  
 Thoughts within were full of ire,  
 Eyes without were full of fire.  
 Aksargil, who beneath him strode,  
 1790 To full gallop he gave the goad.  
 "I shall strike her down this time,  
 And the victory will be mine!"  
 With his own strength, and that of his steed,  
 Straight against Saikal did speed.  
 Full of fury, which gave him no rest,  
 Struck with his spear straight into her breast.  
 Young Saikal, the self-named bogatir,  
 Backed in her saddle, spiked by the spear.  
 Up on his haunches the roan did rear.  
 1800 Struck near the heart, she showed no fear.  
 Only saw sparks before her eyes,  
 Only felt faint for a moment likewise.  
 But the irate Manas had not strength  
 With one blow to defeat her at length.  
 Nor had the steed upon which he sat.  
 He too was tired, and weak-kneed at that.  
 Ribs extended, he heavily breathed,  
 But his exhaustion was not relieved.  
 Still Manas could not summon up power,

1810 Body and soul, to meet that hour.  
 So once again Manas set his spear,  
 Ready to strike, with victory near.  
 But Aksargil, upon whom he rode,  
 Not another step forward strode.  
 Down he sank, like a wooden log,  
 Down he sank, like a beaten dog,  
 And Saikal's well-directed spear  
 Struck Manas by his collar-bone near.  
 So where her spear-head came to rest,  
 1820 Fluttered her flag on his beating breast!  
 For the maddened young maid Saikal  
 All the world seemed too small, withal.  
 Turning round her Savras roan steed,  
 Whipping him forward again at speed,  
 Back she rode to her native breed.  
 But Manas had aroused Aksargil,  
 Beat him, and spurred him along by the heel,  
 Leaving clouds of dust left and right,  
 Back again came Manas at full flight.  
 1830 Maiden Saikal had tried him in fight.  
 On the lists Manas shouted out.  
 "Look, what a lad!" said folk round about.  
 "If he attacks Saikal once more,  
 He will defeat her, of that we're sure!"  
 She has had such a nasty shock,  
 And of herself is taking stock!"  
 "Now what powers does he command?"  
 Asked the Kalmaks, and muttered alarmed.  
 "She has lost her reason, it seems!"  
 1840 True, Saikal stood there, lost in dreams.  
 "Lead out her horse for the joust!" Manas cried,  
 Loud and long, and silence defied.  
 "For single combat lead out her horse!"  
 Lion Manas cried out at full force.  
 "If she can, let her overthrow me!  
 Let her not fear, but come out and see!"  
 Prancing around on his steed still he called,



Stopped now and then, till all hope was stalled.  
 Then the Kalmaks who stood round about.  
 1850 All called "Go out now, Saikal, go out!"  
 Thus the great majority cried.  
 "I won't go against him!" she replied.  
 Beauty of beauties, Saikal the maid,  
 She became obstinate, though not afraid.  
 That she would not go out to fight,  
 Everyone saw this, and understood right.  
 That included Kazakh Aidarkan,  
 And Teyish, the Kalmak Khan.  
 Many were standing and waiting there.  
 1860 Every one received a great scare.  
 All saw Manas' fury was great,  
 So the Kalmaks, to ease this state,  
 Went to Bakai and Munar and said:  
 "Ninety horses, and camels, nine head,  
 Take as a prize for Manas," said they,  
 "Our maiden knight retired, let's say.  
 There will be no further jousts today!"  
 So they went to Manas and said:  
 "Come here, bold lion, and bend your head,  
 1870 Listen to our advice instead:  
 We shall receive the prize, never fear.  
 Large or small, it's yours, that's clear!"  
 So said Këiyush and Munar-khan,  
 "So give up, dear Manas, be a man!"  
 "You poor wretches saw much in your time,  
 But what you say does not suit mine!  
 Ninety horses you should receive  
 After the races, so I believe.  
 If you are poverty-stricken so,  
 1880 Take ninety horses, and off you go!  
 Only don't tell me 'Return from the square!'  
 You must go back to your counsellors there.  
 Not having yet unseated the maid,  
 How can I face my folk?" he said.  
 "Youngsters, and those with an old grey head,  
 Not having fought and brought her down,

How can I face the Kirghiz in town?  
 She must defeat me, or stand defeat.  
 No more delay, let her take her seat,  
 1890 Let her come out, and let us meet!  
 That Khan Teyish, and Aidarkan,  
 Those who'd award no victorious man —  
 What accursed people they are!"  
 So said Manas to Këiyush and Munar.  
 They both returned to their war-chiefs then,  
 And to consult among their men.  
 Meeting old Bai, their valorous chief,  
 Guesser Tëlëk, in whom they believe,  
 They together, four knights to a man,  
 1900 Went to Teyish and Aidarkan,  
 And to white-bearded Karacha,  
 Not in happy mood, by far.  
 When they arrived, they saw very soon,  
 With Karacha and Uishyun,  
 Poplar-tree-slender Saikal, the maid,  
 Climbing down from her fine roan steed.  
 "I will not fight with Manas!" she said,  
 "Not even if you cut off my head!"  
 When bold Manas had struck her that blow,  
 1910 All became painful to her, you know.  
 Though the spear did not penetrate,  
 Got held up by the armour-plate,  
 Lungs and liver it dented in,  
 Ribs it injured, since she was so slim.  
 She was covered all over in sweat,  
 And her breathing was painful yet.  
 Radiance from her beauty had gone,  
 From that blow of the spear alone.  
 And in spirit Saikal felt low.  
 1920 From that spear-head's final blow.  
 Inwardly she was full of rue,  
 Everybody could see that too,  
 Elders Eshtek and Aidarkan,  
 Karacha and Teyish Khan.  
 Just you look — what a spectacle here!



To Manas, still stuck on the square,  
 They all rode, their luck to try —  
 Brave Munar, and old Bakai.  
 "Our dear Saikal can't come!" said they,  
 1930 "No more jousting for her today!  
 We Kazakhs and Kalmaks now cede.  
 You have defended your honour indeed!"  
 So spoke all of the eight of them.  
 Lion Manas made answer then,  
 With an angry, offended cry:  
 "Neither the victim nor victor am I!  
 Thus, so simply, I cannot give way.  
 I am ready to die here today —  
 I will go to any lengths here — 30  
 1940 Let the maiden Saikal appear!  
 Not having victim nor victor become,  
 We cannot part, it just is not done!"  
 Still in a temper Manas then said,  
 Cunning Manas, who uses his head.  
 "Let us justly decide!" said he.  
 "I shall not leave these lists, you see,  
 Till you compel Saikal to appear!"  
 All the eight elders collected there,  
 Wise men they were, and chieftains too,  
 1950 Said: "Let's return to Saikal anew,  
 Let us tell her Manas' demand —  
 Either she goes in the lists to stand,  
 Or there'll be trouble throughout the land.  
 What has the Devil himself not planned?"  
 Then said the clever Bey Karacha:  
 "If you will all agree that far,  
 This is the plan I'd like to invent:  
 Maiden Saikal's roan steed to present  
 To Manas, who is looking so grim.  
 1960 "Now be calm!" we shall say to him.  
 Mediators active there  
 Counted this suggestion fair.<sup>31</sup>  
 So they took Saikal's roan steed,  
 Came to Manas, and he paid heed.

"Don't be obstinate, bold brave knight!  
 Let's be calm, set the matter right!"  
 That was what most folk thought too,  
 So Manas took account of this view.  
 "What you suggest seems fair to me,  
 1970 And the great gift I already see!  
 To the Kalmaks, their chief Karacha,  
 I shall present this steed, there you are!"  
 And he gave him the reins, 'mid cheers.  
 Listen to words of brave bogatirs —  
 No deception in them one hears!  
 After all that, Saikal the maid  
 To Manas no attention paid,  
 Did not appear before his eyes.  
 "Such a maiden as wife I'd prize!"  
 1980 So to Manas did the thought arise.  
 Evening came, and people went home.  
 Time to entertain guests had come.  
 All the men whom Manas had brought there,  
 Flocked like wandering sheep everywhere,  
 To their tents, where songs filled the air.  
 For their suppers they slew a mare,  
 For their lunch foal-meat they'd stew.  
 For their dinners a sheep they slew.  
 On the morrow played games all round,  
 1990 Riding and picking coins from the ground.  
 Then two hundred strong-men showed their powers.  
 Thus they passed the ensuing hours.  
 All kinds of games they began to play.  
 In the evening of that same day,  
 Waiting for racers, there stood they  
 On the hillside, merry and gay.  
 All the people came out in a crowd.  
 No help for riders was there allowed.  
 Not in the morn, but in cool eventide,  
 2000 Where the stream Akiyas divides,  
 Suddenly dust from horses' hooves rose —  
 No doubt about it — it surely was those!  
 And Akkula, Manas' swift steed,



Like a young doe led all others at speed,  
 Good luck ran with him, favoured by fate,  
 Ears just like candles, sticking up straight:  
 That was a creature fleet as a wind,  
 So he'd out-placed all the others behind.  
 Under his breast the sweat formed a stream,  
 2010 While from his nostrils breath-clouds steam.  
 When Akkula came galloping in,  
 All the Kirghiz kicked up such a din:  
 "Bey Jakib!" they screamed with delight.  
 All the earth trembled as if in fright.  
 Stones from his hooves went flying high,  
 Rising to right and left in the sky.  
 Take a quick glance who's following there —  
 All the Kazakhs now raise a loud cheer.  
 That is Aidarkan's steed Karsur —  
 2020 What a fine racer he is, for sure!  
 Like a hare, with ears held tight,  
 Following in his tracks, in sight,  
 Kēktelki — Munar's delight,  
 Following in his tracks, in sight,  
 Orkizil, Oshpur's high flight.  
 Following in his tracks, in sight,  
 Sarala, Salamat's respite.  
 One can't recount them all in sight...  
 Prizes allotted for forty steeds,  
 2030 Those without theirs stand sadly in need!  
 Forty horses finished in race.  
 Karacha gave them all their place.  
 Each his allotted prize received.  
 Akkula's prize the people retrieved.  
 If what they say can be believed,  
 Shared among all four folk, that is —  
 Sarts, Kazakhs, Kalmaks, Kirghiz.  
 In Manas generosity lies —  
 Equally thus they shared the prize,  
 2040 Each received a far share likewise.  
 They were so pleased, and so merry were they:  
 Then Manas chose, at the end of six days,

From the most skilful at handling a gun,  
 From the best swordsman, who made others run,  
 From the most useful at slinging the spear,  
 From the brave war-chiefs of all the tribes there,  
 From all the strong-men, with fat round their waists,  
 From the best go-betweens, trading in beasts,  
 From the best archers, who strike the bulls-eye,  
 2050 From bogatirs, who make foemen fly,  
 Best of these warriors called to his side.  
 Nobody summoned his call denied.  
 In the direction of Ker-Kēl then,  
 He prepared to set off with his men.  
 He had thousands and thousands, it's true.  
 Places where numerous troops passed through  
 All became tracks, where roads now are.  
 Off towards Tētē pass, Karkira\*.  
 Flags and banners mixed in a stream.  
 2060 Earth's fair face could hardly be seen.  
 Pennants and ensigns one couldn't descry.  
 Dust-clouds from horse-hooves darkened the sky.  
 Spear-heads and pikes, they glittered and gleamed.  
 Helmets went bobbing along in their streams.  
 Wounded, the earth just quaked 'neath their tread,  
 And with a rumble caved in, half-dead.  
 Drums were a-beating and throbbing aloud,  
 Cornets were roaring, and trumpets blew proud.  
 Fifes and pipes poured whistles as one.  
 2070 Weapons and armour shone in the sun.  
 Fluttering banners blew in the breeze.  
 Threatening spear-heads aroused unease.  
 On their war-steeds the warriors pranced,  
 Pennons on pennons just danced and danced.  
 Dust got into one's ears and eyes.  
 Ears got deafened and numbed by noise.  
 There they go — the knight-bogatirs,  
 Leading them — lion Manas appears,  
 On the road which runs, by and by,  
 2080 Through Tētē, Kainar\*, Bilchakai.  
 Here many warriors overwhelmed ways,



Here let them travel, despite delays,  
 Here are Manguls from other tribes,  
 Here the cunning first-striker survives.  
 Here's the wise knight Dzhaisan, what's more,  
 Here are the beys Kaldar and Kyulgyur,  
 Here is the young Mandzhik, the bold,  
 Here he has come to join young and old,  
 Here is the leader, old Degen,  
 2090 Here besides come allies with them.  
 From the Altai come others we know —  
 From the Argins comes Karakodzho,  
 From Duulats\* and Naimans come some,  
 From the Faraks has bey Tana come,  
 All who would wish to be — they are here.  
 Old Targil, for instance, is here,  
 From the Abaks\* Aidarkan is here,  
 Fathers of tribes, they all are here,  
 From the great tribes of Kirghiz is here  
 2100 Karakesek, who makes arrow and spear.  
 Those who joined on the way are here,  
 From the Nogois, ten thousand are here,  
 From the Kirghiz comes bold Salamat,  
 From the Kipchaks comes eloquent Taz,  
 Son of Nogoi, Bakai is here,  
 Son of Noiguts, Chabak, is here,  
 Son of Totu, Tokon, is here,  
 Son of Nabal, Akun, is here,  
 From the Karakalpaks — Berdike,  
 2110 From the Kangais comes Keldike.  
 From the Uzbeks comes Dambilde,  
 Eloquent, sharp-tongued Abdilda,  
 Here is the swarthy, strong Bo-obek,  
 From Chinarstan\* comes Shaabek,  
 Here are Dzhaisan, Botpai and Shyukyur,  
 Bogatirs who fear nought in war.  
 You will hear later of them, what's new.  
 From Kipchaks comes Këkbëryu,  
 From Kirghiz comes Dzhyugëryu,

2120 From Kizais\* Baikap comes too.  
 What is the latest news of them?  
 Lion Manas led all these men  
 Onto the shores of Kara-Su,  
 Into the vale of Kakira too.  
 There they stopped, packed tight as tight,  
 In Aral set up camp for the night.  
 Some shot deer and does, on request...  
 Meanwhile, let them take their rest,  
 Having arrived at the Tien Shan range.  
 2130 Now let us leave them, for a change.  
 Turn to Ker-Köl, and Khan Orgo.  
 Listen, of him you ought to know...  
 Here's Kultang, a spell-binder too.  
 Of Tekes, who was in Ters-Su,  
 He brought news to Khan Orgo —  
 How Tekes was delighted so,  
 When Kuyas made soldiers from reeds,  
 Thousands, who barred all ways as they pleased.  
 How Tekes sent no other khans news,  
 2140 And was punished, as Allah did choose.  
 How he lived carelessly, suffered defeat,  
 Like his toy soldiers, lined up so neat,  
 Looking like men, but burnt in the flame,  
 How to Kuyas and Tekes death came —  
 Having seen this with his own eyes,  
 Where Tëtë and Bilchakai rise,  
 Over the pass Kultang rode alone.  
 Two whole days and one night had flown.  
 Thus through the hills he'd made his way.  
 2150 On the eve of the following day,  
 When all the folk to sleep had lain,  
 Into the Khan's head-quarters he came.  
 Bursting in, he cried: "Woe, ah woe!  
 You are as good as dead, Orgo!  
 Those Kirghiz from Altai have won!  
 They've brought to brothers, not you alone,  
 Dire misfortune to fall on your heads.



Both Kuyas and Tekes are dead!  
 Our Kalmaks, to the very last man,  
 2160 By Kirghiz and Kazakhs have been slain.  
 I have seen how they sorted them out.  
 Having Tekes and his men put to rout,  
 Now they are swarming towards you here!  
 Like a wild mountain stream falling sheer!  
 There's no deceit in what I say —  
 You will just perish, if you delay!  
 I have come to tell you: "Prepare!  
 I make no mistake, I declare!  
 Not having caught, your hands don't make red.  
 2170 Not having thought, your blood do not shed.  
 Not having wrought, your hands don't make red,  
 Not having fought, your blood do not shed.  
 Seemingly you live serenely and well.  
 On the far reaches of river Ker-Käl,  
 How many people are subject to you!  
 How many officers, serving you true?  
 How many majors and generals too?  
 How many captains among your men?  
 If you add all of them, to the last ten,  
 2180 How many warriors have you then?  
 If you have sergeants, then count them too.  
 In real fighting they've work to do.  
 If you have majors, declare them now.  
 If you have weapons, prepare them now.  
 If you have strong-men, then they must train.  
 If you have blades, they need hafts again.  
 If you have steeds, they need exercise,  
 If you have spades, they need handles likewise.  
 If you have rice, then that must be cleaned,  
 If you have knights, they must be esteemed.  
 2190 If you have hordes of warriors soon will be here,  
 So, for the conflict your people prepare.  
 Load all your weapons, ready to shoot.  
 If you have sorcerers, see that they suit.  
 If at the last Kirghiz do not come,  
 Then do not blame me for what I have done.

If you are clever, and find a way through,  
 If you have swords, then sharpen them too.  
 If the Kirghiz do nought, make a switch,  
 2200 Then you may call me a son of a bitch!"  
 So Kultang, the sorcerer, came.  
 Told all the news, and not in vain.  
 Having heard it, Khan Orgo  
 Was amazed, and extremely so.  
 Called in six of his serving-men,  
 Sent them off to his neighbours then:  
 "Ride out to Eki-Bash\*", said he,  
 "People with many herds you'll see.  
 Quickly tell this alarming news,  
 2210 Tell all you meet — no time to lose!  
 Let them not think of sleep therefore,  
 Let them value their own lives more.  
 Let them hang cauldrons from fires new-lit,  
 On the manes of steeds where they sit.<sup>32</sup>  
 There is a chief who's named Burkan.  
 I don't know how things go with that man,  
 Nor with us, we have all many cares.  
 Let him collect his fighters and mares,  
 From Eki-Bash bring his bravest men.  
 2220 Let him not wait till fate falls on them.  
 Let not their men remain afar.  
 Round Chatir-Käl\* and Ara-Talaa.\*  
 Kinsmen of ours live there as well.  
 When you've told all there is to tell,  
 Then return, and then let them act,  
 Ready, prepared in two days, in fact!  
 There are pastures — Sayang\*, Uch-Suu\*.  
 Far away are their borders too —  
 There lives a chief who's named Kultka.  
 2230 Numerous there his people are.  
 Let no slaves remain, no Khan,  
 Let him trust in his powers as a man,  
 Let him not feel the approaching woe,  
 Let them not blink their eyelids so.  
 Allah will punish them, be assured!



Over Ker-Kël you must take the ford,  
 Go by the southern slopes, rock-strewn.  
 There lives a chief, by name So-orun.  
 Much distinctive in him shows though.

2240 He is praised for his riches too.  
 Those poor wretches who feed his herds  
 Number nine hundred, take my word!  
 He is a chief, and a rich lord too.  
 Let him not sit with nothing to do!  
 Travel on then across the Tyup\*,  
 Through all the regions round then swoop.  
 Tell the bad news, the alarm then spread!"

To those living nearby he said:  
 "Let my commander-in-chief Kulus

2250 Come to my aid, and be of good use!  
 Those who on summer pastures stand,  
 On Taragai\*, with horses at hand,  
 Driving the numberless cattle gang —  
 Overseers Altang, and Kultang,  
 Let them come at once to me too.  
 There's Kongur-Saz\*, and there's Tongu,  
 There's chief Koëng, and Shiben too.  
 Go to all six straightway and say:  
 "There must be no six-day delay!"

2260 Gather their forces, return the same day.  
 Gather their warriors, countless men,  
 You, the two of you, travel then  
 Over the pass of Ala-Bël\* too,  
 To the high reaches of the Chu\*,  
 Adir\*, Tulang\*, and Kashka-Su\*,  
 All those beautiful streams flow through.  
 Near the Adir you'll see springs there.  
 Near stands a town, by name Dëngër\*.  
 There dwells a Khan, by name Kemen.

2270 Don't delay — inform him then!  
 There is a fortress with high stone wal's,  
 Round that fortress the populace dwells.  
 There some eighty thousand live —  
 Don't avoid it — alarm blast give!

Akunbeshim, the pasha, lives there.  
 Pass him the news, the danger declare,  
 Then return once again, more to tell.  
 Next you must cross the pass Kizil-Bel\*,  
 But be quick if you want us to win.

2280 You must then ride the road to Charin\*.  
 Ride as fast as you can, be sure,  
 To the Khan living in Alma-Koyur,  
 To Ilebin, and his people too,  
 Undefeated in all they do.  
 Quickly pass on to them the news.  
 Then the western road you must choose.  
 Travel, not stopping by day nor night,  
 Till the river Chu comes in sight.  
 There lives Kashel, the Regent-Khan.

2290 He has at least sixty thousand men.  
 On the shores of the Chu stands Chulu  
 Listen what Akimbeshim tells you,  
 And from Kashel ride quickly back here.  
 What they have said, to us make clear!"

So Orgo sent his messengers round.  
 Then he gave orders: "Let tambourines sound,  
 Beat the drums in my courtyard!" said he,  
 "Let all the people come here to me!"

So they all gathered together and cheered

2300 When Kulus, their great chieftain appeared.  
 "Why have you called me, Khan Orgo —  
 That is what I should like to know!"  
 So the Khan made the reason clear:  
 "Gather your men, and bring them here!  
 Wizard Kultang just arrived and told  
 How the foe with his banners bold  
 Now on the road was drawing near.  
 Strong ones he had destroyed, showed no fear.  
 Brought down disaster on everyone's head.

2310 Both Kuyas and Tekes are dead!  
 On the Altai are found those Kirghiz.  
 One among them, Manas, there is.  
 He, from the shores of the great Orkun\*,



Gathered his host of warriors soon,  
 From Kara-Too\*, which in Tok-Tok is found,  
 Many fine fighting-men gathered around.  
 On the Altai, Manas, so he said  
 Seemed quite invincible now to be.  
 'Gainst him Tekes and his folk could not stand,  
 2320 And with a horde with covers the land,  
 He has set out on his way to us.  
 Kara-Su in Karkara thus,  
 Over the saddle-shaped mountain pass,  
 So he will find his path to us.  
 We must fight bravely, one and all —  
 If we are not prepared, we'll fall!"  
 To Khan Kulus thus replied Orgo.  
 Khan Kulus valued this life also,  
 Could not do nought — some way must find.  
 2330 He was troubled deep in his mind.  
 When he heard all which Kultung had told  
 To Khan Orgo, he felt far from bold.  
 Then, unexpectedly there arrived  
 That Kalmak who had scarce survived.  
 When he received a blow on the head,  
 From which the blood in streams had sped,  
 And had dropped from his brows like dew.  
 He was a man aged thirty-two.  
 Of that Kalmak, Tyunërgër by name,  
 2340 Then the Kirghiz had made great game.  
 Blood had flowed down his neck in dark streams,  
 And had congealed on his breast, it seems,  
 Forming a liver-like, dark-hued clot —  
 That same night, believe it or not,  
 He had escaped to Khan Orgo.  
 Moaning and groaning "Woe, ah woe!  
 Those Kazakhs and Kirghiz," said he  
 "On the face of this earth we see,  
 Will not leave one soul who survives!"<sup>33</sup>  
 2350 I have seen this with my own eyes.  
 I don't deceive you, I would not dare!  
 Herdsmen with ninety flocks were there.

Thousands of horses were in their care,  
 Those who in vales, or on the heights fare,  
 Earlier on their numbers weren't few,  
 Larger enclosures held thousands too,  
 Up to ten thousand horses at least.  
 Smaller enclosures held many a beast,  
 Three thousand steeds, or leastwise, two.  
 2360 Lower parts held reserves when due.  
 In the vale where Charin\* flows far,  
 By the passes Tëtë, Bilchaka,  
 There were manifold herds kept thus.  
 In the high regions of Akiyas  
 Pastures were teeming and streaming with steeds.  
 On Karkira's well-watered meads,  
 At mount Chechek reserves petered out.  
 But on this side were steeds still about,  
 Right to the hollows of Chet-Karkira\*.  
 2370 All these Kirghiz have seized, near and far.  
 From an unnumbered huge horde of steeds,  
 Nothing remained for us or our needs.  
 Six hundred herdsmen of our lay dead,  
 Slain by them!" Tyunërgër then said.  
 "When my loss, poor wretch, I saw,  
 A could scarcely breathe at all!  
 I ran into a Kirghiz guard,  
 And he struck me, struck me hard,  
 Wounded me, and left me for dead.  
 2380 Only God saved by bleeding head.  
 I escaped, Khan Kulus espied!"  
 At the feet of Orgo, he cried,  
 Tear-drops wept, as large as peas,  
 Thus the night visitor made his pleas.  
 "We are lost!" he moaned, "It's the end!  
 I have come to ask aid from our friend!"  
 Then Kulus, who had paid good heed,  
 Straightway bestraddled his waiting steed.  
 Off he sped to his fortress then,  
 2390 Rode back to gather his fighting men.  
 With him he took from Khan Orgo



Thirty thousand guards, or so.  
 Back with them he rode to Aral,  
 Glad, as commander-in-chief as well,  
 Tighter he girded his black steel sword,  
 To the warriors then gave the word.  
 Having grown calmer then at heart,  
 With thirty thousand he made a start.  
 Round the lake he rode with a smile...

2400 Now we must leave him there, meanwhile...  
 Now about Khan Orgo let us tell.  
 There is a story here as well.  
 Listen, and you will hear what's new.  
 Near his head-quarters there stand in view  
 Two grey hills, with a saddle between.  
 There a large army with banners was seen.  
 They were high-born knights, it was clear.  
 They then said: "If Kirghiz attack here,  
 One level road will be trampled somehow."

2410 Such are the times which face us now!"  
 In Teskei\* the bad news rang.  
 Overseers Altang and Kaltang,  
 Crossing the pass by Buguluk\*,  
 With thirty thousand men whom they took,  
 Came to Orgo before all the rest.  
 There they received the Khan's behest.  
 "You've a large army there with you —  
 Thirty thousand men on view.  
 Where are you from! It leaves me dumb!"

2420 You are the first of all to come!  
 First ones to answer to my call,  
 Good it is, that you listened to all!  
 Altang, Kaltang, you came, you two,  
 Just when I'd greatest need of you!"  
 Then Kaltang made his reply:  
 "Don't be worried, not wipe your eye.  
 Those Kirghiz are all thievish men.  
 Do you think there are many of them?  
 God chastised them with heavy loads.

2430 Thus they have come by mountain roads.  
 They're pretending by chance they met.  
 You let us know how the stage was set!  
 Scarcely alive your herald arrived,  
 Told us that few Kalmaks had survived,  
 That Kirghiz had a Khan named Manas.  
 Therefore we hastened to you thus.  
 Strong-man Kaltang, Altang, the knight,  
 Told their Khan: "It will be all right!"  
 With the Khan of all their folk

2440 Sat these two, and quietly spoke.  
 Twenty thousand men-at-arms  
 Rode through the northern slopes' alarms,  
 Which on that side of the mountain ran,  
 Followed their leader, Khan Burkan.  
 Thirty thousand warriors too  
 All those northern slopes broke through.  
 After their chief Kultka they chased,  
 And arrived on the scene in haste.  
 From So-orum the war-steeds reared —

2450 Forty thousand knights there fared.  
 Raising a rumble throughout all Tyup\*,  
 Beating their drums, and steeds to boot!  
 All with great respect were met.  
 When you looked at those gathering yet,  
 Just three hundred thousand had come!  
 When Kultang heard the drub of the drum,  
 Then he said: "Your numbers seem few,  
 But if you shoot — then success to you!"  
 So said Kultang to Orgo Khan,

2460 Then he added, a saddened man:  
 "Please allow me now to go!  
 I have met you, and gladly so.  
 We'll meet again, so why stay now?  
 Let me fare further, anyhow!  
 There's a great ruler Akunbeshim —  
 Now I wish to travel to him!"  
 "If you wish, then travel, dear friend!"



So said Orgo to him in the end.  
 "Travel again while the times are grim,  
 2470 Seek and find out Akunbeshim!  
 Tell him all that you told us:  
 Kirghiz outnumber the blades of grass.  
 Tell him he may not see me alive,  
 If he can't haste to help me survive.  
 Then on his conscience, at Judgement Day,  
 My blood shed still red will stay.  
 Tell him to order his scribe to write.  
 Stamp his letter — you hold it tight!  
 Choosing himself a racing steed,  
 2480 Then to Kyurmentyu" did he speed.  
 So Kultang rode off that day,  
 Over the hills and far away.  
 Two whole days, and one night then,  
 Till he came to Shah\* Keimen.  
 What his chief said to Akimbeshim  
 Then Kultang repeated to him.  
 Taking sixty thousand men,  
 There on guard stood Shah Keimen.  
 He had only to straddle his steed,  
 2490 All was ready in case of need.  
 Hungry, cold, exhausted that day,  
 Then Kultang had come his way,  
 Of Akunbeshim talked away.  
 Having heard what he had to say,  
 "You have come just in time!" said he.  
 "Listen, my friend Kultang, to me —  
 Though I am busy, that must be clear,  
 At my command at the moment here,  
 I have sixty-four thousand men —  
 2500 Tell him that I've set off with them!  
 When you have left us here behind,  
 Bulagasin\* you soon will find.  
 By mid-day you'll be there with him.  
 Tell the Pasha Akunbeshim,  
 That to Orgo, who's in Ker-Kēl,  
 Shah Keimen with his troops did hurl.

We were a folk from Kakanchin,  
 Now we are yours, so take us in.  
 If we meet trouble, take care of us,  
 2510 We already place trust in you thus!"  
 All who came opposing our men,  
 Beidzhin\* forces not waiting then,  
 Ere they came we destroyed the foe,  
 No matter how he struck us so!  
 Tell him to gather his warriors too!  
 Let Akunbeshim hear you,  
 Say many times what I've told you then!"  
 Having said this, then Shah Keimen  
 Told his scribe a letter to write.  
 2520 With his own hand he sealed it tight.  
 Then he gave Kultang a fresh steed.  
 One more word — then off a speed.  
 On the road to Akunbeshim.  
 There for the moment shall we leave him...  
 Now of Manas and Khan Orgo  
 Latest news you ought to know...  
 Flags and banners were flying there,  
 Clattering noise shook the earth and air.  
 Coming battle did this beside.  
 2530 Kumdu-Su\* flowed on one side,  
 On the other flowed Kara-Su —  
 Water on this and that side too.  
 Flags and banners one couldn't make out,  
 Covering all the earth about.  
 Dust rose high in a mighty cloud.  
 Pennants, uniting, streaming the skies.  
 Like spiky barley did spear-heads rise.  
 Stappeland all around Taskil\*  
 Swaying knights on horseback fill.  
 2540 Leader Manas, and bold Bakai,  
 Four hundred thousand men stand by.  
 Forward they went, and everywhere spread  
 Forward — through Kulusun\* ahead.  
 If you look from beginning to end,  
 Long as a two-day race-course they wend.



Ranks were formed like wedges of cranes.  
 Over the foothills they rear and range,  
 All those warriors, bobbing away.  
 Thunderous cries: "Hooray! Hooray!"  
 2550 Who knows what's truth, what's lies, anyway?  
 That is the task of the chief-in-command.  
 They had rested o'ernight in this land,  
 Set reliable men on guard so,  
 On twin green hills of Khan Orgo  
 There they planted their banners in sight.  
 Most of them were noblemen knights.  
 Then Khan Orgo, with the drubbing of drums,  
 To the Aral with his warriors comes.  
 Right to the foot of those two green hills,  
 2560 There his army the lower slopes fills.  
 Look at these armies, like grains of sand!  
 There, not attacking, opposing they stand.  
 Loading their guns with powder and shot,  
 Lighting their fuses, all smoking hot,  
 There, prepared, they await the word!  
 Where is Kulus, from him I've not heard?  
 Where are Altang and Kultang, pray where?  
 How can I settle this dreadful affair?  
 Where are my chiefs Kultka and Burkan?  
 2570 I need them everyone now, to a man!  
 What are we going to do without you,  
 My Arsi and Kuban — we're too few?!  
 I am powerless up to now,  
 Reason has left my mind, somehow.  
 Bring me relief and valour again!"  
 So said Orgo, his soul in pain...  
 In the ranks of Altang, the chief,  
 Though it seems almost beyond belief  
 There was a strong-man, Atai, they say,  
 2580 And to provide him with food for a day,  
 One whole bull, or a cow they brought.  
 If against someone then he fought,  
 Seventy strong-men would work in vain,  
 Putting the pieces together again!

Eyes shone like mineral-water then,  
 When, for fun, he fought two hundred men!  
 Several of them were completely done,  
 Others felt their limbs go numb,  
 Many of them then lost their wits.  
 2590 All their bodies were beaten to bits...  
 "Go the devil with such fun as that!"  
 Said the "strong-men" whom he'd knocked flat,  
 Those who lay stretched for five days there...  
 "We'll put Atan on the combat square.  
 Then what happens we soon shall see.  
 If defeated we then should be,  
 We shall not take the road to retreat.  
 We shall die fighting, upon our feet!"  
 They cheered up Khans by boldness displayed,  
 2600 But Khan Orgo still felt dismayed.  
 "Well, I'm agreed!" at last he said...  
 Big as a bucket — Atan's great head.  
 Like black dogs, with legs tucked in,  
 His black eyebrows there looked grim.  
 Three arm-spans was he in height.  
 "No one like me in the whole world quite!"  
 Three arm-spans round the waist was he.  
 Look at his fangs — like daggers, you see,  
 Or like sabres, so just pay heed!  
 2610 Futhermore, just look at his steed!  
 He is war-horse, named Dankara.  
 Three arm-spans round the croup, there you are!  
 This was the horse they brought to Atan —  
 Only such steeds could support such a man!  
 Then the war-chiefs of Khan Orgo,  
 Grumbled away to Atan, just so:  
 "These Kirghiz are an ancient drift —  
 Their first forebears in Turkestan\* lived,  
 Then they left those ancient strands,  
 2620 And they wandered in various lands.  
 Since long ago they have not come here.  
 Where they have been is to us not clear,  
 But at present we heard, by-the-by,



They are living on far Altai.  
 Their bold leader, Manas, so they say,  
 Has not known defeat till this day.  
 No one has dared to challenge him yet.  
 All have been scared — their death-blow they'll get!  
 With great hopes we've decided so:  
 2630 "Let Atan to defeat him go!"  
 For though strong their Manas may be,  
 Soon the end of the world he'll see!  
 All our hopes we place upon you!  
 Will you go now, and see us through?  
 Thus Khan Orgo approached Atan.  
 He then became an angry man,  
 Drew himself up and said proudly then:  
 "What kind of folk are these Kirghiz men?  
 Though they fill all the world around,  
 2640 I shall smash all their heads on the ground!"  
 His great club, as big as a barn,  
 He then swung over his left arm,  
 Took his shield, with its border of gold,  
 Flung it over his shoulder bold,  
 Donned his armour of iron all round,  
 Prayed to Allah, where help is found.  
 Prayed to the Devil to do him no wrong.  
 Took his spear, some ninety strides long.  
 Begged again Allah's power for his blow —  
 2650 Thus he decided to combat to go.  
 Mounted his war-horse, Dangkara,  
 Who bowed his head, and raised his rear.  
 Onto the field he thundered then.  
 Having seen him, the warrior-men  
 Of So-orun were glad — stepped aside,  
 Made a free path where he could ride.  
 Other warriors welcomed him too...  
 Then a weak old man came in view,  
 Standing among the warriors there,  
 2660 Coughing and wheezing, gasping for air.  
 Tears were streaming from watery eyes.  
 Out from Kalmaks he stepped likewise.

When all the warriors stepped aside,  
 Went toward Atan, whom he spied.  
 Stumbling then, he fell to the ground.  
 From each nostril then were found  
 Heaps of oat-meal, as big as a lark.  
 There he lay in the way, stiff and stark,  
 But both his eyes were open wide.  
 2670 "Are you dead, then!" Atan to him cried.  
 Speaking Kalmak, he shouted at him,  
 But no reply he made, all was dim,  
 Then he arose, and slowly walked on...  
 "Who brought this dried-up devil along —  
 Pretty well time that he lay dead!"  
 "Out of the way!" to him they said.  
 He did not listen, made no reply.  
 "Off with you now!" at him they cry.  
 "He blocks my way, and won't step back!  
 2680 What if Kirghiz make a sudden attack?  
 Ther I should have to gallop ahead!  
 Then upon him my horse might tread.  
 If, by chance, 'neath his hooves he'd fall,  
 Down would come steed, and rider and all!  
 "Awkward old fellow — get out of my way!  
 If such as you fill the tilt-yard today,  
 Things will go badly for us I'd say!"  
 Still the stubborn one stood at bay.  
 Though the old man a dozen steps took,  
 2690 Still not a yard has he covered, look!  
 "He will be trampled down, like the rest.  
 Calling on God, he will give up the ghost!"  
 So thought the strong-man Atan, "Who knows?  
 Better to die among friends, not foes!  
 I shall take him by neck and arm,  
 Hurl him back there, where he'll do no harm.  
 Maybe he'll die, and maybe not.  
 With our people more chance he's got.  
 Here he blocks my way, with some plea —  
 2700 Whatever happens, the people will see!"  
 So thought Atan: "That will be alright!"



Feeling this old man's magic might,  
 Dankara, supporting the knight,  
 Shied aside, and neighed with fright.  
 Sensing this, the giant Atan  
 Got very angry, and cursing began,  
 Beat his steed as hard as he could.  
 That, however, did not much good.  
 He only ran to the man ahead.

2710 "Devil take you, old man!" Atan said.  
 By the spine the old man he took —  
 He in the saddle — the old man afoot.  
 He then looked at Atan's scared steed,  
 Took him by the bridle, indeed.  
 By his shoulder Atan held him fast.  
 He gripped Atan's leather belt at last,  
 That clumsy, cumbrous one lugged from his steed.  
 Down he came crashing upon the green mead.  
 Your old man of sorcerer breed,

2720 Your Keiyush, could he stand, indeed?  
 Yes, he could, and he lifted Atan,  
 Then dashed him down, and danced on that man.  
 Then just like a ripe melon, 'twould seem,  
 With one fierce jerk, an effort supreme,  
 Tore off Atan's gigantic round head,  
 Then Dankara he bestrode instead —  
 Steed like a stag for swiftness too,  
 Sat there firmly, no more ado...

Numerous warriors standing near him  
 2730 Questioned: "Is it a man or a djinn?  
 That's how sprites and goblins act,  
 Fawns and fairies, and demons, in fact.  
 Seems he's a devil, and no mere man —  
 Tore the head straight off Atan!  
 If we knew he's a devil for sure,  
 Then we'd kill him; quickly what's more!  
 What that weak old man has done,  
 Couldn't be done by another one.  
 If he attacks us in that same mood,

2740 Right and left will flow our blood!  
 'From Ker-Kël I came,' said he,  
 'Saving myself from our enemy.'  
 There he sat from the dawning hour,  
 Eating only oat-meal flour...  
 Yet it was not oats, but stones,  
 Which he ground to nourish his bones.  
 From Atan, who championed us,  
 He took his horse and armour thus.  
 Now on the empty jousting square

2750 He alone is standing there."  
 Ninety thousand, who'd come to fight,  
 Thought: "Who can stand against such might?"  
 Those from Kulus, and from So-orun  
 Thought: "God's punished us so soon!"  
 Thus to Khan Orgo they went,  
 Chittering-chattering to his tent.  
 But Orgo was disturbed as could be:  
 "Don't waste time complaining!" cried he.  
 "Prayers won't help you, you'll soon be dead,

2760 If you lie doing nothing!" he said.  
 Take your clubs and cudgels, strong-men,  
 Take your spears, you bogatirs, then,  
 Take your swords, you slashers, again,  
 Take your bows, you archers, and aim,  
 Take your halberds, you halberdiers.  
 All you brave ones, have no fears.  
 Why die so, just one at time?  
 All together the fight goes fine!  
 Start the battle, raise banners high!

2770 After all, only once can you die!  
 Off to battle, without regret!"  
 So said Orgo: "We'll beat them yet!"  
 Then on the drums they started to beat.  
 Oh, but that throbbing noise was sweet!  
 Three hundred thousand fighting men  
 All at once sat their war-steeds then.  
 On the trumpet which calls to war,



2780 Saving Orgo, not one man was left,  
 Not one soldier, nor khan, all swept,  
 Shouting their battle-cries, into the fight.  
 Four hundred thousand men of might,  
 Under Manas' banner had come.  
 Here was Kirgil, with the beat of his drum,  
 Here was Bakai, the far-sighted Khan,  
 Here, besides Almambet, to a man,  
 Forty leaders, each a fine knight,  
 Striking at foes they found, on sight,  
 Clashed spears together, with blood and sweat,  
 2790 Battled away, with nought to regret.  
 Sword crossed on sword, they hacked and slashed,  
 Thundering din of the cannons crashed.  
 Those who were struck in the chest by a spear,  
 From their breasts the blood spurted clear.  
 Into fragments the shields were hacked.  
 Wounds weeping blood no combatant lacked.  
 Arrows from bows went whizzing in flight  
 Balls from shot-guns went whistling light.  
 Hollow the rumbles which shook the ground.  
 2800 Ears were deafened by noise all round.  
 Both the armies together clashed,  
 Dust arose to the skies when they crashed,  
 All the earth seemed to quake and shake,  
 Many homes then began to break.  
 All the women ran out in fear,  
 Cried in their fright: "Oh dear! Oh dear!"  
 Where the battle was taking place,  
 On each side did a river race.  
 Such was Tasma\* — the yellow plain.  
 2810 Neither side could retreat again.  
 Distance between them could not change.  
 Women who watched, well out of range,  
 Where their own men were could not see,  
 Could not imagine where they might be...  
 Jaws thrown wide, and teeth all bare,  
 Stretched out dead many steeds lay there...<sup>34</sup>

With their whiskers sticking out,  
 Overthrown warriors lay about...  
 Armour plates were buckled and bent,  
 2820 Jagged edges, where halberds went!  
 There the Kitais all cried: "Ta-tal!"  
 Here the Kalmaks all cried: "Dzha! Dzha!"  
 All of them cried: "Mandzhu! Mandzhu!"\*  
 Whence had so many Kirghiz then come?  
 From the earth or streams did they run?  
 They all cried: "Dzhabuu! Dzhabuu!"  
 What that word meant none others knew.  
 Warriors wheezed with broken arms,  
 Could not move, were full of alarms,  
 2830 Each at the other still hack and hew...  
 They could not hold the Kirghiz back —  
 Slashing and gashing — Crack! Crack! Crack!  
 Many had broken and twisted legs,  
 Lay on their faces in the dregs.  
 And still more of them were seen  
 Crawling like snakes, grass-roots between.  
 And still more of them were seen,  
 Who to survive seemed just a dream.  
 And still more of them were seen,  
 2840 Who, far from home had slaughtered been.  
 And still more of them were seen,  
 Robbed of steeds and clothes, I ween.  
 And still more of them were seen,  
 Pale and haggard, wounded, lean.  
 And still more of them were seen,  
 With just stumps where limbs had been.  
 And still more of them were seen,  
 Tortured by thirst, and cursing obscene.  
 And still more of them were seen,  
 2850 Clots of blood, where cars had been.  
 And still more there were as well,  
 Blinded by spears in their eyes, they fell.  
 And still more there were as well,  
 Noseless, toothless, truth to tell.  
 And still more there were as well,



Flattened by clubs, who'd heard death's knell.  
 And still more there were as well,  
 On whose brows the battle-axe fell.  
 And still more there were as well,  
 2860 Gaping with wounds, they went through hell.  
 Fighting begun in mid-morn, let's say.  
 More or less finished by mid-day.  
 Everywhere, criss-cross, smashed spears.  
 Battle-axe heads with no hafts appeared:  
 Nobody wished them as trophies to take,  
 Neither sword-hafts, whose blades did break...  
 Of those self-esteeming Kitais,  
 Thousands again will never rise.  
 Of those bold Kirghiz braves too,  
 2870 Those who perished were not few.  
 Fighting, begun in mid-morn, let's say,  
 More or less finished by mid-day.  
 Coming to grips with lion Manas,  
 Khan Orgo was slaughtered thus.  
 On the tilt-yard, as fighting began,  
 Hand-to-hand, and man to man,  
 With the Eshtek chief, Dzhamgirchi —  
 Knight Keiman then ceased to be.  
 When the general battle grew high,  
 2880 Then out went far-sighted Bakai,  
 Took his chance, the moment it came,  
 Took most deadly accurate aim —  
 Straightway into the other world,  
 Khan Ilebin his musket hurled...  
 Thus, the death of Khan Ilebin,  
 With their own eyes having seen,  
 Kazakhs and Kirghiz all cheered like hell.  
 To his men, and those of Kashel,  
 They completely barred the way,  
 2890 Hewed them to pieces in the fray.  
 Not in the morn, but at eventide,  
 As the rays of the red sun died,  
 Those who lived turned their steeds around,  
 No further courage for battle they found.

Having lost their Khan in war,  
 Turned towards their fortress once more.  
 And in a mass they made retreat.  
 Khans, with banners, lay dead at their feet.  
 Those who had come to fight that day,  
 2900 Hither and thither they ran away.  
 Each good-for-nothing lost his head.  
 Here and there last blows still sped.  
 Shades a-falling. Evening ahead.  
 In the twilight some sought their dead.  
 Groups of thirty or forty men  
 Questioned each other sadly then:  
 "Have you seen so-and-so by chance?"  
 Everywhere sped their anxious glance.  
 Stars appeared. It was time for rest.  
 2910 Wounded crawled in, and said distressed:  
 "I lay dying, and nobody came.  
 You deserted me, all the same!"  
 They made reproach, and laid the blame...  
 "One was killed by a musket-shot —  
 Others by cannon-balls, like as not!"  
 "If on those attacking you glanced,  
 Everywhere their red banners danced!"  
 "One got pierced by a spear, perchance,  
 Penetrated his chain-mail too —  
 2920 Thus the powerful thrust went through!  
 Spear-head struck him in the spine,  
 Broke his back-plate straight in line.  
 Butted him right in the buttocks too —  
 What could such a poor devil then do?  
 Allah punished all cowards that day.  
 Those who begrudged their lives, anyway...  
 He was wounded in the back —  
 Showed no manliness there, alack!  
 How could a woman respect him so?  
 2930 Having seen the attacking foe,  
 Turned his back on an enemy man,  
 Did not stop as off he ran!  
 Thinking thus he would save his skin.



Now look what a plight he's in!  
 Allah punished him, he was to blame.  
 Now his shameful wound, all the same."  
 Said a comrade, "he tries to hide!"  
 "You are a brave one too!" he cried,  
 You too have a wound in your back —  
 2940 So at each other they made a crack.  
 Seekers searched for the live and dead.  
 "So-and-so disappeared!" they said.  
 "Have you seen him, say, in his tent?"  
 Shouting aloud around they went.  
 Those who survived at last they found.  
 Those who died lay stretched around.  
 Thus they brought their comrades back,  
 Some still alive, some slain, alack!  
 We must rest now, right or wrong —  
 2950 Dawn will be breaking ere very long!"  
 "Those badly wounded may not see day!  
 Death stands near so many!" they say.  
 So, they bound deep wounds up tight,  
 And their steeds tied up for the night.  
 From their armour the blood they wiped,  
 Where it had dried in blackening stripes.  
 Tried to calm down the ones yet whole,  
 Let them get some rest for their soul.  
 Slowly they dozed, left the world behind.  
 2960 But the wounded no sleep could find...  
 Restless they wriggled and moaned and sighed.  
 Nohow a place in bed could they find.  
 So all the warriors lay where they chose.  
 In the morning the dawn arose...  
 Some did not want so early to rise,  
 Limbs were heavy, and stuck were their eyes.  
 Some were stretching their arms and legs,  
 Stiff and stark, like wooden pegs.  
 Some were crying: "Get up on your feet!"  
 2970 Some were exhausted, strength spent complete.  
 Some had bristles, or tousled head,  
 Others there were who up and said:

"To the heathens no powers remain —  
 Let us take up our arms again!  
 Come on then, let's go to the field!"  
 Others there were who wanted to yield,  
 Frightened to death in the deadly fray  
 Others there were with a broken arm, say,  
 Bound it up with the other hand,  
 2980 Though they could barely manage to stand.  
 Others there were, the ones who said:  
 "Go into battle without any dread!"  
 Scaring all, like a ram who butts.  
 Others there were with plenty of guts.  
 Seeing a friend, whose leg wagged about,  
 Found a poplar-trunk, hollowed it out,  
 Made him from this a firm support.  
 Others there were of a similar sort.  
 Seeing a friend with a disjointed arm,  
 2990 Promptly reset it, and saved him from harm.  
 Still more there were who buried the dead,  
 Dug a grave, and a prayer o'er it said.  
 By the river they dug such graves,  
 There they interred the warrior-braves.  
 Still more there were who dug by the path  
 Hollows the size of an earthen hearth!  
 Buried dead corpses in blood-stained clothes.  
 Still more there were, among them those  
 Saying: "Congratulations, brave knight!"  
 3000 God will reward you for wounds alright!"  
 Mid late-comers to Orgo's calls,  
 Many were wounded by musket balls.  
 Surgeon said: "They're embedded in flesh —  
 With a lancet exposed them afresh.  
 Made them swallow a bullet, to spew,<sup>35</sup>  
 Out would come the musket-ball too.  
 If a black blood was in their heart,  
 Gave them ordzgemil\* for a start.  
 So for those with broken bones  
 3010 Sought mumie\* to ease their groans.  
 Some said: "With muskets such as these,



We can reach any target we please!"  
 Some said: "Our swords are blunted now,  
 We must sharpen them anyhow!"  
 Some said: "We won't yield to Kitais.  
 From our blows they will not rise!"  
 Broken halberds got handles new,  
 Spear-heads they sharpened thoroughly too.  
 Muskets they greased for use today.

3020 Took the best fighters for the fray.  
 Not one man remained behind.  
 No other business here did they find.  
 During the night countless warriors cursed,  
 Into the mountains round dispersed.  
 Into the forest of firs was their bent —  
 Nobody knew just where they went.  
 None with the others exchanging news,  
 They just went where they happened to choose.  
 None knows how the other survives —

3030 Good or bad — they saved their lives.  
 Then the wife of Khan Orgo,  
 Sanamkul — she was called so —  
 Taking both her young children too,  
 Passing the empty fortress through,  
 From the main yard she took her share —  
 Ten of the choicest horses there.  
 Brought them all to a two-wheeled cart,  
 Harnessed them up to make a start.  
 When she had made all ready so,

3040 Then called the vizier of Orgo.  
 A Kazakh from the Elder Dzhuz —  
 Visier Iraman as well did chose  
 As out-riders before the cart.  
 Iraman's son, Karatai, for his part,  
 Came from the city of Kizil-Su\*,  
 And had great gifts as a poet too.  
 He had come to his sire, Araman,  
 In the head-quarters of Orgo Khan.  
 Now he came to drive the cart.

3050 Taking the reins, he made a start.  
 Karatai was now in charge  
 Of the cart, and the load is large.  
 For the shore of Dzhirgalan\*,  
 In the vale Dzhiblu-Su\* they began,  
 To the benevolent Khan Manas.  
 In the early morning thus,  
 When the dawn showed golden skies,  
 Sanamkul in her cart arrived.  
 All the folk a commotion made.

3060 She brought velvet and crimson brocade,  
 Other precious materials too,  
 Which she counted the chieftain's due.  
 She brought many rich treasures here  
 To Manas, the lion bogatir.  
 With these gifts she then appeared,  
 Leaving the cart, his tent she neared,  
 There presented him all her store,  
 Then a casket of gold, what's more:  
 "If you wish, you may take my life —

3070 Only let my two sons survive,  
 Let both of them live on meanwhile!"  
 Then Manas replied with a smile:  
 "Listen, dear wife of Khan Orgo —  
 I forgive you, your sons also.  
 Clearly you are an excellent wife —  
 Not for yourself, but your sons begged life.  
 There is your city, you still may live there.  
 Live, and be well, have no further care.  
 Iraman's son, though, young Karatai,

3080 He has caught our people's eye,  
 With the clarity of his mind.  
 If agreeable this you find,  
 We shall remain here all the time.  
 He will console me with verses fine!"  
 So said Manas, the lion bogatir.  
 "Let it be so, and we shall not fear!"  
 Said Sanamkul, once wife of Orgo,



And Karatai agreed also.  
 Sainamkul and Iraman,  
 3090 Then both calmed themselves down again.  
 Let them go back to their city today.  
 Over five thousand homes, as bey,  
 Then Manas gave Karatai rule,  
 And his fate showed he was no fool.  
 Making use of Manas' decree,  
 All he desired then came to be.  
 Iraman's son to high ranks rose —  
 Tunic with tassels, with forty bows,  
 And a high hat with tassels he wore!  
 3100 Never had such fine tassels before!<sup>36</sup>  
 He had a tongue as sharp as a hook.  
 When he took on this authentic look  
 He became one of those forty knights.  
 Here are Manguls from other tribes.  
 Here is the leader, Dzhaيسان, bogatir,  
 Kyuldura's son, Chalibai, is here,  
 Here from the elders is old Dëgën.  
 Here from Mandzhuria\* there is one —  
 Young Madzhik, the bogatir,  
 3110 And besides that among them here,  
 Many Altais, from all their clans,  
 Here are Alchins, Uishuns, Naimans.  
 Here's the Argin, old Karakodzhо,  
 Here's bogatir Aigarkan also.  
 Here are Arbaks along with them,  
 Here's Baidzhigit from the Kirghiz men.  
 From the Kipchaks comes Taz, mellow-tongue,  
 Here is Eshtek, Nogoi's fine son,  
 From the Noiguts comes young Chubak,  
 3120 From the Totu's\* comes Salamat.  
 Having met, they held counsel too,  
 Many of them, a talkative crew.  
 From the Uzbeks came Dambilda,  
 And the brave bogatir, Abdilda.  
 From the Nabats came Akinbek,  
 From Andizhans came Akilbek.

Karakalpaks sent Berdike,  
 From the Kangais arrived Keldike,  
 Tëlänbek and Agidai —  
 3130 As war-commanders here met your eye.  
 Sorcerers too, Këiyish and Begish,  
 Ready to spell-bind the foe if you wish  
 From Dangit came Kayip Khan,  
 From Dagalak — Munar, wise man!  
 Just before the meeting began  
 To discuss an important affair,  
 All these elders were gathered there.  
 Lion Manas, their Khan, took the chair.  
 Aidarkan's son was standing nearby.  
 3140 Brave Këchkë, with his unkle Bakai.  
 Also Dëälës' sultan, Meder,  
 And Tëbë's son, Kuldzhan, were there.  
 They too stood near to Manas, the knight,  
 Ready to help him, if they might.  
 "We have an enemy — Akunbeshim!"  
 Said bold Manas, "We must conquer him!"  
 Twice he sent knights to fight us here.  
 Heavy with cares was his soul severe.  
 Hostile action he took against us —  
 3150 I have been thinking about it thus:  
 Sending you off to seek Akunbeshim,  
 No small torment I place you in.  
 Most of you standing around me now  
 Think: "He won't let us go home, nohow,  
 Back to the banks of the river Chu!"  
 If I shan't give great offence to you,  
 If you'll look problems straight in the eye,  
 If you'll not start to hate me, forby,  
 With that padishah Akunbeshim  
 3160 I'd like to come to grips, and win!  
 If mighty Allah will give me aid,  
 I'll see his blood stream off from my blade!  
 Those who come from Naaman and Altai,  
 We shall unite their homes by and by!"  
 So said Manas, for all to hear.



Aidarkan's son, Këkchë, bogatir,  
 Then jumped up from his seat and spoke:  
 "Your Kirghiz tribes make a mighty folk!  
 Deeply respected ones, listen again!  
 3170 For the lands, which from forebears remain,  
 Shall we not strive against Bulagasin,  
 Shall we not battle, shall we not win?"  
 So spoke Këkchë in a voice which rang.  
 Straightway Munar and Kayip-dang  
 Both agreed, and made it quite clear.  
 There sat Mangul Dangil, bogatir,  
 From the tribe of Kara-Kalmak\*.  
 There sat the lively young Madzhik.  
 Those old greybeards, Oshpur and Bakai,  
 3180 All were seated together nearby.  
 They decided to gather their men,  
 They decided to battle again,  
 Kambar's banner they hoisted then.  
 One-and-half hundred thousand men.  
 Aidarkan rode at their head afar,  
 Out on the road to Kizil-Kiya\*.  
 Tireless knights, inexhaustible men —  
 One-and-half hundred thousand of them —  
 With the giants Duulat, Uishun,  
 3190 Smoothly swaying passed Karkira soon.  
 Weapons were ready, all shining bright.  
 Flags and banners fluttering light.  
 Pennants, gold-bordered, began to swing,  
 On the road to Chadbar\* and Charin\*.  
 Let Këkchë go with thousands of men,  
 And a great part of his own folk then.  
 One whole day on the road he fares,  
 Having scouted the land once theirs,  
 Then with the multitudinous horde,  
 3200 Crosses the river Tyup, by the ford.  
 Warriors in an unnumbered mass,  
 Banners on banners beat, flash-dash!  
 Clouds of dust rise up to the skies,  
 Ears are deafened by trumpets' noise.

Rolling like thunder on southern banks,  
 Warriors ride in Kirghizian ranks.  
 Roaring away like a flaming fire,  
 Red flags with crescents on staffs rise higher.  
 At their head — sharp-sighted Bakai.  
 3210 With his squadron Kirgil rides by.  
 War-steeds neigh, and ahead they prance,  
 Gilded shields in the sunshine dance.  
 Lion Manas' bold bogatirs  
 Thunder along the path with their spears.  
 Alai-Bei\* with its pass appears.  
 With his thousands of fighters, too,  
 Here showed up bogatir Urbyu.  
 But we must leave his men and him...  
 Now about pasha Akunbeshim  
 3220 Hear the tale, as it grows more grim...  
 Akunbeshim ordered two men then,  
 Servants of Khans Këkyurëk and Keimen,  
 One called Chulu, and the other Ardai:  
 "Ride to Orgo with your men straightway!"  
 Others, it seems, he had sent as well —  
 Seven hundred thousand, the truth to tell;  
 So many came that they covered the ground.  
 With them Keimen and Chulu were found.  
 In the battles they both were slain.  
 3230 With his own eyes Sari saw it plain.  
 Cunning courtier was Sari.  
 Sorcerer, sly, as sly could be.  
 By magic art he had survived.  
 Back to Orgo he had arrived,  
 Having experienced torments of war.  
 After him came many hundreds more,  
 All having suffered the deepest woe,  
 Having lost weapons and steeds also.  
 Some came with nothing, not even a spear.  
 3240 Some came to him without an ear,  
 Some were blinded, some kept both eyes,  
 Some lost their left hand, the right survives.  
 Some lost their right hand, the left remained.



One who had lost a son was pained,  
 Like an eighty-year-old he came.  
 Some lost their left leg, the right remained,  
 Some lost their right leg, the left was strained.  
 Some came dumb, and silence reigned.  
 Some lost both eyes, as blind as bat,  
 3250 Only their eyebrows left, at that.  
 Some had lost their children and wives,  
 Now would live lonely all their lives.  
 Some had their heads in bandages bound,  
 Others without a nose were found —  
 Mutilated the rest of their days.  
 Some even lost their shirts in the frays.  
 Some had lost legs below the knees,  
 Hobbled on stumps, like pegs, if you please!  
 Some came limping and lumping along,  
 3260 Some could not speak, they lost their tongue.  
 Some were paralysed, nothing could do,  
 Some came shaking, ceaselessly too.  
 Some on crutches came limping by,  
 Some had red blood on their head, in their eye.  
 Some were too weak to lift even a hand,  
 Some were so helpless they could not stand.  
 Some came crying: "Oh, woe is me!"  
 Some came dying, as plain as could be.  
 Some came with arrow-head stuck in their chest,  
 3270 Moaning and groaning and wheezing, no rest.  
 Others were chattering nonsense around,  
 Others in groups, four or five, were found,  
 Others had lost their commander-in-chief,  
 Openly weeping, their souls full of grief.  
 Others lost brothers, bewailed them too,  
 Weeping, not sleeping, "Oh, what shall we do?"  
 Others lost horses, a man's best friend,  
 Sighing and crying without any end.  
 They all came back to ask aid of their Khan.  
 3280 Could all this woe be put right by one man?  
 Akunbeshim, when all this he saw,  
 Let flow a lake of tears for all.

To all Kitais who tumbled and streamed,  
 He could put many questions, it seemed:  
 "Say, are Kirghiz so extremely strong?  
 What did they do? Where did you go wrong?  
 Up stepped the courtier, sly Sari —  
 Crafty and cunning sorcerer he —  
 Of the fray to the Khan he spoke:  
 3290 "You rule a scanty, smallish folk,  
 When compared with others, I mean.  
 Seems a real folk you never have seen.  
 Cruel, severe in the fight you've been,  
 But real knights you never have seen.  
 Over the gleaming ice-crests you've been,  
 But real mountains you never have seen.  
 With your war-cry to battle you've been,  
 But a real foe you never have seen.  
 On your steeds on war-paths you've been,  
 3300 But a real army you never have seen.  
 All around folk increasing have been,  
 But their great numbers you never have seen.  
 Landslides smothering all there have been,  
 But a real landslide you never have seen.  
 Earthquakes shattering all there have been,  
 But a real earthquake you never have seen.  
 Noblemen faithful to death there have been,  
 But real nobles you never have seen.  
 Swallowing blood, in sorrow you've been,  
 3310 But real grieving you never have seen.  
 Fires consuming whole vales there have been,  
 But a real blaze-up you never have seen.  
 Though in our lives there's much that has been,  
 Still there is more that we never have seen!"  
 So said the sorcerer then to the Khan.  
 Tears from his eyes began to run.  
 All he had seen in battle he told,  
 Gathering tears down his cheeks then rolled.  
 "Those whom a horse can't carry," he said,  
 3320 "Ride on an elephant then, instead!"  
 Soldiers on foot, it seems, you've not seen.



Giants, it seems, you never have seen,  
 Clad head to foot in armour they've been,  
 Tall as a tower as well, they've been.  
 Such immense fighters you never have seen,  
 Clinking and drinking, and dancing I mean,  
 With altercations and quarrels between,  
 Such a real feast-day you never have seen.  
 Beards and whiskers, they make us look bold.  
 3330 Will they teach wisdom to us ere were old?  
 Deadly bows, with smooth arrows which speed,  
 They may draw, I think, indeed!  
 Following us in a day or two  
 They to our city may thus break through!  
 They won't forget, but will forge ahead!  
 All is true which Kultang has said.  
 Then this life and this world will end,  
 Then you'll see what you've not seen, my friend!"  
 So the cunning sooth-sayer Sari  
 3340 Stood and foretold now things would be.  
 Having heard this, Akunbeshim  
 Quite lost his judgement, and looked so grim;  
 Having taken a look all around,  
 For this folk these words he found:  
 "We shall unite, new forces we'll try,  
 Straddle our horses, let banners fly high,  
 Thus we shall challenge the enemy —  
 All together — and then we'll see —  
 Fight the battle — and then we'll see,  
 3350 Shields of wrought steel — and then we'll see!  
 Spear crossed with spear — at war we'll be,  
 We'll hew and slash — and then we'll see!  
 If we meet death, then there it will be.  
 If it's predestined, why, then we'll see.  
 If the Kirghiz in hordes arrive,  
 If along by the river they drive,  
 If they set all our homes aflame,  
 Then we shall know them, and curse their name!  
 We shall fight to defend our land —

3360 Right to the bitter end we'll stand!  
 So said their Khan, Akunbeshim,  
 Then called commanders of sections to him.  
 Into the hills and valleys, hell-bent,  
 Ninety messengers swiftly sent  
 To Torgoi, to Ulang and their men:  
 "Don't delay!" he warned them then.  
 Let Dzhamira come quickly too,  
 Let him check up on his troops anew.  
 Khan Orgo has been overthrown  
 3370 By one Kirghiz bold Khan alone!  
 He has come from Altai, you should know.  
 Khan Tekes in Ters-Maöo  
 He has also sent to his end.  
 I against him my warriors sent.  
 How many knights and strong-men I spent,  
 And of all those not one declined —  
 Now only shattered fragments you'll find.  
 Those who remain alive, you see,  
 Back to my head-quarters did flee,  
 3380 And in terror ran back to me.  
 They regretted they'd gone to fight,  
 Moaned and groaned about their plight.  
 Clearly I cannot defeat him so.  
 He then battled against Orgo.  
 Ilcbin, one chief from my side,  
 Never meeting him face to face died.  
 Leader Chulu, it seems, joined the frays,  
 Fought it out fiercely for several days,  
 Then at the hand of Manas, poor wretch,  
 3390 Out on the ground legs and arms did stretch.  
 Chief Keimen brought his forces in,  
 Met Manas, and fought against him.  
 Where he met him, there he died,  
 Hewn-off head hurled down beside...  
 Having told this, then Akunbeshim,  
 Ordered his scribes to pen letters for him,  
 Seal them, stamp them, and hand them round,



Saying: "Don't dally, return safe and sound!"  
 Ninety riders sent dashing about.

3400 In his head-quarters the drums throbbed out.  
 Outside head-quarters, keeping guard,  
 Thirty thousand stand, tempered hard.  
 From the cleverest chieftains then  
 Take six thousand strongest men.  
 There's a chief called Beishekel —  
 Let him have word from me as well.  
 From the hardest of strong men  
 Let him have charge of five thousand then.  
 There a commander called Oirok —

3410 Take from him a five thousand block.  
 Then, with a chosen twelve thousand as well,  
 Take the highway to Ala-Bel.  
 Keep your weapons right at hand,  
 Scout around the nearby land.  
 Where good horses alone can climb,  
 On the track look all the time.  
 Keeping guard on Ala-Bel so,  
 Armed with his wondrous death-dealing bow,  
 Stands the sorcerer-captain Dërë,

3420 Looking after war-horses there.  
 Ruling six hundred families there,  
 Of the Andzhu tribe taking care,  
 There you will find an overseer.  
 Get him to join us, make things clear:  
 They can all keep a good look-out...  
 If those Kirghiz they should see about,  
 Then you must straightway send us news.  
 Don't delay — there's no time to lose!  
 Letters were written, stamped all about.

3430 After Keimen they all set out.  
 Akunbeshim to another then said:  
 "Straddle your steed, and ride ahead.  
 You are a strong-man, Shaming-shah.  
 All you have met in battle so far,  
 You have conquered and battered to bits,  
 Using your spear, as well as your wits.

Buunga, who's from Kizil-Su,  
 Take as comrade along with you.  
 Sixteen thousand warriors take —

3440 From head-quarters that number make.  
 This very day then be on your way —  
 Travel to Këtmaldi\*, then stay;  
 In a hollow, where starts the ravine,  
 Where Ompol's\* red mountains are seen,  
 Place there a good patrol on guard,  
 Let them scout about, sharp and hard,  
 Look and listen, keep on the go...  
 Then if suddenly, to our woe,  
 You catch sight of the Kirghiz foe —

3450 They are the ones who'll damage us so!  
 Don't be inactive, and tactless don't be.  
 Don't let Kirghiz destroy you and me!  
 Women and children, the young and the old,  
 Want your protection — who needs to be told?  
 Akunbeshim sent them off — horses strode,  
 Shaming-shah's sixteen thousand rode,  
 Sixteen thousand good fighting men,  
 Given to him from head-quarters then.  
 Then Buung and Dzhaisan-Khan,

3460 Each with two thousand the road began...  
 There we must leave them a little while,  
 And we must turn with a welcoming smile,  
 Back to Manas, that lion-heart man,  
 And we must tell of him all we can...  
 Listen and hear now what is new —  
 Flags and banners, both white and blue,  
 From their staffs did fluttering rise,  
 Loud was the noise, and louder the cries,  
 Up to the sky rose a buzz and a hum...  
 3470 Loudly beat and throbbed the drum...  
 Rumbling, just like an avalanche,  
 Or a great mountain land-slide, perchance,  
 Roaring like a consuming flame,  
 On the wide road the warriors came.  
 Two hundred thousand, on southern slopes,



Led by Manas, with the highest hopes!  
 As their commander, he urged them on.  
 Woe to attackers — all chances were gone!  
 Then the road into four points split —  
 3480 Centre of twelve different paths, that's it!  
 "Are there no enemy scouts?" Manas thought.  
 Apprehension his senses caught.  
 "Let us take a look round!" said he.  
 "Nine or ten paths I here can see!  
 Hollows and hills we must search here —  
 Hiding-places for foes, that's clear!"  
 He took six comrades, all of one bent,  
 And on a scouting mission they went.  
 They searched around on every side —  
 3490 There rose the mountain crests, far and wide.  
 That hill as Kizil-Ompol\* was known.  
 Standing upon it, and not alone,  
 There appeared a cursed Kitai —  
 Shaming-shah was screwing his eye.  
 And as comrade he had with him too  
 Buung, the wizard, from Kizil-Su.  
 No other sorcerer on this wide earth  
 More than this cunning craftsman was worth.  
 He was looking around from on high —  
 3500 Some kind of tube he put to his eye,  
 Then an enemy army he spied —  
 "Enormous horde!" he inwardly cried.  
 Full of amazement he watched the view —  
 From the flats of Taldi-Su\*,  
 From the shores of sacred Ker-Kel,  
 Came a mass which moved with a whirl.  
 There its outlines he saw plain —  
 Threatening, menacing, might and main.  
 Warriors faces, he studied them then —  
 3510 Eighteen thousand powerful men!  
 When they raised a cry of "Hooray!"  
 Those two scouts just ran fast away.  
 Off they scurried, and showed no shame.  
 Down from the heights they quickly came...

With six comrades Manas drew near,  
 On the alert, and showing no fear.  
 When he saw the tracks of each steed,  
 He said: "Warriors tracks, indeed!  
 Seems that they were running away!  
 3520 Then on the west his glance did play.  
 There all was bare, with saddle-shaped crest,  
 There blew a wind on its naked breast.  
 On the roads the tracks he traced:  
 In three directions they were placed.  
 Most of them quite clearly led  
 Over the mountain pass ahead.  
 Others trailed to either side.  
 Bogatir Manas was surprised.  
 Lesser paths and tracks also  
 3530 To the ravine then led below.  
 Lion Manas, the bogatir,  
 Weighed things up, and got them clear.  
 Having seen all, then back went he  
 To his massed troops on Kētmaldi.  
 Further, Manas, their commander bold,  
 What he had seen to them all told.  
 "We should ride down the ravine!" said he,  
 "Then the Kitais encircled would be.  
 That, I think, is our best plan!  
 3540 Chatagai, son of Oraz, began,  
 Saying what first came into his head:  
 "That would do us no good!" he said,  
 "Hills are an excellent place to hide.  
 Gorges with thickets and brakes aren't wide,  
 And they are hellish traps beside!  
 Why go there, and seek death severe?  
 Better 'would be to turn back from here!"  
 When Manas heard what he had said,  
 Blood went boiling round in his head,  
 3550 Eyes went flashing with fire, all red.  
 Clearly the elder man God checked —  
 He dropped his eyes, his boldness wrecked.  
 Saying not one more word stood he...



Here the wise Oshpur we see,  
 Beys and Khans are here, what's more,  
 And bold Bakai, as wise as before.  
 People are, here from all the tribes.  
 Father Bakai then speaks in the wise:  
 "Listen, my lads, to me!" he said,  
 3560 "Thirty four years have filled my head,  
 Much have I seen and heard in them!  
 Making blocks of one thousand men,  
 Let us move to the hills!" he said.  
 "Five or six thousand go ahead,  
 Capture the crest of the hills, I say;  
 If there's an ambush barring the way,  
 If there are foes who hurl down stones,  
 All intended to break our bones,  
 If there are archers, sharp as can be —  
 3570 Let us defeat them all!" said he.  
 If we're unable to conquer them so,  
 Into the gorge at once we'll go.  
 All unexpected encircle their men.  
 Can the beseiges escape sorrow then?  
 We shall hurl stones, and arrows will fly.  
 Shall we not smash them, will they not die?  
 These were the words from Bakai's wise head.  
 "Now decide what you'll do!" he said.  
 Lion Manas then nodded, agreed.  
 3580 "Now to the pass I shall swiftly speed,  
 Taking a number of warriors so,  
 Whatever happens, there I must go!  
 Out to the west we'll ride!" he said,  
 "Hills, it seemes, rise below and ahead,  
 Everywhere hollows and hillocks you see.  
 Praying "Shaimerden", and me!"  
 One-and-half hundred thousand men,  
 Lion Manas moved quickly then.  
 And with them he swiftly sped  
 3590 Over the hillocky road ahead.  
 With forty thousand warriors then,  
 Keen-eyed Bakai rode forth again

To the hollow, ahead of the gorge,  
 Through which a path he had to forge,  
 But its cliffs were high and tight,  
 No place for thousands of men to fight,  
 Nor were the crests of the hills nearby.  
 So to the eastern mountains they fly,  
 Mount the crests of cliffs, all bare,  
 3600 Only stones and glaciers there.  
 On the slopes, wild goats, grey coats,  
 On the levels, the nanny-goats,  
 On the ledges young does appear,  
 All wild creatures gather here.  
 On the passes the wild goats come,  
 Pushing between the men they run,  
 From one man to another they go,  
 Back again from him, to and fro.  
 First to the right, and then to the left,  
 3610 Till of all their strength bereft.  
 Soldiers too run to and fro,  
 Fill the hill-tops where they go.  
 Then the goats together flock,  
 Squeezing themselves against the rock.  
 Some get crushed to pieces there.  
 Soldiers coming in dozens near,  
 Shot them for amusement though.  
 Flopping down, goats wounded so  
 Fell there into hollows and pits.  
 3620 Soldiers then skinned them, cut them in bits,  
 Straightway they lighted fires in pits,  
 Roasted the pieces then on spits,  
 Thinking: "That's what goats are worth —  
 Cloven-foot creatures of the earth!  
 Those who butt, and can't get by,  
 You won't escape at night, don't try!"  
 Soldiers, like fences barred the height,  
 Where the goat-flocks were packed tight.  
 Forty thousand men arrived,  
 3630 On the crests of the hills survived.  
 When to the north they cast their gaze,



What a sight their eyes did amaze!  
 There were ravines which cut the ground,  
 Five or six thousand lived all round.  
 There were shady orchards too,  
 All one might wish for — there it grew!  
 There were large houses standing by.  
 When to the west they began to pry,  
 There a vast expanse met their eye.  
 3640 Half in a haze the land did lie.  
 When they looked around down below,  
 There they saw a pure river flow.  
 Various cloven-foot beasts lived there,  
 That's a true picture, I declare!  
 Those who cried out: "Catch and seize!"  
 They outnumbered the cloven-hoofed beasts,  
 Which in their presence could not get by.  
 Even more numerous still to the eye  
 Where the ones whom none could arrest: —  
 3650 Those who stabbed the beasts in the breast,  
 Crying: "You cursed one — that's for you!"  
 One to his spear had tied a lasso,  
 Then upon both his hands he spit,  
 Saw a wild bull, and went after it.  
 But on his own he could not cope.  
 "Hey!" he cried, "Come and tug on the rope!"  
 Five or six men gave the rope a jerk,  
 Pulled down the bull, but that was hard work!  
 With them was the wise man Bakai.  
 3660 Much they all saw of interest high.  
 Head of the forty knights — Kirgil,  
 Bold bogatir, who'd worked foes ill,  
 He had seventy thousand men,  
 Filling the land all round with them.  
 That was a land called Baidamtal.  
 Dense ancient forests grew there as well.  
 His commander-in-chief, what's more,  
 Was none other than old Oshpur.  
 Two whole days, and one whole night,

3670 Rested their steeds to make them feel right.  
 What has happened to keen-eyed Bakai?  
 With forty thousand he climbed on high!  
 On to the eastern mountain crest,  
 There is no room for all the rest!  
 He does not send any news of him.  
 What can have happened — something grim?  
 How can we stay here if we don't know?  
 By the ravine we shall have to go,  
 There we'll get news of leopard Manas,  
 3680 And we shall settle the matter thus!"  
 Those were the words of old Oshpur.  
 So, with Kirgil at their head once more,  
 Each one saddled, bestraddled his steed.  
 If you saddle, then straddle indeed!  
 Take your spears with you a-tilt,  
 Ride the ravine, and grip your hilt.  
 In the gorge a pure river flows,  
 And about that the story goes.  
 As the whole mass looked on amazed,  
 3690 And to the western side they gazed,  
 There they saw a few cliffs, quite steep,  
 As beyond them they started to sweep,  
 When they felt the ravine grow tight,  
 Then a narrow path came in sight...  
 "Turn back now!" some voice then roared,  
 Like a lion, or leopard when gored.  
 That was the voice which made mountains fall,  
 That was a voice which scared them all.  
 Elders, with Oshpur at their head,  
 3700 Like the thousands, all stopped dead.  
 "What is that?" they began to cry,  
 Looked all round, but nought could spy.  
 That was Buung, who from his tent  
 His enormous black head had bent.  
 Like the stump of a burned-down tree,  
 Blackest of locks of hair had he.  
 More than sixty, near seventy now.



Not looking old, though, anyhow!  
 More like a hunting-dog was he,  
 3710 And his nails as sharp as could be!  
 They could pierce you, as sharp as a spear.  
 You could see but little grey hair.  
 Like a round tent was his huge head there,  
 Like black thorns his whiskers besides,  
 Like blue thorns were his brows likewise.  
 Like black caves were his hollow eyes,  
 Angry words on his tongue all the while,  
 Every tooth, like a saw, or a file,  
 Like great cups were his pupils profound,  
 3720 And his waist — forty arm-spans round!  
 One hundred arm-spans his height, or more.  
 "Seventy thousand men of war,  
 I alone upon this track,  
 I can stop them, and turn them back!"  
 From eighteen thousand fighting-men  
 He took eight, and Shaming-shah ten.  
 And of Manas then news he sent  
 Back to Akunbeshim it went.  
 "Lion Manas' fury grand  
 3730 We were not able to withstand!"  
 Only where was then their shame?  
 One week-kneed chief we must name —  
 That was Buung, the strong-man sly,  
 Good-for-nothing slave, forby.  
 He thought: "To the ravine I'll go,  
 There I can intercept the foe,  
 And whatever their forces may be,  
 They will all be confused by me!"  
 So he set off, it now appears,  
 3740 With his strong-men and bogatirs.  
 Worthy ones for himself he chose,  
 Comrades and kinsmen, most of those.  
 Ninety altogether he took.  
 Backwards he read from the sacred book,  
 Keshmir's oath, from the last to the start.<sup>37</sup>  
 With no stumbling — he knew it by heart.

Then on six he laid a spell —  
 Turned them into dragons as well,  
 Over a hundred arm-spans long.  
 3750 Then besides those six dragons strong,  
 Four into terrible tigers he made,  
 And the ravine, each bush and blade,  
 All became full of such evil sprites.  
 From Buung's selected knights,  
 Thirty grey-coated wolves became,  
 Forty — red-coated hyenas, the same.  
 Two he turned into leopards wild,  
 Who would swallow a man or a child,  
 Eight became panthers, who all would slay,  
 3760 Two became huge black birds of prey.  
 Evil was done, and that was that!  
 In the top of the rocks they sat.  
 Various places, awkward, dense,  
 Ruffled up like small round tents,  
 On this side and the other too,  
 Those huge vultures came in view.  
 For the warriors who now came  
 It was the world's end, all the same.  
 Nine mature and huge wild boars,  
 3770 Lay on the road, right in their course.  
 Having seen them, old Kirgil  
 Felt disturbed at these signs of ill.  
 Then, behind an old hag he saw  
 Six fierce tigers, with hungry maw,  
 All on leads, like little pups...  
 Bogatir Kirgil erupts —  
 To his seventy thousand men  
 Filling the canyon, he shouted then:  
 "How many here are carrying guns?  
 3780 Where are the strongest and toughest ones?  
 Out came the hag, and barred the way.  
 "Here's some fun, just look, I say!"  
 So cried Kirgil, and called his men  
 Who were packed tight behind him then:  
 "Look at this swine who lie in our track!"



Then the warriors at his back,  
 Like experienced hunters stepped forth,  
 Pushing and shoving for all their worth.  
 Just like sheep, to the pasture they climbed,  
 3790 To a huge hill which lay behind.  
 All of them rushed to see the sight,  
 All pushed forward with all their might.  
 Of the seventy thousand there,  
 Twenty thousand were archers rare.  
 Thirty thousand were musketeers.  
 Further five thousand, it appears,  
 Strong-men, beating with clubs and mace  
 Further fifteen thousand found place —  
 Those were spearmen, and sword-weilding men.  
 3800 All packed tight on the hill-top then.  
 And what didn't they see from there?  
 "Oh, great Allah, Creator rare,  
 Have your slaves seen such things before?  
 Who can stand against them; what's more?  
 Is that old hag a witch, or a whim?  
 Or has padishah Akunbeshim  
 Cast on us all a spell severe,  
 So that no son of Adam goes here?"  
 So prayed Kirgil, and with brows all black,  
 3810 Looked round once more, and then turned back.  
 There stood the old commander Oshpur,  
 There stood Kirgil, as bold as before.  
 "Those who have quivers, your arrows aim!  
 Those who have muskets, set fuse aflame!  
 Here we all stand with bow and gun,  
 If we go nearer, those heathens may come.  
 Then we clearly are doomed to die.  
 So you may shoot, and with weapons raised high!  
 We can stand here and observe them still!"  
 3820 Thus commanded their chief Kirgil.  
 One who heard what was to be —  
 Iraman's son, the young Irchi,  
 Jumped from his place, could not stay still:  
 "Bogatirs Oshpur and Kirgil! —

Think it over again, so say I —  
 Akunbeshim has a sorcerer sly,  
 He is heathen, Buung by name,  
 Endless spells he casts, no shame!  
 Fearing the enemy to engage,  
 3830 He in various forms takes the stage.  
 People round about all say:  
 'If he gets angry, that heathen may  
 Blow up a fire, and consume us all,  
 Living nearby, within a day's call!'

Young Irchi spoke fair and free,  
 Everyone listened attentively.  
 All the elders, the young ones too,  
 Waited until his speech was through,  
 And were all surprised at this youth.  
 3840 But he had barely closed his mouth,  
 Then Ordo's soothsayer, Irdik  
 Rose from his place, spoke smooth and slick:  
 "Eh, good people of ours," said he,  
 "Sorcerer's spells bar our way, I see.  
 They believe that we cannot pass,  
 That when our people and horses starve,  
 Then their men, from every side,  
 From the hill-crest, far and wide,  
 Having encircled us all around,  
 3850 With their muskets will shoot us down!  
 Well, we'll see — if they have fire,  
 Then I have something even higher!"  
 So said Irdik, and down he sat.  
 "There's a bold one, no doubt of that!"  
 Said Kirgil to the men meanwhiles.  
 Straightway Irdik, his face all smiles,  
 Took up seven large water-filled phials.  
 "They can also work spells!" said he.  
 All the soldiers were pleased as could be.  
 3860 Then he started his wizardry...  
 First he breathed seven breaths away,  
 Then he took seven clumps of clay.  
 In his hands he held them fast,



Went up to Bo-ong at last.  
 Then he turned to his men beside:  
 "Load your muskets!" then he cried.  
 Having prepared them, powder and shot,  
 Having their fuses lit, all hot,  
 Hundreds and thousands gathered round.  
 3870 Volunteer infantry were found.  
 "They will fire!" it appeared to him.  
 Bo-ong guessed so, the time was grim,  
 Cited an oath, and cast a spell,  
 Then breathed out one breath as well...  
 From the mountains appeared red fire.  
 How could the fighters face death so dire?  
 How before such flames could they stand?  
 Then Irdik, he opened each hand —  
 Soon as he breathed on seven clay lumps,  
 3880 Rainclouds formed in seven vast clumps.  
 Seven large phials with water filled  
 Turned into seven lakes when spilled,  
 And, with the rain, the fire they doused.  
 Thus was Bo-ong's great anger aroused.  
 Up he jumped and began to shout.  
 Thunder echoed then round about,  
 Then the day turned into night.  
 Warriors suffered a fearful plight.  
 Thinking: "What remedy for the dark?"  
 3890 How Kirgil missed one small spark!  
 How he shouted to all around —  
 But no remedy was found.  
 He was seriously upset...  
 Let us leave him awhile in a sweat...  
 Your commander-in-chief Bakai,  
 While two days and one night went by,  
 Did he not lose his way, maybe?  
 Seemingly to the crest went he,  
 Looked around upon all the peaks,  
 3900 Saw the passes and roads he seeks.  
 "Where then was that heathen host,  
 By their forebears' spirits cursed,

Which our people talk about?"  
 Said Bakai, and had some doubt...  
 When he bent and looked below,  
 There saw an army, faintly though,  
 As the darkness blotted them out.  
 "Here on the crest the sun's still about,  
 Everywhere save there it shines.  
 3910 There, however, on warrior lines  
 Darkness has descended!" he said.  
 Then with a cry of alarm he sped  
 To his forty thousand men.  
 They moved up on the highest crest then.  
 "Tal,"\* he said, — a camp for the night.  
 Tracks in the canyon are lost to sight.  
 Where is our hidden army, then?  
 Darkest night has fallen on them!  
 Here half is light, and half is dark!  
 3920 What kind of wonder, what wizard's lark?  
 "That is a wizard's trick!" said he.  
 "Is there anyone serving me  
 Who has power to outwit this knave?  
 Anyone here who our brothers can save?  
 Is there anyone here, I ask,  
 Who could undertake this task?"  
 That was the question on his mind —  
 And Bakai such a one did find!  
 That was a wizard Baikyush, from Babil,  
 3930 Pupil of brother Koshoi he was still.  
 From the croaking crows around  
 One appeared upon a mound.  
 Having seen him settle there,  
 He did not stand gaping in air,  
 But, not moving an inch, I'd say,  
 He recited a spell straightway.  
 Like a hawk just ready to soar,  
 On the sorcerer's wrist, what's more,  
 By the grace of Allah the great,  
 3940 That old crow then settled, sedate.  
 There he perched, and croaked away.



So Baikyush one more spell did say,  
 Gave him chopped lungs, and when he'd fed,  
 Tied to his tail a long camel-hair thread,  
 Then he sent him off to Bakai,  
 And from him, to Bo-ong did he fly.  
 On Bo-ong's head did misfortune fall.  
 Having changed into musket-ball,  
 Straight at him did that raven fly,  
 3950 Penetrated through his right eye.  
 And flew out of his neck at the nape.  
 Thus that ball, in a raven's shape,  
 Then dispersed the shattered shade.  
 Split was Bo-ong's big head in twain,  
 Split was the dark, became light again.  
 Volunteers who had come long since,  
 Thinking: "We'll shoot, and make him mince,  
 Found no way out for their escape.  
 Those who at dawn their attack had made  
 3960 Almost until midday were delayed.  
 On every stone they stumbled then,  
 So they sat, like sheep in a pen,  
 Holding on to their muskets and bows,  
 As the darkness around them closed.  
 Then they thought: "Are we going to die?  
 Soon our corpses here will lie!  
 Now they see light, and their hearts are glad.  
 Strong-men shout, and go half-mad.  
 Snatching their bows, to their feet they rise —  
 3970 Now on Bo-ong they fix they eyes...  
 When that raven his head had split,  
 Even then he had kept his wits.  
 Into a dragon he changed, without fail,  
 One hundred arm-spans from head to tail.  
 There he lay right across the stream,  
 Like a long bridge, or so 'twould seem.  
 Six of the helpers by his side,  
 Changed into tigers, jaws gaping wide.  
 "What has happened — wonders don't cease!

3980 They were people, but now — wild beasts!"  
 Then Bo-ong, in his dragon form stole,  
 Seized other helpers and swallowed them whole.  
 Then he cried on some heathen god:  
 "Laailamalul!"\* — a challenge or what?  
 Forty thousand who stood on the height  
 Swept down the crumbling canyon side.  
 Leaning back, holding horses' tails,  
 So they went sliding, with whoops and wails,  
 Down to the depths, from the mountain's crown.  
 3990 There was no end to those who slipped down.  
 One with another, and side by side,  
 Each to hold back his steed then tried,  
 Thinking: "I only hope he won't fall!"  
 Many others, pressed to the wall,  
 Shouted: "Hey, wait, don't trample on me!"  
 God our protector and saviour now be! "...  
 Two whole days, and two nights as well.  
 You have been missing, the truth to tell.  
 From forty thousand, as you used to be,  
 4000 Never a one of you then could we see!"  
 Not holding back, and growing more bold,  
 We rode towards the ravine, but behold! —  
 All was impassable thickets and mounds.  
 So we decided — secluded grounds!  
 Many went on and there were lost,  
 There they found only graves, to their cost!"  
 Thus the majority told their tale.  
 Right across streams lay a dragon — all mail.  
 There they saw him, surrounded him then —  
 4010 Thirty thousand volunteer men.  
 Hillocks and hollows then having seized,  
 They did pretty well as they pleased.  
 Those who changed into tigers had been,  
 Those who as wolves and hyenas were seen,  
 Those who to lions and leopards were turned,  
 All were destroyed, and their bodies burned.  
 Shame fell then on the sorcerer's head-



Ninety strong-men and warriors — dead!  
 Then to Bo-ong, after searching on high,  
 4020 Back came old Kirgil and Bakai.  
 Seeing him as a dragon there lie,  
 "Hold that devil!" they raised their cry.  
 Galloping into the canyon they came,  
 But that devil had played his game—  
 Swallowed forty thousand good men!  
 After Kirgil and Bakai there came then  
 Wizard Irdik, who knew what to do:  
 "Since you're a dragon, then here's for you!"  
 And with a spell he withered his tongue.  
 4030 There died the spell Bo-ong had begun.  
 Then that Bo-ong looked down in the dregs.  
 See, he had lost his arms and legs!  
 They had been utterly torn away,  
 When encircled by foes he lay,  
 Nearly two hundred shots were fired,  
 And they had the results desired—  
 Legs and arms were broken then.  
 Peace then reigned among army men,  
 Now the dragon had met his day,  
 4040 Now he'd no legs to run away!  
 He had not even power to rise.  
 He was blinded in one of his eyes.  
 All the same, he could not give in.  
 God had severely punished him.  
 When he lay with split head, half-blind,  
 When the dragon idea filled his mind,  
 When the army men circled him round,  
 Then he saw that his end he'd found.  
 Then he thought: "This is not for me!  
 4050 No more dragon I wish to be!"  
 That thought troubled his spirit sore,  
 So, to become a man once more,  
 Then another spell he cast,  
 Rose in a cloud, a dim blue blast.  
 Ninety thousand men standing there  
 Could not see through the smoky air

Troubled, and muttering, there they stood.  
 "We will not spoil your crimson blood.  
 Here we are going to set you free.  
 4060 Here we leave you your life, say we!  
 All the same, forty thousand you seized,  
 Swallowed them all, just as you pleased,  
 With their horses and harness too!  
 What with all these, then, did you do?"  
 That was the question Baikyush put to him.  
 He said nought, shook his head, looked grim.  
 "Very well, then, don't answer!" said they.  
 Both Baikyush and Irdok looked his way.  
 "Seems he's no dragon now, but a man,  
 4070 Though with a dragon our woes began!  
 That was a matter of tricks, of as spell.  
 Thus he lost arms and legs as well.  
 Then he yield, and fell in our hands,  
 Obstinate, silent, still he stands.  
 'Where are our people?' he will not say.  
 Too late to ask — he gives nothing away!  
 Well, and what are we waiting for then?  
 Won't God avenge the loss of our men?"  
 So said Oshpur, the wisest of them.  
 4080 Six good inches of dagger-steel then  
 He dew out of its sheath alone.  
 Then, just below Bo-ong's breast-bone,  
 Plunged it into him, up the hilt,  
 Slit him right down below his belt.  
 No blood flowed then, but water poured.  
 Then, with a cry of "Allah, our Lord!"  
 With blue-edged banners flying free  
 Out came our men, we could barely see —  
 All was enveloped in steaming haze,  
 4090 As they burst forth in great amaze.  
 Forty thousand warrior men  
 Came out chitter-chattering then.  
 After he had been slit in two,  
 That whole army came bursting through.  
 Then, as soon as the last few sped,



Old Oshpur's sword then sliced off his head.  
 He did not die, though his head he lost.  
 Then round one leg a rope they cast,  
 Dragged him around behind a horse,  
 4100 Over the stones, through the water-course,  
 Like a dog they dragged him out,  
 Like a log they lugged him about,  
 Till his intestines caught in a tree,  
 Hanging there, for all to see.  
 And his head they dragged round, and all,  
 Rollin and bowling along, like a ball.  
 Dragged him up, and dragged him down,  
 Dragged him through the river to drown,  
 Ninety pieces, torn to a shred —  
 4110 Still, it seemed, he was not dead!  
 Then the commander, old Oshpur,  
 Who knew all the ways of war,  
 Asked the men of Kirgil and Bakai,  
 All the forty thousand, why,  
 Since they'd remained in the dragon's inside,  
 Were they not poisoned, and had not died?  
 "He sucked you in with one great breath,  
 How, then, did you not meet your death?"  
 Many others got up, and cried:  
 4120 "What was it like in his inside?"  
 In the ravine was a hullabaloo;  
 All the old ones, and young ones too  
 Questioned each other how they got through.  
 As they set on their way anew,  
 Those who had been in the dragon's maw,  
 What they had seen then told to all:  
 "Well, we saw that huge monster there,  
 But to tell all, we've no words to spare!  
 There he lay, his jaws gaping wide,  
 4130 And we were simply sucked inside!  
 No end of wonders we saw there —  
 From one end to the other, we swear,  
 Stretching the distance of two days' ride,  
 There we saw a whole city inside!

We rode forward to see it all,  
 But, when the walls began to fall,  
 We all quickly rode back again!  
 That's what we saw, but can't explain!  
 All who'd been there began to tell.  
 4140 "That was not a man's work, but a spell!  
 That was all done by magic power,  
 That was wizardry in full flower!..  
 Still on the stones they dragged the corpse,  
 Tied behind a powerful horse.  
 Flesh was torn away from bones,  
 As the body bumped over the stones.  
 Not a shred of meat left on them —  
 Then they started to argue again:  
 "What shall we do with his rubbish now —  
 4150 Bury it in the ground somehow?"  
 "In the ravine to rot let it lie!"  
 All of them there — Kirgil and Bakai,  
 Old Oshpur at their head standing by,  
 From the depth where they thought they'd die,  
 Safe and sound rode out on high.  
 If on the road where Bo-ong's bones lie  
 Enemy forces should here pass by,  
 Will they not be predestined to die?  
 Will any others the same route try?  
 4160 Will other slaves of Allah here hie?  
 If those who come are doomed to die,  
 Then who else is likely to try?  
 With no guard they let the road lie.  
 So with their father-knight Bakai  
 A hundred and thirty thousand ride,  
 Having captured the countryside.  
 Now for a while let us leave them there...  
 All about lion Manas, bogatir,  
 All that one can say and make clear,  
 4170 Listen again, and you will hear!  
 On all sides are mountains around.  
 Here and there deep hollows are found.  
 In the lowlands dense forests arise,



- Then naked ranges and and passes likewise,  
 Awkward places, where steeds can't pass.  
 When the sun does arise at last,  
 Mountain tips become flecked with light.  
 When his army reaches this height  
 All are amazed, as they stand on the brim —
- 4180 There lies the land of Akunbeshim!  
 No croaking crows are seen about,  
 Nought in the distance can they make out.  
 No croaking crows are heard about,  
 No one on guard to give a shout!  
 What kind of people are living here?  
 Mountain peaks, and saddles severe!  
 There they stood: Manas then cried:  
 "That high crest, from the right hand side  
 We shall climb till we reach the tip —
- 4190 Only beware that none of you slip!"  
 Many men with Manas went to climb —  
 Fifty thousand of them at one time.  
 "One hundred thousand remain on the crest.  
 Follow my tracks as you know best.  
 If the way there is open and free,  
 Then my banner displayed there you'll see.  
 I shall shout then: "Come after me!"  
 If no sign of a banner you see,  
 Don't lose your heads and come after me!
- 4200 Only destruction for you there'll be!  
 Those who have muskets, load them now.  
 Those shooting well with musket or bow  
 Step to the front, you faces show!  
 Then he called those with spears in a row,  
 Those with halberd and pike and mace,  
 "Go and follow them in your place!  
 Rank after rank, and pace after pace!"  
 So said Manas with serious face.  
 "I have heard but not yet seen,
- 4210 That at the end of this ravine  
 There lies the city of Bulagasin!"  
 Those who had muskets, shots put in.

- One hundred thousand fighting men  
 Stayed upon the green saddle then.  
 There on guard they all stood tight.  
 By the side of the crest, on the right,  
 Off went lion Manas, bogatir.  
 Following in his traces there  
 Went fifty thousand warrior men —
- 4220 You could not see the end of them...  
 Muzzles of horses behind, what's more,  
 Fouled the flanks of those before.  
 Though the slope was not too steep,  
 Yet it made them breathe more deep.  
 Thinking: "The devil take these slopes!"  
 Many rode on with fading hopes.  
 Then Manas, their bold bogatir,  
 Said: "I curse them too, now I'm here!"  
 Urging along his tiring steed,
- 4230 Said: "Of them I've had more than I need!"  
 Once more whipping his tiring beast,  
 He at last came out on the crest.  
 Then, when he glanced down below,  
 Noticed a valley, winding slow,  
 And the city of Akunbeshim  
 Lay stretched out there. — Bulagasin!  
 Then he glanced further still ahead —  
 Hollows upon green hills instead.  
 Then he saw, beyond them afar
- 4240 Yellow steppelands of Abana.  
 With his forty thousand armed men,  
 To the city Manas rode then.  
 On a high bank his banner stuck he.  
 Teeming troops of the foe did he see.  
 Flooding the hollows, filling them quick,  
 Their bogatir, by name Tagilik,  
 With his hundred thousand men,  
 Thus to bar the road to them,  
 Showing decisiveness, out came he,
- 4250 Heathen braggart, bold as could be!  
 Bold Manas rode up the crest,



Stuck his flag-staff in earth's breast.  
 Saw on the pass his many men —  
 Thousandss were braves, the best of them.  
 Those with muskets stood to the fore.  
 Those with bows, uncounted their score.  
 More bore halberd, pike, and mace.  
 Others with swords moved into place.  
 Seething, they swayed upon the hill,  
 4260 Teeming great host, and never still!  
 Where the foe were like grains of sand,  
 Tagilik cried, bold and grand:  
 "Press them back to the hills again,  
 Shoot with muskets, might and main!"  
 Musket shots whistled through the sky,  
 Arrows from bows went whizzing by.  
 Men of Manas, the bogatir bold,  
 Crying out "Allah!" forward rolled,  
 Met the foe in his thousands found.  
 4270 On the north slopes of the scrubby mound.  
 Then Manas' gun, Akkelte,  
 Thundered, rumbled, fired shots away.  
 Giving a lusty, lion-like roar,  
 Those Kalmaks who'd not heard it before,  
 Lost their senses, in sorry plight,  
 Turned their steeds, made off in full flight,  
 Climbed to a precipice, on its brink  
 Many began in the depths to sink.  
 Agilik recovered from strain,  
 4280 Tagilik found his senses again.  
 They too stopped, but did not take flight.  
 They prepared shots, set fuses alight.  
 They discharged muskets then with a crack,  
 Archers bent their bows tight back.  
 After good — bad, and after bad — worse!  
 Shots and arrows flew with a curse,  
 Smoke overhead did not disperse,  
 Cries rang repeated, tense and terse.  
 Screams of "Dzhabu-Dzhabu-Dzhabu!"

4290 That was an evil war-cry too!  
 Screams of "Mëndzhu-Mëndzhu-Mëndzhu!"  
 That was a hated war-cry too!  
 Scattering arrows and shots all round,  
 There they stood on a grassy mound...  
 Then Manas thought: "They'll be punished for that,  
 Those fanatic and fierce Kalmaks!  
 That's how they shaow their hottest hate!  
 On the steppeland, in spiteful state,  
 Arrows fly thick, a horse cannot go,  
 4300 Skies are darkened by arrow-clouds so.  
 "I shall don my plate armour now,  
 Go 'gainst these heathen boasters, I vow!  
 Like a wild wolf I shall fall on them,  
 And a good lesson I'll teach them then!"  
 Fixing his weapons about his waist,  
 Praying to Allah, although in haste,  
 Then Manas thought: "We came at mid-morn —  
 Can we stand till afternoon's born?  
 Will great Allah let such things be?  
 4310 Long my men have stood here with me.  
 Now these heathens their arrows have shot,  
 They are scatteret in every spot.  
 What kind of shameful deed, then, is that?  
 What kind of force are they aiming at?  
 There, on Akkula, his fine steed,  
 Ears stood up like candleless indeed.  
 This was a creature made by the wind,  
 This strong horse, the best of its breed  
 Then he lashed with his whip, and flew,  
 4320 Full of courage and temper too!  
 Leopard Manas, the bogatir,  
 Took his smooth-hafted threatening spear  
 In his hand, and shook it high.  
 When that handsome knight rode by,  
 Showing courage in every fray,  
 Who, then, dared to stand in his way?  
 Spurring his steed, with banner spread,



On towards enemy flags he sped,  
Hawk-bogatir, click-clickety-click!

4330 From the Kalmaks came forth Tagilik.  
He too was all prepared, it seems,  
He too was full of youth's great dreams,  
He too, like a leopard, was fierce,  
Roared like thunder, and ear-drums pierced.  
Others trembled before his sight.  
With blue musket, with barrel bright,<sup>38</sup>  
With its thunder a shot let fly.  
From his bow deadly arrows flew by.  
Then his spear, where blue pennants fly,

4340 Took in his hand, and shook on high.  
Thinking himself a hard nut to crack,  
He came forward, not once looking back,  
On towards lighty-bearded Manas,  
Leaving behind him his own men thus,  
He towards great success did speed.  
If not success, what was it, indeed?  
Arrow-swift flew Kula his steed,  
On to accomplish his deadly deed...  
Then Manas, thus seeing him start,

4350 Aimed o'er his saddle-bow straight at his heart.  
There his long, smooth spear, thus set,  
Thrusting forward as on he sped,  
Pierced Tagilik, came out at his spine.  
He was well-shielded, with spear set in line,  
But, when resisting, Manas he met,  
Right through his armour, with blood all wet,  
Stuck out the spear, a yard and a half —  
Thus one could not draw out the staff.  
By this circumstance rather riled,

4360 Lion Manas then went quite wild.  
Not even trying to shake him free,  
Not even feeling how heavy was he,  
Tagilik on his spear he raised,  
And towards the enemy chased.  
Lion Manas, the bogatir,  
Still was angry, that was clear.

On the sharp end of his spear  
Tagilik was writhing there,  
Both his arms, and both his legs

4370 Sticking out like wooden pegs.  
All four limbs were stretched out thus.  
To Akuruk then went Manas.  
There stood Kula, the sweating steed.  
As Manas galloped up at speed  
Stood by the banner of Akuruk.  
Having hurled Tagilik off the hook,  
Then he speared his steed as well —  
First he shuddered, then he fell...  
Then the thunder of shots did sound,

4380 Scattering hail of lead shots all round.  
Having made Kalmaks cry "Mëndzhul!"  
He drove all down the hillside too.  
Of the one who their banner raised  
Made an end there, Allah be praised!  
Fifty thousand men raised a cry,  
Which, like thunder, shattered the sky.  
When they came down to the plain,  
There they reformed their ranks again,  
But Manas still drove them on,

4390 Till the lowlands all had gone.  
Those Kalmaks in the city there,  
He made moan and groan and swear,  
As he hunted after them.  
Leaders, six days earlier then,  
Having raised the alarm, they say,  
All their people had scared away.  
Only knights, severe, discreet,  
Stayed in the city, the foe to meet.  
They took oaths, wherein they swore:

4400 "We shall remain, and go to war!"  
So the brave ones stayed behind,  
And few others did they find,  
For the city was empty quite,  
When the other Kalmaks took flight.  
Then Manas drove the refugees there —



Let them settle their own affair.  
 Heading fifty thousand men  
 Entered Manas as conqueror then.  
 There we must leave his men and him...  
 4410 Turn awhile to Akunbeshim.  
 Listen now to the news again...  
 Taking eighteen thousand men  
 On the road to Ompol afar,  
 There to stand guard came Shaming-shah.  
 In the lowlands of Taldi-Su,  
 On the bankside of Ker-Kël too,  
 Outlines of hostile troops he spied,  
 Seething and sweeping all aside.  
 From the guard-post Shamin-shah ran,  
 4420 And to inform the folk began.  
 All got scared and scooted away.  
 Those who had beasts of burden, say,  
 Then he ordered to load, and be smart.  
 Those who had none to load, for a start,  
 He then ordered to find a cart.  
 Thus he made them listen to him.  
 Then he went to Akunbeshim,  
 And he told him, with face all grim:  
 "Akunbeshim, I went on guard,  
 4430 Facing death I found life hard.  
 With the banks of Ker-Kël in view,  
 In the valley of Kermi-Too\*,  
 One can't see a grain of sand —  
 Hostile masses cover the land.  
 There between the lake and the hills,  
 Such a host the environ fills.  
 If that numberless flock decides,  
 If those Kirghiz in anger should rise,  
 They'd make a land-slide, where none survives —  
 4440 Clearly I saw them with my own eyes!  
 Then I hurried and hastened to you.  
 Orphan children, and widows new,  
 All my people I sent off too.  
 My own folk I have dispersed,

Since for them I feared the worst.  
 Everything which of value they found  
 They have buried in steppeland around.  
 They've taken refuge across your ground.  
 So my people escaped meanwhile,  
 4450 Even forgetting the way to smile.  
 So I saw the menacing threat  
 Which the Kirghiz are making yet!"  
 So said Shaming to Akunbeshim.  
 He had scarcely ceased speaking with him,  
 When some forty or fifty men  
 Entered the Shah's head-quarters then.  
 Some had arrows stuck in their chest.  
 Streaming wounds gave others no rest.  
 Saying: "We're forced to retreat, Akun,  
 4460 Wee seek your aid, and we need it soon!"  
 If you just look, blood streams from their brow  
 Gaping wide their wounds are now.  
 "On the height above Kisil-Su  
 We all hastened, service to do.  
 Seeing such multitudes, armed as well,  
 We did not need our fortunes to tell.  
 We understood that death waited there.  
 They're not the kind to run off in fear.  
 They fight it out, and come what may!  
 4470 Fierce as tigers, they howl away!  
 Death they always are ready to face.  
 Thousands of warriors there find a place.  
 They're pressing forward towards us now!  
 Listen to our request, somehow,  
 Help us, the wounded, to survive!  
 All the injured who there arrived  
 Seemed a little more than disturbed,  
 And their distraction could not be curbed.  
 They were suffering, and depressed,  
 4480 Blood-stained, weary, they were distressed.  
 One of them to the Khan then said:  
 "I fought Kirghiz, got struck on the head!"  
 Hearing all this Akunbeshim



Deeply surprised, looked more than grim.  
 Only bad news they had to bring!  
 Not one of victory could sing!  
 Then he thought: "I'll attack and win!"  
 But his own powers he doubted in —  
 Various, dubious plans he began.  
 4490 Thus thought the undecided Khan.  
 Look at his fruitless deeds once more,  
 As you are used to see them before...  
 In his courtyard there hung a bell,  
 One which good news or bad could tell,  
 There he went, in the courtyard stood,  
 Beat the bell with a staff of wood.  
 Then with ringing, reechoing clang,  
 Two days' journey afar it rang.  
 All Kalmaks who heard it must ride,  
 4500 Straightway come to the courtyard wide.  
 At the head-quarters they beat the drum:  
 All the Oirots\* who hear it must come.  
 With white pom-poms, and blue-coloured cones,  
 When they appear there's fear in foes' bones.  
 With blue pom-poms, and white-coloured cones,  
 When they appear there's cheer in your bones.  
 They unfurl their banners and flags.  
 Under their weight the ground just sags.  
 By the bell, blown well, what's more,  
 4510 Seven hundred long trumpets roar!  
 Let them arm, prepare their men,  
 Let their Khan then stay with them...  
 Leopard Manas, the leader-knight,  
 Sent off his men, here and there, to fight.  
 Let us now hear news of them...<sup>39</sup>  
 For a while let us leave them then...  
 Padishah Akunbeshim  
 They can't conquer. You think he'll win?  
 Listen what Manas has done!  
 4520 This is news for everyone!  
 A hundred and fifty thousand men  
 Riding the hilly road again,

With their leader Manas came soon,  
 Captured the yellow steppes of Oon...  
 Driving the foe just where they pleased,  
 City and foothills then they seized.  
 With two hundred thousand men  
 He rode the tight ravine tracks then.  
 All prepared, contentment they took —  
 4530 Wizard Bo-ong they brought to book.  
 Having the enemy slashed and slain,  
 Kirgil and Bakai came back again,  
 To the land of Alma-Koyur.  
 Ilibin and Kashkel, what's more,  
 Who never knew defeat before,  
 Having conquered, (Kitais as well!)  
 Maidens' and widows' tear made swell,  
 Beaten Kalmaks, made them friendly dwell,  
 Knight Umët, brave Këkchë as well  
 4540 Both come back; their tales to tell.  
 For a while let us leave them there...  
 And about Akunbeshim let us hear —  
 All that of him we now may say.  
 Listen what happened then, anyway.  
 Several years a Khan he had been.  
 Great increases his coffers had seen.  
 When as Khian his work he began,  
 He was a forty-five-year-old man,  
 And the bounds of his people's ground  
 4550 In the Orol mountain range were found.  
 There, beside the Otuz-Su\*,  
 Streams die out, and deserts show through.  
 Hills die out, and lowlands begin,  
 And that area there within  
 All is full of Kalmaks, the Khan's folk,  
 And his messengers to them spoke —  
 To their leaders, Dabash and Tulus,  
 And to others that he might choose —  
 Keigur-Amban and Debegi —  
 4560 Orders he sent: "Come quickly to me!"  
 Akunbeshim, three months and more



Had been preparing now for war.  
 Bitter times for him had come.  
 He called war-leaders, every one,  
 To his head-quarters on that day,  
 Sadly to them he then did say:  
 "To Muslim headcloth wearers come woes —  
 One and half hundred thousand foes.  
 That's our misfortune, the Muslim "chantu"\*

4570 Gathered on steppelands of Dzihiligindu,\*  
 Leaders and people gave their consent,  
 And to make ready for battle they went.  
 At head-quarters the long trumpets sound —  
 Cracks appear in the ground all round.  
 Flags and banners, all flying free,  
 Knights in armour all round you see.  
 Everywhere throbbing and teeming with life,  
 Drubbing of drums, and squeal of the fife.  
 Sweeping forward, their land to save,

4580 Warriors rose like a mighty wave...  
 Like a land-slide they thundered along,  
 Banners arose with gold tassels on.  
 Noise and bustle heated the earth,  
 Crimson and white the flags burst forth.  
 Cries of alarm and courage likewise,  
 Rattling of arms arise to the skies.  
 Pennants of crimson, banners of blue,  
 Thunderous hoof-beats breaking through.  
 Hollow their howls as their spears they wield —

4590 Forth they ride to the battle-field.  
 On his white-maned, black-coated horse,  
 Tunic with golden crescent, of course,  
 Bearing before him a bellying shield,  
 All in steel, with long spear to wield,  
 Furious-looking to frighten the foe,  
 With steel helmet to stand a blow,  
 Raising aloft his mighty spear,  
 Which could knock down mountains, it's clear,  
 One war-leader, by name Kegeti,

4600 Out on the tilt-yard then went he.  
 There he stood and looked around.  
 When sufficient courage he'd found,  
 Then he cried his challenge aloud.  
 Allah punished him — he was too proud!  
 Having seen him, Manas' man,  
 Abdilda, to ride forward began,  
 On his steed named Akkuiruk.  
 Weapons about his waist he took.  
 With a prayer to Allah the Great,

4610 He rode forth to meet his fate.  
 Then he raised his threatening spear,  
 And to his heathen foe drew near.  
 In all his gear he glittered so.  
 Thinking: "There is his saddle-bow —  
 From that place to his heart's not far!  
 Thus he aimed his spear, Abdilda.  
 Thinking: "That's his breast-bone's bar,  
 Thus he aimed his spear, Abdilda.  
 Thus he struck straight at Kegeti.

4620 Each struck the other, hard as could be.  
 Stiffening legs, in the stirrups they stood,  
 Fought with their spears, but drew no blood.  
 Steeds' back bowed, their burden not light.  
 Many who were watching the fight  
 Thought: "What now will happen to them?  
 They were alarmed for those two men...  
 With their spears no longer pleased,  
 Then the blue-steel swords they seized,  
 Blade crossed with blade, they fought it out,

4630 Both gave blows, both strong and stout.  
 Struck some fifty or sixty blows...  
 Who will come out on top — God knows!  
 Swords they sheated, then axes took,  
 Breathed awhile, then back again, look!  
 With loud cries on each other they fell,  
 Battle-axes both working well,  
 Blow after blow on helmet or shield —



Watch those two knights their halberds wield!  
 Champions of both sides, they fought —  
 4640 Equal in all they wrestled and wrought!  
 With a crash their halberds struck,  
 Forty or fifty times — bad luck!  
 Neither could gain the upper hand.  
 Breathing furious, there they stand.  
 Then each champion reached for his mace,  
 Hanging ready, there at his waist —  
 Smash and bash, and thrash and flay!  
 This the folk heard a day's ride away!  
 Bash! went the maces. Crash! Just look!  
 4650 Stepping forwards their turns they took.  
 Smash! went the maces on shield or helm.  
 Neither the other could overwhelm.  
 Flash! went the maces, and sparks shot out,  
 Brighter than fire they flew all about.  
 Neither could put the other to rout.  
 Thrash! went the maces, the blows were stout.  
 Slash! went the maces, the people all shout,  
 Watching the bout with their eyes popping out.  
 Crash! went the maces — the ninetieth time.  
 4660 Neither could say: "The victory's mine!"  
 Neither could win, and both stood in doubt —  
 Hungry wolves, staring each other out.  
 Sweating horses beneath them too,  
 Spurred by masters, like mountain winds flew.  
 Bows, which across their backs they bore,  
 Now their fingers brought to the fore.  
 And in fury which nought could abate,  
 Took their arrows, all smoothly made,  
 Fitted with feathers from eagles wings,  
 4670 Set them against their taut bow-strings.  
 Both bows made from a young yew tree  
 Fifty arrows sent whizzing free.  
 If they should strike, they will destroy.  
 Quivers are full, they shoot with joy.  
 Arrows fly, and meet in the air —  
 Many are lost, only God knows where!

Then more angry, they feel for their guns,  
 And their fuses set going at once.  
 Like a target, each motionless stands,  
 4680 Holding his musket fast in his hands.  
 There they both stand, as if struck dumb,  
 Each regarding the opposite one.  
 They continue exchanging shots,  
 Seething over, like boiling pots.  
 Ground around where their horses stand  
 All its stones are churned up sand.  
 They started fighting at early morn —  
 Now all their armour is battered and torn.  
 Spear and axe, and sword and ball,  
 4690 Smashed their defences, made them fall.  
 Twilight came, and the sun went down,  
 Each one then rode back to his own,  
 To his comrades, and to his bed,  
 Ready to rest his weary head.  
 Early next morn another knight came,  
 He obeyed the Shah's orders the same.  
 He told his bogatir, Tugalik:  
 "Saddle you steed, and straddle him quick!"  
 So he sat on his ginger steed,  
 4700 His long nose sticking out, indeed,  
 Long as a dagger-sheath, about,  
 Most incisive protruding snout!  
 Look at his whiskers, then you'll say:  
 "Like a battle-axe handle are they!"  
 At his back one lock of hair  
 Stood like a mane of some bay mare.  
 Armour plate stood out on his breast,  
 Flames in his eyes gave no one rest.  
 He is a hero, brave and strong.  
 4710 Full of courage he flies along.  
 He has a helmet on his head,  
 Plaits, like a woman's I should have said.  
 Elbow gauntlets of mail on his hands,  
 Shield hung on his back, he stands.  
 Three hundred pounds his armour weighs,



Chain-mail, plates, and buckled stays,  
 Jousting spear stands in his hands,  
 Shrieking like Satan himself he stands,  
 War-cry of Kalmaks: "Paiyina!"  
 4720 Shouts about, heard near and far.  
 Aidarkan's son, Këkchë, the knight,  
 Moved to meet him and make him fight.  
 Then that heathen began to roar,  
 Full of fury, more and more,  
 With his spear, like a robust reed,  
 Galloped, flag down, towards him at speed.  
 Rode right on for frontal attack,  
 But Këkchë soon held him back.  
 With a blow he warded the spear,  
 4730 And his own found a target there!  
 Struck Tugalik, and stuck in his breast.  
 Though we weren't there, we heard the rest.  
 Which our forebears have told to us here:  
 As he drew near he thrust with a spear,  
 And Tugalik just couldn't get clear.  
 Slid from the saddle to horse's rear,  
 This side, and that side, he wriggled so,  
 Thinking to rid himself of the blow,  
 But with the spear-head in vain fought he,  
 4740 For in no way could he get free.  
 Bagatir Këkchë still tried,  
 With his spear he pricked and pried,  
 But he could not pull him down.  
 Tugalik, though, he twisted round:  
 On his ginger-coated steed,  
 And made off to his mates in need.  
 Aidarkan's son, Këkchë, the knight,  
 Struck him in the back, in flight.  
 Crying: "A hole in his spine I've made,  
 4750 Now I'll try in his shoulder-blade!"  
 So he trust again with his spear.  
 Tugalik grabbed at the neck and ear  
 Of his steed, and saw red blood there —  
 Then he knew that his end was near.

Bending low to ease the pain,  
 He rode on to his men again.  
 All those heathens cried: "Aye! Aye!  
 Woe is us, he is going to die!"  
 Thus Tugalik was forced to yield.  
 4760 Having driven him off the field,  
 Aidarkan's son, Këkchë, bogatir,  
 Turned his horse to his forces there:  
 "You had better not have been born,  
 Than be a coward!" he cried with scorn.  
 Then in anger another knight came —  
 Bogatir Dzhmira, by name,  
 Took in his hand his trusty spear,  
 Loudly, proudly, stepped forth clear,  
 And at Këkchë began to swear,  
 4770 And to angrily scold him there:  
 "Each day I'll curse you, till you dead!"<sup>40</sup>  
 Sharply then to him he said.  
 "May you in your grave be spread!"  
 Then he rode out, and began to shout,  
 Armour shining all about.  
 On his steed, Alager by name,  
 Heat to tail three arm-spans plain,  
 Not like any other known steed —  
 Trunk like a four-year-old bull, indeed!  
 4780 Of he rode with a bow he'd need  
 And his arrow, more like a spear,  
 Wedged on the string, and stretched to his ear;  
 To Këkchë he did not draw near,  
 But he shot at him from there.  
 Straight towards Këkchë it fled,  
 Through his seven-leafed shield it sped,  
 Through his armour, and coat of mail,  
 Penetrated, and did not fail.  
 Tore his cuirass and chain-mail wide,  
 4790 Stuck in a rib on his right side.  
 In it pierced to a finger's length,  
 Such were the archer's bow and strength,  
 And the arrow struck the bone —



That's what saved him, and that alone.  
 Crimson blood began to flow  
 Down his right side and thigh also.  
 And Këkchë grew furious then.  
 Being braver than other men,  
 He tore the arrow out again,  
 4800 Saw it bound round with tendons plain.<sup>41</sup>  
 Held it tightly, in anger shook,  
 While Dzhamira another took,  
 And was laying it to the bow,  
 Up came Këkchë a-galloping so,  
 Struck him in the chest with his spear.  
 From the blow he went flying clear.  
 Over the tail of Alagera.  
 Down crashed bogatir Dzhaniira.  
 Through his armour went the spear,  
 4810 Stuck out behind two hand-spans clear.  
 Then Këkchë took Alagera,  
 Slew him too, and there you are!  
 Off he rode to his mates again.  
 Rattled ribs gave him piercing pain.  
 Aidarkan's son, Këkchë, the knight,  
 Lay down to rest, and restore his might.  
 Then Mëndyu-Chebeng, the strong-man,  
 Out from the heathen horde there ran,  
 Straddled his steed, rode out, and said:  
 4820 "If you're Kirghiz, you'll soon be dead!"  
 This in a special loud voice he cried.  
 Bold Madzhik, from the Kirghiz side,  
 Galloped towards the tilting-yard.  
 There they battled, good and hard.  
 With cracked head, and bashed in face,  
 He retreated to his own place.  
 "You're no man!" then cried Urbyu,  
 One of the fiercest Kipchaks too.  
 Out he went on the battle-field,  
 4830 His huge sword began to wield.  
 Mëndyu-Chebeng, that giant Kitai,  
 Brave Urbyu sent flying high.

Hacked him in four quarters there,  
 Spilled his blood on the tilting-square.  
 Twilight fell, and evening came.  
 All the men dispersed again,  
 Back to their own places went.  
 Each one found for the night a tent.  
 Dawn broke on the following day —  
 4840 All their weariness washed away.  
 Then a heathen strong-man, Tulus,  
 On the tilting-square cried abuse.  
 He was one from Dzhalgiz-Kir\*,  
 Those whom he met just died of fear.  
 Son of Kalmaks, of the tribe Baiying,  
 Out on the square his club did swing.  
 Cursed aloud on the combat-square —  
 Split your ear-drums if standing there —  
 "Come, Kirghiz, whether beggar or Khan,  
 4850 Come not alone, but many a man,  
 Come, and I'll deprive you of breath!  
 Come, the ones who want to taste death!  
 Come, not one, but a thousand, come!  
 Come, not as camels, as elephants run!  
 Come, the ones who find life a bore!  
 Come, if you wish to live no more!  
 Come, if you're young, or full of years!  
 Come, and find answer for your fears!  
 Come, if a hundred heads you've got!  
 4860 Come, and soon you will lose the lot!  
 My name's Tulus! I'm brave and grim!  
 To Padishah Akunbeshim  
 I am related, through my sire.  
 If you're Kirghiz, and find life dire,  
 Ride a little nearer to me,  
 Whether man or demon you be,  
 Soon your bones will lie scattered around,  
 Soon you will find a grave in the ground.  
 If you desire a corpse to be,  
 4870 Come to single combat with me!  
 Whether Kirghiz, or Kazakhi —



I will consign you to misery.  
 You Kirghiz, whose numbers increase,  
 I'll make all your proud boasting cease!  
 This last time to you I call:  
 Come to me, and I'll kill you all!"  
 Muslims and others began to say:  
 "He's a tough customer, anyway!  
 What if we call to him Manas?"  
 4880 All of us show respect for him thus!  
 Massive Manas bestrides Akkula,  
 Spear before him, straight as a bar,  
 Swanking in boots with turned-up toes,  
 Clanking with sword beside him goes,  
 Axe at his belt cling-clang away,  
 At his back gleams Akkelte\*.  
 White his flag, his pennant of grey  
 At his spear-head flutters away.  
 Like a white eagle, swooping from space,  
 4890 Out he sweeps on the jousting-place!  
 There that same Tulus stood yet,  
 Saw him coming, and angrily said:  
 "This Kirghiz has lost sense, I'm sure.  
 Soon, I think, he will lose much more!  
 Is he anxious to meet death thus?  
 Is this he, whom they name Manas?  
 Is he riding his steed Akkula?  
 Is his head harder than stone, by far?  
 Death drive him on, aye there's the rub!"  
 4900 Having said this, he smote with his club.  
 But Manas turned aside on the field,  
 Over his head he raised his shield,  
 And the club struck that in its stride —  
 Black flames flickered, far and wide,  
 Sprinkled around on either side.  
 Sparks then flew from Manas' eyes.  
 Darts then from Manas' eyes flew.  
 He was furious, foaming too,  
 And he angrily shook his head,

4910 Not from the blow, from what had been said.  
 Then his sword — Achalbars it was named —  
 He from its sheath snatched out, inflamed;  
 Choosing a suitable time for the blow,  
 He slashed down on his right shoulder, so!  
 Down to the ground fell the foe's right arm,  
 Only the left remained without harm.  
 Then, with a single swipe of his axe,  
 Wiped out his foe, who life now lacks.  
 Having finished him off, indeed,  
 4920 Turning, he seized the dead man's steed.  
 Heathens were sobbing, all the same.  
 They were completely put to shame.  
 Having this dog-shit cleared, as he pleased,  
 Then Manas at heart felt eased.  
 Not withstanding such shame for them,  
 Out came thirty Kitai strong-men.  
 To the gallop each spurred his steed,  
 Cunning chieftain Sari in the lead.  
 Many after them swiftly came,  
 4930 Chittering-chattering: "Who's to blame?"  
 "Round them up!" our warriors said.  
 "Round them up!" cried Bakai at their head.  
 Then, with Manas bogatir, they attacked.  
 Never a single man they lacked.  
 Fifteen hundred thousand men —  
 Those were the enemy forces then.  
 At their head rode Akunbeshim —  
 Fate inescapable fell of him!  
 If that's not woe — then I'm no man!  
 4940 Thus the general slaughter began...  
 Like birds of prey the knights then seized  
 All the desirable things they pleased.  
 Battle-axes they gripped in haste,  
 With one swipe a town laid waste!  
 Those with spears thrust straight and true,  
 Everywhere raising cries of rue.  
 Those with swords struck fierce and fast,



Arrows and javelins whizzing past,  
 There Kirghiz and Kitai forces met.  
 4950 Daggers with blood to the hilt were wet.  
 There was no chance now of turning back.  
 Bows were twanging, strings never slack.  
 Where any arrows found their mark,  
 Armour was split, and blood flowed dark.  
 Those who had bows, they used them well,  
 Those who had muskets created hell,  
 Thundering, rumbling, the lead shots fly,  
 Smoke arising darkens the sky.  
 People hearing how battle roars,  
 4960 All stand trembling behind their doors.  
 Those who had flint-locks — powder in pan!  
 What a wonder, when thunder began!  
 Those who had muskets — charge them with shot!  
 Finger on trigger — barrels all hot!  
 Those who served cannon — shot their ball,  
 Roaring, soaring, and smashing all!  
 Battle-axes on heads — crash, crash!  
 Spears on breast-plate armour — clash, clash!  
 Maces and clubs on helms — bash, bash!  
 4970 Pikes with no heads on them — smash, smash!  
 All the sky formed a dusty screen,  
 Even the sun was not to be seen.  
 Village people asked: "Why so dim?  
 Clouds of smoke overhead, so grim?"  
 Thirty hundred thousand fought there.  
 Where will find such slaughter, where?  
 All were tormented, exhausted, tired.  
 "Woe!" they cried trembling, when cannon fired.  
 Those whose time had come to die,  
 4980 On the blood-sodden field did lie.  
 There live spirits dead bodies left.  
 Many were of all strength bereft.  
 Largely because their steeds were tired,  
 And no longer with energy fired.  
 They could not move for the piles of dead,  
 From men and horses the life-blood sped.

From the hooves of each living one  
 Dust-clouds rose to smother the sun.  
 People living a month's ride away  
 4990 Asked: "Where are they coming from, pray?"  
 Two whole days, and two whole nights —  
 Each Kirghiz and Kitai still fights.  
 Frays did not finish, cocks crowed again.  
 Jaws wide open — dead steeds on the plain,  
 Legs all twisted, everything dim,  
 Young riders with them — such sights were grim!  
 Still the noise, still the hopeless cries,  
 Still round the banners the struggles rise.  
 Thinking: "Our banner at least still stands!"  
 5000 Once again they took weapons in hands.  
 Both the armies were intertwined.  
 Like hungry wolves, they howled and whined.  
 Armpits were stretched to give the blow,  
 Fingers were clenched on hafts below.  
 Skin from palms was worn away,  
 Feathers from arrows had gone astray.  
 Tunics were torn, in places to shreds,  
 Hems were tattered, and tousled were heads.  
 Bows of saddles were crumbling too,  
 5010 Lips were cracked, and springs were few.  
 Chests 'neath armour were ruffled sore,  
 Legs needed stretching and using more.  
 Reins were frayed, and girths not stiff.  
 Armour-robcs full of holes, like a sieve.  
 Wretched was each small rounded head.  
 Broken fingers with blood were red,  
 As from a bucket of red-lead paint;  
 Cowards suffered a strange complaint.  
 Ribs were broken, and would not heal.  
 5020 Simple pike-men like heroes fell.  
 Big and boisterous battles were led.  
 Many were powerless, many lay dead.  
 Bent, and spent, and spurting blood,  
 From such masses of men, like a flood,  
 Earth was staggered, and sagged away.



Even the sun was not seen by day.  
 Dust flew up, and filled the sky,  
 Filled the warrior's nostril and eye.  
 Horses snorted, rearing high.  
 5030 Wounded riders lay down to die.  
 Eyes were streaming with water too.  
 Armour - pierced like sieves, through and through.  
 Helmets were battered, brows turned red,  
 Down stern faces blood-streams sped.  
 Battle-axes on heads - ding-dang!  
 Spears on armoured breasts - cling-clang!  
 Arrows from bending bows - whizz-whang!  
 Taut-stretched bowstrings plucked - twing-twang!  
 Swords on flying spines - slish-slash!  
 5040 Musket balls on shields - smish-smash!  
 Clubs and maces on helms - biff-bash!  
 Horses charging each other - crish-crash!  
 Guns are charged and discharged once more.  
 Cannons go off with a hollow roar.  
 Weak ones feel all their senses reel,  
 Strong ones feel themselves all steel.  
 What they are seeking, that they find -  
 Dead and dying are left behind.  
 Mussulman and heathen too -  
 5050 Don't give way, but batter on through!  
 Most unhappy Akunbeshim,  
 With his thousands of men round him,  
 By the side of his banner stayed.  
 Bogatir Manas, unafraid,  
 Galloped up to engage him there.  
 Took and waved his sword in the air.  
 All the end of its blade was red.  
 If he raises it over his head,  
 If he waves it with all his strength,  
 5060 It becomes forty-odd feet in length!  
 With a cry he sprang at the foe,  
 Standing where heathen banners blow.  
 One hundred thousand men stood round.  
 Akunbeshim his gold crown donned.

Then he saddled his black, white-maned steed,  
 Straightway then, he began to retreat,  
 Riding away from Manas-bogatir,  
 And withdrawing away to the rear...  
 Akkula was a steed of good luck,  
 5070 Like two candles his ears stuck up.  
 Like a whirlwind away he flew,  
 Akunbeshim he caught up too.  
 Then Manas thrust his spear in his spine,  
 From his black steed with long white mane  
 Akunbeshim was hurled to the ground.  
 Then, as Manas looked quickly round,  
 Up galloped brave Ainakul, his friend,  
 "Cursed coward, you've met your end!"  
 Cried at the foe, and hacked off his head.  
 5080 Left him lying beheaded and dead.  
 Then on his war-steed Akkula,  
 One who knew no bound nor bar,  
 Lion Manas flew straight at the foe,  
 Riding as fast as he could go.  
 If the point of his sword touched the grass,  
 There a fire would come to pass.  
 If he waved it, the foe would fall,  
 Down would come mountains, stones and all!  
 Like a torch it would blaze, all bright,  
 5090 If he unsheathed it during the night.  
 During the battle it longer grew,  
 Needed no hand to hack and hew.  
 Such was the magic sword of Manas,  
 Which by its haft he handled thus.  
 With a cry he went to attack,  
 Not for a moment glancing back.  
 Where tears flowed - they all stopped dead,  
 When, like an apple, there rolled a head...  
 Where the blood flowed, there it congealed.  
 5100 Those who saw all, were amazed on the field.  
 Like a spring cloud which mounts the hills,  
 So the dust-cloud the whole air fills.  
 Galloping on his horse, Akkula,



Swiping with his sword Achalbars,  
 All those foes who on steppelands mass  
 He makes cry out "Alack!" and "Alas!"  
 'Mid them all there's a hullabaloo,  
 As he goes hewing and hacking through.  
 With his sword he slashes them flat,  
 5110 Hurling the heathen this way, and that!  
 Round the Kitais real warfare he raised.  
 Even his own folk all were amazed.  
 Thinking: "Does he never grow tired?"  
 By his courageous example fired,  
 Aidarkan's son, Këkchë, the brave,  
 Says: "Can't I too our comrades save?"  
 Spurring his steed towards Manas,  
 Cries: "Shall I avoid battle thus?  
 Am I a weak one, who goes to the wall?  
 5120 With his fierce look he outdoes them all.  
 So he joined Manas, and with pride  
 Stood by the bogatir at his side,  
 Shoulder to shoulder with him took his stand.  
 Thus they advanced on enemy land,  
 Beating down foes to right and left,  
 Leaving more corpses, of life bereft.  
 Heathens, whom forebears' spirits had cursed,  
 Died a brave death, in no way the worst.  
 Then brave Munar, from Dagalak,  
 5130 Joined with these comrades, and couldn't hold back.  
 With the two others he left his third track.  
 Then came a fourth to hew and to hack,  
 One who sat asqaure on his horse's back,  
 One who clear foresight never did lack,  
 One who placed enemies all on the wrack,  
 One who in fury never grew slack -  
 Uncle of lion Manas, no mere hack,  
 Bold Bakai, who knew every knack,  
 Who at full gallop, and keeping his tack,  
 5140 Foes blood could spill, and foes heads could crack.  
 Then came Kyuldun's bold son, Chalibai,  
 Abdilda, joker, with humorous eye,

And from Kara-Toki - Madzhik,  
 And Kambara's brave son - Chalik,  
 And Akbalta's strong son - Chubak,  
 And the one now known as Sirgak,  
 Not forgetting the famous Kirgil,  
 Ways of a tiger, wolf's ways which kill,  
 Broad is his breast, and strong is his spine,  
 5150 Anger restrained, and speech kept in line -  
 Lion Manas is pleased with this all.  
 He whom now Sirgak we call,  
 Once was known as Berdibek,  
 But his people, out of respect,  
 Wished him to bear an eagle's name -  
 So it was Sirgak he became.  
 Seeing Manas, bogatir Sirgak,  
 On his war-steed Këkkazik,  
 Set his spear, and for all they were worth,  
 5160 Those twelve bogatirs burst forth.  
 Thus they routed, destroyed the foe.  
 Fierce Manguls, Kalmaks also,  
 Bold-faced braggarts there were not few.  
 Eyes were watering, dust-filled too.  
 Full of valour the Kirghiz fought,  
 Since dawn yesterday foes they sought -  
 Single combat, or mass attack.  
 On till eve they hurled them back,  
 Out on the open battle-field.  
 5170 So far neither side would yield.  
 Heads were beaten, arrows flew,  
 Death stepped in and claimed his due.  
 All the warriors went to attack,  
 None of the fighters dare turn back.  
 None dare seek their tent for the night,  
 So on the field they fought their fight.  
 Clashing and clanging, they battled on,  
 Till, before dawn, all strength was gone.  
 Fingers were even too tired to shoot,  
 5180 Men could not move hand or foot.  
 All the people, it seemed, were done!



All their energie were gone.  
 All cried: "Woe, ah woe is me!"  
 Dust rose high as high could be.  
 Everyone their own life saved,  
 Peace and quiet alone they craved...  
 Slain by Manas was Akunbeshim.  
 Some said: "Let Kitais die, like him!"  
 Others said: "Let Kalmaks all die!"  
 5190 Only let me be saved! Aye-aye!"  
 Shouting and screaming in their fright,  
 All the Kalmaks gave up the fight.  
 Some ran here and some ran there,  
 Some without looking ran any-old-where!  
 On the heels of the flying foe,  
 All the Kirghiz on horses go,  
 All of the mass, they follow them so.  
 Axes on crowns beat blow after blow.  
 Bending down from their horses' croups,  
 5200 Galloping, fifty or sixty in groups,  
 Straight away, one blow on the crown,  
 Skilful riders just mow them down.  
 Sick are they of seeing blood flow.  
 Those who ran fast found refuge so.  
 Others were taken prisoners then -  
 Countless Kitais, both women and men,  
 They all ran, and trampled earth's face...<sup>42</sup>  
 "Andizhan, our forefathers' place,  
 I at the last shall surely trace."  
 5210 If mighty Allah gives me grace,  
 I shall Alo-oke then destroy!"  
 So said Manas, and to show his annoy,<sup>43</sup>  
 He left his lower lip hanging right down,  
 He left his upper lip high, like a crown.  
 Locks of hair seemed a serried range,  
 Threatening he looked, severe and strange.  
 Then his nose seemed a mountain peak,  
 Whiskers like rushes and reeds, so to speak  
 Brows which a frowning precipice make,

5220 Eyes then looked like the depths of a lake!  
 If you glanced at him, angry so,  
 Seemed he would swallow you up, you know.  
 If you glanced at him, furious so,  
 Seemed he would seize you, dragon or no?  
 He was wrought of silver and gold,  
 Heavens above him seemed to hold.  
 Made of the moon, and made of the sun,  
 Both together, welded one.  
 Earth beneath and skies o'erhead  
 5230 In his spirit are wisely wed.  
 Only black earth, so solid and firm,  
 Only rocks 'neath his feet would not squirm.  
 From a moonlit river's wild wave,  
 He, it seems, has by nature been made.  
 From the freshness of wind and storm,  
 He, it seems, has by nature been born.  
 From the rays of the moon and the sun,  
 He, it seems, was by nature begun,  
 Menacing looks, and piercing eyes.  
 5240 Sharp is his tongue, he loves no lies.  
 Heart of a tiger, and hand like stone.  
 Shoulders wide, and firm the bone.  
 Take a look at him and his feats,  
 Penetrate then into his deeds...  
 When he seeks the guilty one, see,  
 Even if his father it be,  
 Still if he sees where lies the blame,  
 Blood will flow there, all the same!  
 Three nights through he stood on the sward,  
 5250 Leaned at length on his unsheathed sword.  
 He did not even lay down to rest,  
 Did not doze with a troubled breast.  
 Those who knew his character so,  
 Trembled, as if expecting a blow.  
 Then he said: "If you understand,  
 Come and listen, that will be grand!  
 If you don't understand what I say,



Get your tolmachs translating away!  
 If you know me, just as I am,  
 5260 Come and hear then the other man!  
 Those who do not know me thus,  
 And just name me "ruler Manas",  
 Let them come and hear what I say!"  
 So he sent his summons away...  
 From one Friday, till next came round,  
 Gathered together his folk were found.<sup>44</sup>  
 Here was his father, Jakib bey,  
 Here were his wisest, to have their say,  
 Here were his knights, and many more,  
 5270 Here were Akbalta and Oshpur,  
 Berdike and Dambilda,  
 Bogatirs who came from afar.  
 Here were Umët and Aidarkan,  
 And his son, Këkchë, brave man.  
 All in good time to him they ran.  
 Here was Umët's young son Dzhaisan,  
 Here was many a fearless khan,  
 Those who carry what elephants can,  
 Here were the strong-men of the land,  
 5280 One or two who 'gainst thousands stand.  
 Those who having donned armour bright,  
 Masses of men could put to flight.  
 Here was their leader, bold Bakai,  
 Here were knights, who from foes don't fly.  
 Here was Kyuldur's son, Chalibai.  
 Here was bravest of brave, Kutumai.  
 Here from Kara-toko was Madzhik,  
 Here was Kambar's bold son, Chalik.  
 Here was the joker, Adzhibai,  
 5290 Here was Uishyun's son, Satai.  
 From the Alchins there came Atai.  
 From the Arbans there came Altai.  
 From Uishyuns - Umët, brave man,  
 And with him his bold son Dzhaisan.  
 From the Argins came Karakodzh,  
 Very wise man, Shukyur also.

Bo-obek, he too was here,  
 Shaabek, with never a fear.  
 Many more too Manas might name -  
 5300 Many a wise man and wizard came.  
 From the Dërbëns there came Tërtai,  
 Speaking straight truth, no twisted lie.  
 Then swart sooth-sayer, old Tëlek -  
 Doubts and deceptions were never his work.  
 Adigai, reader of rams' shoulder-blades,<sup>45</sup>  
 Prophecies up to the Judgement Day made,  
 He was here too, no lie would let by.  
 Eldest campaigner here too, Tokotai.  
 Known to all people here - Eleman,  
 5310 Head of his people - bey Kelkaman.  
 Not-to-be-scared Serek and Sirgak -  
 Two who stood firm when things looked black,  
 Came to aid, when Manas would wish.  
 Head of the military tent - Ibish,  
 One of the most unshakeable men.  
 Son of Alim, the young Alaken.  
 From Kalmaks of Mandzhuria then,  
 Set as bey to rule over them,  
 Here was the mighty knight Madzhik.  
 5320 Not scared by foes, like foxes slick,  
 When through dark forest his squadron goes,  
 When on distant campaign against those -  
 Here was respected, esteemed Shuutu,  
 One of the cunningest of his crew,  
 One who is not put off his track  
 In the nighttime, when skies are black.  
 When the Kirghiz in hordes make their way,  
 That's Shuutu who's cheerful and gay -  
 Trickiest, slickest of all one knew.  
 5330 From the Kazakhs comes Dzhon-Oronchu.  
 Here comes Bëgël - successes not few.  
 Here are Kaigil, and To-orulchu,  
 Here is the son of Shinga - Kerben,  
 Quickest of all quick-witted - Dërbën.  
 Here is old Iraman's slick son,



Here's Tazbaimat - a bold young one.  
 Here are those who load guns at a word,  
 Here are those whose hoof-beats are heard,  
 All these knights, who know not fear,  
 5340 Take a good look who are gathered here!  
 Here is Albalta's son, Chubak,  
 He's a lion who strength does not lack.  
 For Manas, magnanimous knight,  
 Time has come to put things right.  
 Here is Kirgil, head of that small band -  
 Forty knights, at Manas' right hand,  
 Strong ones, who've conquered many a foe.  
 When they'd all gathered, Manas pled so:  
 "Mighty Allah, O save us!" he said  
 5350 To the one God he bowed his head.  
 From the Nabats Kaldar has come.  
 Kirghiz tribal sons, every one,<sup>46</sup>  
 Thus for counsel had gathered each.  
 So Manas began his speech:  
 "Listen all, and get things clear;  
 For the sake of land seen near,  
 Which our forefathers left to me,  
 I have saddled my steed, you see!  
 Of our forebears' actions then,  
 5360 I have questioned our wisest men.  
 Lands nearby on us they bestowed.  
 Can Kirghiz leave honour's road?  
 I should very much like to claim  
 Ispare and Alai back again!  
 Letting Kitai control them now,  
 We have besmirched our honour, I vow!  
 Can a chopper in rock make a dent?  
 Break a huge stone where blows are spent?<sup>47</sup>  
 What will not fall upon the head  
 5370 Of the brave rider whose will is dead?  
 To that land which my forebears bestowed  
 I aspire, and there leads my road!  
 I think only of that and my folk.  
 How to break the heathen yoke?

Many have been and those places seen.  
 You understand then what I mean.  
 There is birth, and there is death.  
 Spirit does Allah alone bequeath.  
 Do not refuse to go on campaign.  
 5380 In your memory let this remain!  
 Trusting in their numbers alone,  
 How those Kitais make others groan!  
 You have seen this with your own eyes.  
 Free your feet from fetters, and rise!  
 Trusting in their numbers alone,  
 Heathens, whom forebears' spirits disown,  
 Slay foes in hordes, and heed no cries.  
 Free your feet from fetters, and rise!  
 Beat down those heathens in your ire.  
 5390 In these days 'tis there I aspire!  
 Crowded Kokand in Andizhan -  
 Go to those places, throw out their Khan!  
 There on the crimson-tasselled Kitais<sup>48</sup>  
 Spend your spite and venom likewise.  
 I am seeking much good for you,  
 But, in making you settle anew,  
 How to avoid exhausting such folk?  
 Heads of families, cattle on yoke,  
 Go to Alai, where green meadows are,  
 5400 Springs of Dzhildiz and Karkara.  
 He who sees them will value me.  
 Don't be afraid of death, you see,  
 For the sake of your forbears' name!  
 Here you stand before me again -  
 Give me the answer you all find!  
 This is what now comes into my mind -  
 On Kara-Too, in Aziret\*,  
 I shall build us a workshop yet!  
 He who wishes to stay, well do!  
 5410 To Tarbagatai, to Ara-Too,  
 To the wide shores of the river Edil,  
 Now to take all my folk with me still,  
 That is what comes here into my mind!



I have decided those places to find,  
 And to settle there, where you'll see  
 Kusarish and Këbyul lying free,  
 And to the east of you - Shiber!  
 Saying: "Where you've not been - go there!"  
 I do not give you direct command -  
 5420 But Altai is your forefathers' land!  
 So, to travel to Andizhan -  
 Give your permission, to the last man.  
 He who wants to stay - let him stay.  
 He who would travel - then ride my way!  
 Katagani\*, and Nabati\*,  
 Dëčlësi\*, all Kirghiz are we!  
 Dumari, and Okchui,  
 Naimani, and Shangai -  
 If somebody will stay on Altai,  
 5430 Then, when I am engaging Kitai,  
 That will be of great use to our folk.  
 On Alai our sires grew and spoke.  
 There in Andizhan vale below,  
 Many Kirghiz still live, we know.  
 There himself Khan Alo-oke  
 Builds a grand golden palace, they say.  
 He who wishes to go - let him go!  
 Some there may be who are thinking though:  
 "From the Altai they will drive us out!"  
 5440 We shall not blame them - just let them shout!  
 You decide for yourselves!" said he.  
 "I won't compel... Who's coming with me?  
 If you wish to, then you just stay -  
 Khans, or simple folk - anyway.  
 As you wish, so you must do.  
 Here you are sitting, all of you.  
 All this meeting, not very large -  
 Round six-hundred elders in charge.  
 If you wish to, now have your say -  
 5450 If you don't wish to, then stay away.  
 In the hearing of all, then speak.  
 In the Altai our position's weak,

Always open to foes, I declare,  
 Now those cursed Kitais are there!"  
 So said Manas to the folk, all of those  
 Which, like a lake, at last overflows...  
 Aidarkan and Jakib then discussed,  
 All with the others, as elders must,  
 With the others they judged the affair.  
 5460 Many leading Kirghiz were there...  
 All the best ones sat in a row.  
 From the Kipchaks came Taz, you know.  
 Eloquent Taz, he bowed his head:  
 "I'm in a difficult spot!" he said.  
 "Through my thoughtless son, Urbyu.  
 Shah Kemin lives in Danglyulyu.  
 He wed his daughter to my Urbyu.  
 My son promised to live with them,  
 With Oisalkin. I objected then.  
 5470 "Don't go and mix with other men!"  
 Many worries for me he made!  
 Kinsmen Kipchaks began to upbraid:  
 'For that maiden your son leaves his folk!'  
 I suffer badly through this!" so he spoke.  
 "I am ready to settle elsewhere,  
 Not with Shah Kemin, I declare.  
 All you Kirghiz who find yourselves here,  
 Is it not simple, the truth which I speak?  
 Through that maiden, my place is weak!"  
 5480 Eloquent Taz a reply did seek.  
 And he soon found an answer too:  
 What he'd said didn't please Urbyu.  
 "When did I, Urbyu, say to you  
 That you should settle in Kashar-Su?  
 Don't make people think that I lie.  
 Do you not have large flocks, by-the-by?  
 Four kinds of cattle do you not keep?<sup>49</sup>  
 If you wish to, stay with your sheep!  
 I am not going to quarrel with you!"  
 5490 So said his bold young son Urbyu.  
 Thinking: "Let father and mother stay,



Here among their own folk, anyway!"  
 He decided to settle elsewhere.  
 Aidarkan's son, Këkchë, stood there,  
 Known for the very sharp looks he gave.  
 "Ah, dear folk!" he said, most grave,  
 "First - the greatest good is the land!  
 Use your wits, and that understand.  
 Second, the next great good is the folk."  
 5500 Having decided, and known toil's yoke,  
 Where is the leader whom folk will aquire?  
 Dzheti-Su is a land past desire!  
 There they feed their horses on rice!  
 I should count it a sacrifice  
 If I could not settle as due,  
 In Ters-Maëo and Temirdik too.  
 With Tckes and Kuyas I once went,  
 And a while in those places spent.  
 When I saw, on campaign, Karkiru -  
 5510 I was happy, and satisfied too.  
 Then I scouted Chelek\* and Charin\*,  
 By the banks of the river rode in.  
 Everywhere there I looked around,  
 Then we settled on higher ground,  
 And we fought with the foe we found.  
 When we returned to a lower mound  
 By the huge lake, the Kara-Otkël\*,  
 Then I found my head in a whirl -  
 I had not seen such beauty before!  
 5520 If we settle down there, what's more,  
 Then no worse than Altai will it be.  
 If you are listening still," said he,  
 "Now I will tell you my secret desire -  
 That is to settle on Alma-Kuyur.  
 There I aspire with all my heart.  
 Even if you all stay, I shall start!"  
 So said Këkchë, and then sat down.  
 Many began to judge, and to frown.  
 "Though Këkchë supports Manas,

5530 Just you wait - it will turn out thus;  
 He will not settle where others choose!"  
 Then the highly esteemed ones rose.  
 "It does not matter what you may say -"  
 Elders then whispered in their own way,  
 "That Këkchë is just playing a joke!"  
 So they sniggered, and secretly spoke.  
 "Even the khans want to move!" said they,  
 "And they won't wait another day!"  
 Having said this they laughed again.  
 5540 "We thought that they had gone on campaign,  
 So we took care of those left behind.  
 They went off, then what did we find?  
 They then took up with scandalous wives,  
 Brought them back home, and - bless your lives! -  
 'Mid all the folk they discord began!"  
 Having said this, they sniggered again.  
 "Those bold braves like Këkchë and Urbyu,  
 No end of mischief they can do!  
 We know the tricks of such loose men -  
 5550 Let them go to wives' relatives, then!  
 To those far villages which they saw.  
 Lion Manas has no father-in-law,  
 So we don't know just where he will strive -  
 He has no mother-in-law, no new wife,  
 He has no reason to choose one spot.  
 We Kirghiz will have a hard lot,  
 Wandering round from place to place.  
 Still, he has brought us no disgrace.  
 He has no heathen women, we know!"  
 5560 Most of them decided to go...  
 Many a care then fell on their heads.  
 It was good that they'd said "Yes!"  
 Morn till eve the chatter went on,  
 Heads were combed and henna put on.<sup>50</sup>  
 Talk went tattling round and about,  
 They all got hungry, going without.  
 "Stop your talk, and listen to this -



Here is mare's meat, and fresh kumiss!"  
 Eight hundred sheep, and eighty mares  
 5570 Bold Manas slew for this feast of theirs!  
 Everybody sat down to eat -  
 Honoured guests were served with meat.  
 Fat from buttocks and necks shone white...<sup>51</sup>  
 That day ended, they slept overnight.  
 In the morning they fed again,  
 Various dishes for all who came.  
 Leaders of tribes got a new gown each,  
 Down to their heels the hems did reach.  
 Heads of villages, eldest men  
 5580 All who were rulers of families then  
 One good pacer-steed he gave -  
 That was the gift of Manas the brave.  
 Wolf for the foe, but kind to his own,  
 Thus his generous hand was shown.  
 Thus as a lion himself he showed.  
 Elders to him a great debt owed.  
 That which is known as a parting cup,  
 Round the neck of the folk he hung up,  
 Like the usual travelling bag.<sup>52</sup>  
 5590 Feasting was finished. Each sat his nag.  
 What did lion Manas then do?  
 Ordered his trumpeters. How they blew!  
 On their long trumpets, with flares of gold!  
 Ordered his drummers. They beat so bold!  
 Ordered the groom "Bring out six gold sheets,  
 Cover my horse, the best of all steeds!  
 Six hundred castrated camels had he,  
 His white yurta there loaded must be.  
 There stood one camel with single black hump,  
 5600 His Adam's apple hung down in a lump.  
 Strong as an army of men was he.  
 When he moves forward, leader to be,  
 Just take a look, what a glitter is found -  
 Tassels and pom-poms hang to the ground,  
 Clinking of bells then deafens each ear.  
 All that is precious, nought that's not dear

There fills the youths and maidens with dreams,  
 Hoping for riches like beys, it seems.  
 Now the Altai has hidden its face -  
 5610 Those showy beauties now hide their grace.  
 Five or six thousand of his army men  
 Stood on the crest of the high pass then.  
 Those who saw lion Manas' power,  
 Seemed not to hunger in that hour.  
 Then Manas ordered "Collect the steeds  
 From Dzhiranti and Angirti meads!  
 They were all simply covered with them.  
 To all his herdsmen with horses then  
 He gave white fat from their ribs to taste.  
 5620 "We won't drive these to a desert waste!  
 We won't starve them, and let them die,  
 We won't cause them away to fly!  
 From Altai to Dzhildiz let them go,  
 Through Dzhildiz to the meadows so.  
 Through Turfan\* and Ker-Kël then,  
 Keep your road, as you pasture them.  
 Salamat he put at their head;  
 "Keep control of those herdsmen," he said.  
 Iyman then he ordered again:  
 5630 "Separate steeds from pack-horses then!"  
 How they did this, himself he saw -  
 "I won't leave any herds at all!"  
 And with them Jakib too went,  
 And Abike, after father sent,  
 Rode up to keep a check on the herd...  
 Let us leave them with this last word...  
 Let us leave Manas, as he goes,  
 And Jakib and the herdsmen, all those,  
 And Abike, Jakib's young son,  
 5640 Let us leave them, the time has come!..  
 Brave Këkchë, son of Aidarkan -  
 Listen awhile about that bold man.  
 From the foothills of mountains high,  
 From the banks where Orkun flowed by,  
 With silk lassoes he ordered to tie



For the resettlement, at the least,  
 Sixty castrated camels; each beast  
 Ordered to load, and bind them fast.  
 Gilded drums he ordered to beat.

5650 Well-bred black camels, with bells complete,  
 All to make the migration in style,  
 Covered with Isphahan rugs meanwhile.<sup>53</sup>  
 With "Gee-up's" their steeds they sped,  
 Youths with spears and pennants of red.  
 Off they rode, both low and high.  
 "Where then," they cried, "is in Tarbagatai?"  
 Linger long upon the steppe,  
 Giving their horses both spur and whip,  
 Down to the south they rode - to Dzholdiz.

5660 On the Altai were many Kirghiz.  
 Those worthless horses, they slide and they skip.  
 Lash them and thrash them along with your whip!  
 Where then are Ters-Maëo, Karkira?  
 Where are the Tekes-khan - lands, not far?  
 Khan Aidarkan with a muster migrates.  
 All Alachi shout out to their mates.  
 Not few, but multitudes move on their way,  
 Half a month long on that road did they stay.  
 Khan Aidarkan for himself chose a place,

5670 After him masses of people did race.  
 Then they all stopped, having reached Karkira.  
 So we shall leave them now, where they are...  
 We shall go on with Kipchak Urbyu.  
 Listen and learn what he had to do...  
 Most Kipchaks then left their old place,  
 Through Tur-Kël their steps we trace.  
 Didn't stay there, but Bar-Kël passed through,  
 Carefully choosing, as they should do,  
 Then through Kingir they went on too,

5680 Gazed on the banks of the Dzheti-Su.  
 Taking Kipchaks, and his Kirghiz,  
 He went forward then through Dzholdiz,  
 To the high pass of Akiyas.  
 Winds blew there with a gusty blast.

"Travellers' tents have become our home.  
 Wandering all these ways we've come  
 When shall we see that river Chu,  
 As we were so much yearning to do?"  
 Kipchaks went roaming the road again -

5690 To Ker-Kël they finally came.  
 Still they passed on to Këtmalda.  
 With their herds they wandered far,  
 Reached the upper Cha then at last.  
 As for Urbyu, his troubles are past...  
 Let us leave them now, by the burn,  
 And to lion Manas let us turn...  
 Let us hear what of him they told,  
 Let us hear of Manas the bold!  
 Many left their homes and moved on -

5700 Sixty thousand families had gone,  
 From the Manguls, Kalmaks as well,  
 Those who Manas' numbers now swell.  
 If you trace the tracks of Kirghiz,  
 Many went over the pass of Dzholdiz,  
 Many went over the Kuu-Tez pass,  
 Went on over Muz-Bel\* at last.  
 So Manas led his people on -  
 Passed through Mara-Bashi\* and Dolon\*,  
 Forded the rivers Aksi\* and Shaya\*,

5710 Then on their banks they travelled afar.  
 There they followed where waters weave  
 On these foothills herds could not leave,  
 So they went on towards Dzhai-Kël\*,  
 Scattered on Dzhai-Dëbë\* as well,  
 There got black tea from Kashgara!  
 Right to the stony-cliffed Kakshaal\*  
 They came at last, where the river flows.  
 Of this whole story alone Allah knows,  
 What is a lie here, and what is the truth.  
 Eight months in all it took them, forsooth!<sup>54</sup>

5720 'Twixt Andizhan and Kashgara,  
 Mid the mountains and hills afar,  
 Once can't see a plain anywhere.



- Many crests, steep-cliffed are there.  
 Nowhere could they find to go.  
 There dwelt Alo-oke, their great foe.  
 So for Manas no reason was there  
 To remain in the rarified air.  
 Eight months they'd travelled in peaceful style.
- 5730 Giving his folk a rest for a while,  
 'Twixt Andizhan and Kasgara,  
 There they scattered, near and far,  
 There the scurrying beasts they chased,  
 After them the huntsmen raced.  
 There they collected a goodly prey.  
 Then they saw settlements on Alai.  
 Just eight months they'd spent getting there.  
 Now for Manas, their bogatir,  
 Came the time to do battle again.
- 5740 Thirty-two years old - just the same.  
 All his bogatirs round him too -  
 Eighty-four knights, well-armed and true.  
 Where they turn, smoke and flames are seen.  
 Now their road runs through a ravine.  
 With his eighty thousand men,  
 With Jakib, his father, again,  
 Crossing the passes and mountain crests,  
 With his braves, and bold armoured chests -  
 For their steeds a most difficult way -
- 5750 Now they ride against Alo-oke.  
 Lands he had beside Andizhan.  
 When they arrived Manas marched in.  
 Bey Jakib sought pastures, not foes,  
 But ordered arrows be sharpened for bows.  
 In the ravine of Otuz-Adir,\*  
 In the hills by the road standing near,  
 Took pains to see that his herds were fed,  
 Drove his horses to water ahead,  
 In the Kara-Kuldzha\* to wade.
- 5760 Put up yurtas, and settlements made.  
 Then Manas all equipment prepared.  
 All his people with him declared:

- "Alo-oke, it seems, is our foe!"  
 So they got ready, and waited also...  
 Taking sixty good riders with him,  
 Then Manas went off hunting with them,  
 Over the high and snow-covered peaks,  
 Where the eye of man rarely seeks,  
 They among nature's pure delights,
- 5770 There on the rocky mountain heights,  
 All began to enjoy themselves then.  
 With their well-aimed arrows those men  
 All struck their prey nine times out of ten.  
 There were ranges with forests, not bare,  
 Tigers and leopards and lions lived there.  
 Everywhere they hunted them out.  
 Lion Manas knows what he's about!  
 Deer from behind the hillocks they shot,  
 Wild sheep they struck from a jutting spot.
- 5780 Just take a look how many they've got!  
 They surely made the young Khan glad!  
 Wild goats and stags, some who muskets had,  
 Tracked in the hills, where cliff-sides frown,  
 Scared the wild rams, and brought them down.  
 Having wounded some in the thighs,  
 Caught up and slew them, where hills arise.  
 Whooping and whistling they rode the height -  
 That made riders and steeds sweat all right!  
 Resting by night, and hunting by day,
- 5790 Over the hills and far away!  
 Nine days and nights in the open air,  
 Aiming and firing away, here and there,  
 Tracking down rams among hills and rills,  
 Smoke from their muskets the air then fills.  
 Counting the prey as all their own -  
 Take a look at these tracks unknown -  
 With satisfaction themselves they enjoyed,  
 Slept out at night while thus employed.  
 Cloven-foot game at choice they shot -
- 5800 That shows their courage, does it not?  
 Alo-oke, their mortal foe;



Healthy and strong, as most khans go,  
 They ignored - went hunting at that!  
 If that's not brave, may I fall flat!  
 Of an enemy starting a fray.  
 They took little heed, anyway!  
 Those brave warriors rode the heights,  
 Hunting his deer and sheep by rights!  
 Nine days now they've roamed these hills...  
 5810 Now let's leave them - they'll suffer no ills!..  
 Here is Khan Alo-okel!  
 What of him do we have to say?  
 Five thousand warriors he took,  
 And began all round to look.  
 By his side stood chief Kokand.  
 Alo-oke moved his folk from this land.  
 Lower down there lies Margelan\*.  
 There he gathered all men at hand,  
 Not one left who could ride a horse.  
 5820 Forty-four villages turned out in force.  
 Numberless men he took in charge.  
 Andizhan and Suzak are large.  
 There he gathered more men for a start.  
 It's of great interest, this part!  
 Andizhan's on the banks of Kërgart\*.  
 There the homes on each other rise  
 Up the cliff-face, towards the skies.  
 Window on window, wall on wall,  
 No earth is free, not one clot at all.  
 5830 With Dangits and Manguls it's full.  
 Up to five hundred thousand or so,  
 Wild Kitais he collected, you know.  
 And Kalmaks just teemed and streamed.  
 He told them all a strong foe, it seemed,  
 Had appeared and was roaming round.  
 There a town, Andaken, is found.  
 There nobody was left, not one.  
 Many had fathered a Kirghiz son.  
 Many there were Manguls, Kalmaks,

5840 And Dangils and Tirgoots in packs.  
 Unexpected he swooped on them,  
 Teits, Kipchaks, he took them then.  
 Told them "To your Kirghiz now go!"  
 Drove them west, and worked them woe.  
 To Dumars, and to Okchus  
 Further refuge did he refuse.  
 To Nogais and to Dëelës  
 Said "Clear out, you are a curse!"  
 Many of them went to Altai.  
 5850 Up to Allah arose their cry.  
 Only Katagans were left.  
 Soon they too of homes were bereft.  
 They were told "To Kirghiz now go!"  
 Driven out, with blow on blow...  
 Alo-oke raised banners of gold,  
 On their staffs a-fluttering bold.  
 Took five hundred thousand men -  
 That was the fate he laid for them.  
 Bogatirs, and strong young men,  
 5860 All he gathered together then.  
 "Go to Manas now, ride to him quick!"  
 Thus he ordered his knight, Tizelik,  
 Sent him as mediator to stand,  
 Saying: "Don't settle on my land!  
 Don't disturb my folk and their toil!  
 Don't attempt my rule to foil!  
 Don't any further stain my soil!  
 Clearly, from Esen-khan he ran.  
 Clearly, a lost and frightened man.  
 5870 Clearly, from Khan Kakan he ran.  
 Clearly, a rich but wasteful man.  
 Clearly, to save his life he ran.  
 What kind of land does he seek, and where?  
 I shall come, I shall find him there,  
 I shall come with my troops, at their head!  
 Or, let him bow to me, instead!  
 If we fight, then he'll get scared.



All my weapons and steeds are prepared.  
 I have five hundred thousand men.  
 5880 If I'm incensed, I'll destroy him then!  
 My folk number a million men -  
 Let him not stay without asking, then!  
 Why does he settle, unasked, round about?  
 What is he counting on, that find out!  
 Though he at once no reply may give,  
 Let him know that I'll let him live.  
 Of his defeat let him openly say,  
 Then I'll open to him the way!  
 Then I'll find him "a place to rest -"  
 5890 Only let him frankly confess!  
 Then I'll become his good friend, sincere.  
 Not for nothing did he come here!  
 Clearly, he's migrating, that's why,  
 But without his folk on Altai.  
 He has left his brothers behind.  
 No place to settle did he find.  
 Everywhere Kirghiz groan and shout -  
 Nobody wants to help them out.  
 Not a spot to pasture his horse.  
 5900 Those migrating turbans, of course,  
 In Kashgar have no right to be round;  
 In Kashgara though, at one time were found!  
 But because of turbanned Kirghiz,  
 Not one hair missing of mine there is!  
 Vainly, it seems, they live and die  
 Not one whisker of mine does fly!  
 Having loaded their camels up so,  
 Let them gather their strength and go.  
 Why has their settlement here begun?  
 5910 Why have they chosen our Andizhan?  
 If they from Escen-khan did not fly,  
 If from sheer fright they did not die,  
 Would any folk, if sane still it is,  
 Run in haste across Dzhildiz?"  
 Am I for them a worthless foe?  
 Or is it death which drives them so?

They have settled, unasked, on my land,  
 Troubled my people on every hand.  
 Not liking those in Beidzhin, all the same,  
 5920 Counting themselves dare-devils, they came.  
 To my land wide-spread Fergan;  
 To these haughty Kirghiz, as I am,  
 I shall appear before their eyes.  
 Given two heroes - as one I'll rise,  
 Finding none else my equal to be.  
 One huge elephant - that is me!  
 If there's one hero - that is I!  
 Let Manas come and see me, forby.  
 Let him respect my word profound!"  
 5930 Then he gathered his warriors round.  
 Thinking: "Maybe Manas will come soon!"  
 Scared, and gazing around the room,  
 Scaring the others, he spoke with them.  
 Much out of place he told them then.  
 Thus his messenger off he sent.  
 Putting on a bold face, he went.  
 Taking fifty knights, Tizelik  
 Forth for lion Manas went to seek.  
 To Jakib, in the foothills there  
 5940 His warm welcome began to declare.  
 With bogatir Tizelik at their head,  
 Only knights with him had sped.  
 To Jakib they all of them came,  
 And were greeted all the same.  
 Youngsters came and took their steeds,  
 Satisfied their travellers' needs.  
 Bowing, and crossing on breasts their hands,  
 While they waited, each visitor stands,  
 While they find places for them to sit.  
 5950 Nothing pleasant might come of it,  
 Judging by faces of those who had sped.  
 Having fed them, made ready their bed,  
 They did all, whatever they could -  
 Gave them the best of well-cooked food:  
 Six men they sent then with the news:



"To our camp have come our foes!"  
 For Manas, who was hunting then,  
 Off they set, six well-mounted men...  
 "I was asked to come, and be quick,  
 5960 So I must go soon!" said Tizelik.  
 "But Manas will be coming soon!"  
 So again they camped 'neath the moon.  
 Meanwhile the six came seeking Manas.  
 But they did not find him thus -  
 He was scouting round Ala-Too,  
 He was hunting for deer and doe.  
 Having reached a hilly height,  
 Lay in ambush, and shot on sight.  
 Then the deer flew off to the crest.  
 5970 Loudly he cried to all the rest:  
 "They have gone up there, on the crest -  
 Wait on this side - I'll do my best!"  
 At the top of his voice he had cried,  
 Only with hunting was occupied.  
 But that voice had echoed around,  
 So the six envoys Manas thus found,  
 Those whom Jakib to him had sent,  
 All rode up, tired out and spent,  
 Said: "Bogatir, we were sent to you.  
 5980 Listen with care, there's something new!  
 Hastily we have ridden here -  
 This is the news we want to make clear:  
 Alo-oke his knights to us sent.  
 Forty messengers slept in our tents.  
 Others, a numberless horde have come,  
 All round the town raised a buzz and a hum.  
 Envoys told us: 'If wise, you'll submit -  
 If you don't there's no help for it -  
 Saddle your steeds and ride, while free,  
 5990 To the place where the battle will be!  
 Yes, to our camp these messengers came!"  
 Thus, lost and hastily, they said again:  
 "Let's travel back, as quick as can be -  
 Tizelik's waiting there still, you see!"

Alo-oke, it seems, told these men:  
 'Bring Manas back to me quickly, then!'  
 All this so swiftly to him they said...  
 While a reply was still in his head,  
 On a ledge there, just down below,  
 6000 One long chain of deer passed so.  
 Running and leaping, alert, intent,  
 With big trembling bellies they went,  
 With their horns on each side bent,  
 Many harts and hinds there sped.  
 So, not absorbing what envoys said,  
 Bold Manas went after the deer,  
 Whipped up his steed, and the road was clear.  
 Smoke from Akkelte filled the air,  
 Rising in puffs of blue everywhere.  
 6010 On Akkula he went chasing there.  
 Having blocked the path of six deer,  
 There they all lay, their end was near.  
 That's how he galloped on his way.  
 There, nearby, a high pass lay,  
 And it's known at the present day  
 As the pass of Ming-Bugu\*,  
 Many cloven-hoofed creatures too,  
 'Twixt Andizhan and Kashgara,  
 On Ala-Too's high mount there are,  
 6020 As Ara-Tyuz\* once known, near and far.  
 Many wild beasts live here, they say.  
 But Arpa\* it is called today.  
 Many mounts 'twixt these places lie,  
 Many cliffs reach up to the sky,  
 Many ravines there are, indeed.  
 Mountain rams on the ledges feed.  
 All kinds of cloven-hoofed beasts are here,  
 And among them come herds of deer,  
 Dancing, prancing, sleek and slim -  
 6030 Who has not seen them, I pity him!  
 All kinds of trees as well grow here.  
 Unknown monsters from hell go here,  
 Dragons with tails like swords rest here,



- All kinds of beasts and birds nest here.  
 Leopards, and lions with wings are here,  
 All kinds of wonderful things are here,  
 Only hunters with snares aren't here.  
 Monstrous bow-legged bears dance here,  
 Griffons with scaly toes fly here,  
 6040 Man with a copper nose lives here.  
 Wooden man who sucks blood lives here,  
 All which grows from a bud lives here,  
 All kinds of snakes on earth live here,  
 Insects' buzzing from birth live here,  
 All fantastic wealth's found here,  
 Only man himself is not here...  
 Lion Manas, our bogatir,  
 He would love to come hunting here!  
 From the southern side of this nick,  
 6050 Lies a place called Ala-Kanchik.  
 Liking hunting on mountains high,  
 Lived Manas' uncle Bakai -  
 Mountain ram, as black as coal,  
 Much he had shot, upon the whole.  
 People later will think, maybe,  
 "Black mountain ram! Yes the first was he!  
 That's where the name comes from!" they'll say.  
 Well, shooting stags and does, anyway,  
 Meeting approval and clapping of hands,  
 6060 Shooting stags and black mountain rams,  
 Killing all kinds of filthy swine,  
 With his forty brave knights in line,  
 Bold Manas, best of bogatirs,  
 At the age of thirty-two years,  
 With happy blue-bird above his head,  
 Let him go on hunting yet,  
 In the mountains of Tien Shan.  
 We must leave him there, good man...  
 There is a Khan named Alo-oke...  
 6070 Listen, of him I've something to say.  
 Tizelik two nights had stayed,  
 But Manas, out hunting, delayed.

- Not a word in reply made he...  
 "Your son will not return, I see!  
 So upon you my spite falls free!  
 I shall tell Khan Alo-oke  
 That Manas did not come, anyway.  
 And I shall tell what you have told me.  
 You won't survive disasters-to-be.  
 6080 You will fall sadly and miserably!  
 When your maidens and women we rape,  
 Then you'll submit, not a sound will you make.  
 When all your women are taken and burned,  
 When all your wives into ashes are turned,  
 Then all the blood your faces will leave,  
 Then with a sigh you will bitterly grieve!  
 When your staff becomes a weak stick,  
 You won't forget about that so quick.  
 When of your yurta just lattice-work's left,  
 6090 Then of your folk you will be bereft.  
 When your felt roof will be torn away,  
 How will you not groan deep on that day?  
 How will not burn tunduks to make tea?  
 How will you not through swollen eyes see?  
 Made of iron, your own hearth-chain -  
 How will it not become horse-shoes again?  
 How will your necklace not trampled be?  
 How will your folk 'neath our heels then be?  
 How will you find some poor hole for your head?  
 6100 How will you bow to your Bey when he's dead?  
 In these days, to fight Alo-oke  
 You have not got the strength, anyway!  
 Your yurta roof-wheels will all be crashed,  
 Moslem Kalmaks will all be smashed,  
 Then, tormenting your folk you will go,  
 Then you will see, what still you don't know!  
 You can expect nothing good from us,  
 You must accept the very worst thus.  
 Where you freely grazed steeds on the moors,  
 6110 Wide Altai pastures no more will be yours.  
 Scattered and battered and rudely dispersed,



Then will Kazakhs and Kirghiz meet the worst.  
 Other Khans you o'erthrew in your hour,  
 But to resist this one - you've no power.  
 Pasha Alo-oke is no fool!  
 If he gathers the men 'neath his rule,  
 They won't be few, their numbers are great.  
 We know quite well what's your present state.  
 Give up the herds which you now drive -

6120 Pray to Allah that you may survive!  
 Those herds, indeed, will soon come to us.  
 You should be glad, if you survive thus!  
 You should rejoice that you won't be dead!"  
 Tizelik many words had said,  
 Now he thought he'd return instead.  
 Bey Jakib was alarmed, went red,  
 Thinking: "What kind of messenger came?"  
 He sent nine envoys riding again...  
 Fifty body-guards and Tizelik,

6130 Thinking that all their wits were quick,  
 Said they would go to Alo-oke,  
 All that they'd heard, to him would say.  
 Then, they thought, we'll come with our men,  
 All these yurtas we'll upset then,  
 Batter Kirghiz, and scatter them all,  
 Make them submit to Kitais, or fall.  
 Rob and grab everything we find,  
 Make them obey Manguls, our kind.  
 Thinking on them open war to make,

6140 Thinking all our braves they would take,  
 And would make them their serving-men,  
 Boasting of his bravery then,  
 Tizelik went on his way,  
 Back to Khan Alo-oke...  
 He, from five hundred thousand men,  
 From the strongest of them then,  
 Chose five hundred firm-spined toughs.  
 At head-quarters the drummer drubs,  
 Gathers together the bogatirs,

6150 Sharpest shooters, and fiercest with spears,  
 Leaders, before whom many would quake,  
 Well-known ones, where fame is at stake,  
 Eloquent ones, whose speech is wise,  
 Giant ones, of outstanding size,  
 Not the old, but the younger men,  
 Not the worst, but the best ones then.  
 Thus Khan Alo-oke prepares,  
 And to Laanat says his prayers.  
 Let him remain at devotions then...

6160 Having gathered unnumbered men,  
 Then he ordered the bell to be rung.  
 All who stood out among the throng  
 Called to himself, and envoys sent.  
 Many a flag flew on staff and tent.  
 Let them flutter and fly on their track!..  
 From Mandzhuria came a Kalmak -  
 Balkibek was the visitor's name.  
 To Margelan's famed market he came,  
 And, in short, to a cattle-bazaar:

6170 All his sheep he sold - there you are!  
 For them all full payment received.  
 In the crowd which around him weaved,  
 Heard the words which people repeat:  
 "Alo-oke will Manas defeat!"  
 Having received the fee for his flock,  
 Having heard the folk Manas mock,  
 Thought: "I shall go now to Andizhan,  
 That's a good place for a Kalmak man.  
 Balkibek then rode away -

6180 All he had seen he wanted to say  
 To bey Jakib, and thus to him spoke:  
 "I saw a multitude, numberless folk.  
 I saw there various warrior braves.  
 I saw there flocks which no pasture saves.  
 I saw the one they count sacred today -  
 I saw the Khan named Alo-oke.  
 I saw his army, which covered the lands,



I saw his braves which outnumber sands,  
 I saw him drive men like sheep, I might say,  
 6190 I saw that ruler named Alo-oke.  
 I saw a giant, with mace like a tree,  
 When he gets angry, a terror is he!  
 Then he might smite mount Ala-Too,  
 And if he does so to dust it will go.  
 And if he smites with his mace on stone,  
 Then sparks will fly, and not one alone!  
 I saw with these eyes of mine then how  
 That mighty army is gathering now.  
 I saw with these eyes of mine, in full  
 6200 One strong-man's club, as big as a bull!  
 I saw with these eyes of mine, I declare,  
 Those who like dragons stood menacing there.  
 I saw with these eyes of mine, I swear,  
 Those who strode challenging out on the square.  
 I saw with these eyes of mine, I must say,  
 Those who threatened Manas they would slay!  
 I saw with these eyes of mine, clear and free,  
 Those braves, once smitten, like curs then flee.  
 I saw with these eyes of mine, while there,  
 6210 Those who of all Kirghiz stood in fear.  
 What, bey Jakib, shall we do now?  
 We're in a difficult spot, somehow!  
 Alo-oke is a great Khan, all round.  
 Others, like him, among men are not found.  
 He has steel gates to his court,  
 I must say. Alo-oke's a grand Pasha today!  
 I think dissension will now begin,  
 That means a hindrance to us and to him.  
 He has a numerous army, that's clear,  
 6220 I think they'll suddenly fall on us here!  
 We shall be seized by the scruff of the neck!  
 Who then will ride, and seek without check,  
 Till our brave lion Manas is found?  
 If the Kitais stamp us in the ground,  
 We'll be a laughing-stock all round!  
 Who, then, will ride, and his bugle sound,

Find Manas, out shooting the deer?  
 If Khan Alo-oke beats us here,  
 We shall be mocked by the world, I'm sure.  
 6230 On the Urgun, Darba, and Amur,  
 If we were quietly living there,  
 God above only knows, I swear,  
 Would Esen-khan to attack us not dare?  
 People scattered, deprived of their share,  
 Only Allah, supreme and grand,  
 Knows how we could survive without land!  
 Alo-oke is such, it seems -  
 He has a host which with warriors teems.  
 If without any further delay  
 6240 He should descend on us today,  
 Clearly, difficult times will begin!"  
 Balkibek, who'd been and seen,  
 Told all this to many around.  
 Bey Jakib then an answer found.  
 "Devil take all these deers and does!  
 All that runs with cloven toes!  
 From my own ill-fated one,  
 From my own unfortunate son,  
 What can we expect anyway?  
 6250 If we are set on by Alo-oke  
 Enemies hide their spite from us,  
 And when we're migrating thus;  
 When we're tormented, no place to rest,  
 Alo-oke sends a frightening guest!  
 Six lads I sent our Manas to find.  
 Possible woes were in my mind.  
 I was worried for all of you,  
 So I sent out my sentries too.  
 We are living, it seems to me,  
 6260 In the shade of a wide plane-tree.  
 Saying: 'I'll tear off Manas' head!'

That padishah thought troubles were dead.  
 That Kitai heathen, Alo-oke,  
 Why does he pester my son, anyway?  
 Heathen braggart, with swollen head -



God will reward him when all is said!  
 Long before we migrated here,  
 My Manas meditated, it's clear,  
 Something or other was on his mind.  
 6270 Nothing will happen till him I find!  
 He went off hunting, as inclined.  
 Nothing will happen till him I find!  
 Don't expect anything till I do!  
 So said Jakib, and made ready too.  
 Ularboz he then bestrode.  
 To the high mountain then he rode,  
 Heavily seated upon his horse.  
 On each crest he shouted, of course.  
 No little distance away, I fear,  
 6280 Shouting back, while hunting deer,  
 Dashes his highly excited son.  
 Echoes 'cross craggy mountains run.  
 There is a spot called Besh-Bugu\*,  
 Having caught sight of a deer or two,  
 They were calling both high and low.  
 People came out, and ran to and fro.  
 "Stay, my son!" Jakib then cried.  
 Hastily cantered up to his side.  
 "Setting traps and snares for you,  
 6290 Now Khan Alo-oke comes in view!  
 And upon your father again  
 He's heaped up unendable pain.  
 Fifty messengers he has sent,  
 Scouts to seek out our people's bent.  
 Saying: "Don't befoul my land!  
 If you spread horse-shit on every hand,  
 Then your flocks I'll smash and despoil,  
 And in my service your sons will toil.  
 In my army your knights will stay.  
 6300 Don't spread yourselves on my land, I say!  
 And don't come near my people too!  
 If you come swarming like locusts do,  
 Soldiers I'll make of all your men,  
 And they'll serve me as footmen then.

Otherwise, I'll poke out their eyes!  
 Think of what I say, and be wise:  
 Let your leader Manas come to me,  
 One of my riders he can be!  
 So said the envoy of Alo-oke.  
 6310 What will you do? You must act today!  
 You, my son, must be prepared!  
 I admit that I am scared.  
 I'm losing hope that I'll survive!"  
 Thus moaned Jakib, only half alive.  
 With Bakai and others about,  
 Following does and reindeer out,  
 Off went Manas, through thicket and glade.  
 No reply to his father he made.  
 Seemingly not having heard what he said,  
 6320 And not answering, off he sped!  
 Did not ask "What's that you say?"  
 Off to the bushes he made his way.  
 Does and reindeers off he drove  
 To a cliff, where they could not move.  
 Then, having shot them, they took a rest...  
 While they stood upon the crest,  
 Bey Jakib galloped up, with a call.  
 But they were scattering, one and all.  
 Only Manas, their leader stood near,  
 6330 Masters of hunting, that was clear,  
 They'd learned the art of shooting deer...  
 Full of many a care and fear,  
 Old majestic Jakib appears -  
 He has wet his beard with his tears.  
 He in thoughts was lost on Altai.  
 What ideas in his head chased by!  
 With all his heart at Bar-Kël was he.  
 Tears from his eyes were falling free.  
 Though he now was settling here,  
 6340 Still Andizhan did not stand out clear.  
 In hard times his comrades then  
 Weren't Tirgoots, the local men.  
 Though his forebears had lived here too,



This was not Ala-Kël\*, -- which he knew.  
 These great mountains through which he rode  
 Were not pastures where once he strode.  
 Fitting in with his worthiness too,  
 Manly Mandzhis were missing, or few...  
 Then Jakib cried out, dismayed --  
 6350 All Manas' comrades he stayed.  
 Here is Bakai, Ainakul as well --  
 All he stopped, including Kirgil.  
 When he saw him stop them there,  
 He thought: "What's father doing here,  
 Following me from place to place?  
 Can't he wait till I end this chase?  
 There he stood silent, just watching them.  
 Like a camel Jakib roared then:  
 "You whom I waited when fifty years old,  
 6360 When of a child my thoughts had grown cold,  
 When I waited, and many tears shed,  
 When I felt myself almost dead,  
 When I wept for you, nothing loth,  
 When I kept for myself a white cloth,  
 When I was ready to quit life whole,  
 Then I thought: "I've lived with no foal!"  
 Then I thought: "My life is all done!"  
 Then I saw you, when all hope was gone!  
 Then I had you, as my son and heir!  
 6370 Then I found comfort, when life was bare!  
 To poor Jakib, who begged at God's gate,  
 You were given by Allah the great.  
 You are my hope in my aging years,  
 You are my strut and stay in all fears.  
 You are support for me, if I should trip.  
 You are a prop for me, if I should slip.  
 You have filled me with torment and fears,  
 You have condemned your father to tears.  
 Why did you leave the land where you're bred?  
 6380 What other plans do you have in your head?  
 Or have you hidden from us deadly spite?  
 In the Altai you grew, my delight!

On many heads here you've brought down woe,  
 Therefore, it seems, we're here hated so!  
 From immemorial times Andizhan --  
 That is the place where your forebears began.<sup>55</sup>  
 In the Altai we have fought, alas!  
 Devil take this multitude mass!  
 Now to and fro, a-fighting we fly --  
 6390 Better for us to have stayed in Altai!  
 Here we have Kalmak tribe -- Kangai.  
 Here, however hard we may try,  
 We can't get used to Turkestan.  
 I've seen the folk who took that land.  
 I've seen some threatening warriors too,  
 Who simply will not let us through.  
 Alo-oke his messenger sent,  
 Fifty advisers on him were spent.  
 That Tizelik told Alo-oke --  
 6400 "I did not kill their forebear Nogoil!  
 That was the name of their forebear grand.  
 Those who had settled upon my land,  
 That Kirghiz, Jakib, I would say,  
 Seems to have found an easy way!  
 Since he has come to the land I rule,  
 Let him take counsel with us, he's no fool!  
 If, deprived of his power, let's say,  
 He is not vexed -- then let him stay.  
 If, deprived of his power, let's say,  
 6410 He starts no frays -- then let him stay.  
 Then Manas as hostage I'll take,  
 And my obedient servant shall make!  
 Fifty envoys to us sent he,  
 Thus condemned us to misery!  
 All his army, kept ready, he feeds.  
 Six hundred thousand men he leads!  
 I shall agree what I've never agreed,  
 I shall try out the untried, indeed!  
 Many various methods I'll try.  
 6420 Those Kirghiz who flout me shall die!  
 I shall beat them to dust and ash!



Those Kirghiz who sieze land and clash,  
 Back to Altai I shall drive them then!"  
 Those were his words," said messenger-men.  
 "He has collected his army now,  
 Filling the Anderzhan vale, I vow!  
 There his warriors cover the land,  
 Just like numberless grains of sand.  
 'For these few Kirghiz,' said that beast,  
 6430 'We shall arrange a regular feast!'  
 Alo-oke sent these envoys, it seems,  
 Just as part of his future schemes.  
 I, your father, fell in despair.  
 Now I stand bolder beside you here.  
 Now our Kirghiz seem a relative few -  
 Khan's words trouble me deep, it's true!  
 Now, my lad, just open your mind!  
 Alo-oke a live threat I find,  
 Back to Altai to go I'm inclined!"  
 6440 So said Jakib, to return resigned.  
 Lion Manas heard his father out,  
 Calm and quiet, without any doubt.  
 This young man, far-famed and revered,  
 Has a lengthy, quiver-like beard,<sup>56</sup>  
 And moustaches like daggers, much feared.  
 If in anger he looks at you,  
 Fury within his eyes blazes through,  
 Like a fire, by the bellows blown.  
 No easy smile can he call his own,  
 6450 As for laughter - it's scarcely known,  
 In a deep bass voice he booms,  
 And his power like a mountain looms.  
 At his father Jakib he looked,  
 And with anger his face went crooked.  
 First his left cheek shivered sharp,  
 Then his right cheek quivered dark,  
 Then he grinned, that bogatir,  
 Wagged his whiskers, ear to ear:  
 "Where have you been squatting about?"

6460 Then he asked in a lively shout-  
 "Comrades mine, who were hunting with me,  
 Go and find the others!" said he.  
 "When you've got together again,  
 Straightway return to me, that's plain!..  
 There is a crest named Otuz-Adir\*,"  
 Bey Jakib had his settlement there.  
 That's where his father led them then,  
 And Manas' mood changed again.  
 Soon as he got there, by hook or crook,  
 6470 He took on a bold lion's look.  
 Terrible as a dragon was he!  
 Bowing to Allah, low as could be,  
 People around, from every side,  
 Three days and more, to him they ride.  
 All his fighters collected there -  
 Four hundred thousand of them there were,  
 To their host every one came here,  
 To the valley of Otuz-Adir.  
 To the banks of the river Këgart\*,  
 6480 Everyone came to play their part.  
 How many famous fighters were there!  
 All the forty chieftains were there!  
 Elder men, like Kirgil and Bakai,  
 Younger men, like Koldur's Chalibai,  
 And that joker, young Adzhibai,  
 All bogatirs were therem banners high,  
 And Madzhik, from the Kara-Tokos\*,  
 Son of Kambar, Chalik, with those,  
 All experienced fighters of foes,  
 6490 Eighty-four fusiliers in rows.  
 Turn where you will - red fires were alight,  
 Four out of five had banners, all bright.<sup>57</sup>  
 Turn where you will, the flags flew free  
 Stately chieftains with pennants you see..  
 Differing from others in their rank -  
 Forty chiefs' crimson flags on the bank.  
 Differing from others in what they do,



Also in just how they do it too!  
 Sharp-brained Manas, their padishah,  
 6500 Leads all his lions, and there you are!  
 Thinking: "Where, then, is Alo-oke?"  
 From passing folk he asked his way.  
 Thinking; "I'll kill him, if he comes here!  
 We suffer all, if he is severe.  
 We shall die, if we're doomed to die!  
 Then Oirot bogatirs drew nigh.  
 At a wide river, which flowed nearby,  
 All their warriors, gathering there,  
 Waited to hear the charge bugles blare.  
 6510 Brave bogatirs swept, spears in the air.  
 But Bakai and Manas held them back.  
 They both thought on another track.  
 Fighting Kitais just teemed and streamed,  
 Black-capped Kalmaks and Manguls all screamed,  
 Like black worms and snakes they swarmed.  
 Then Manas a counter-force formed.  
 When Kitais saw their threatening look,  
 Heathen forces their ranks forsook.  
 Humped-up backs of bogatirs,  
 6520 All dressed in steel, aroused their fears.  
 Horses they have - just fly on wings!  
 Sprites they are - unearthly things!  
 Shots go flying five miles or more -  
 That's what their fusiliers are for!  
 Arrows which cover and smother our men,  
 If you wanted a quiver for them,  
 It must be big as the bowels of a mare.  
 "Swift-footed steeds, they sweep through the air,  
 Like a storm-wind which blows on us!"  
 6530 Black-capped Kalmaks began thinking thus.  
 "No good boasting our numbers are great!"  
 Hearts went tight, no blood in spate.  
 And Manguls, observing them too,  
 Heads went dizzy, and nought could they do.  
 And Kitais, wherever they'd been,  
 Never before such boldness had seen.

They all asked: "Is Manas then here?  
 And the answer began to fear.  
 "Sheathe your swords, and strike them not!  
 6540 Are they lions, or tigers, or what?  
 If your Manas is really here,  
 Then his advisers are good, that's clear."  
 Fearing his fury, they then held back.  
 Seeing his strength, they changed their track,  
 Stood aside, left an open space.  
 Thus that host, which no eye could embrace,  
 Ceased resistance, for him made way...  
 There stood the fortress of Alo-oke,  
 Where the vale Margelan runs through,  
 6550 Near the river called Kara-Su.  
 At the end of great Andizhan,  
 Where some spurs stick out like a fan,  
 Spikes of the mountains Arabanti\*,  
 Alo-oke's vast court you see -  
 Huge sums of wealth had there been spent,  
 That's where mountains of money went.  
 Unassailable iron fence there,  
 Priceless treasures, beyond compare.  
 There you may find the coconut tree,  
 6560 All that you wish for there will be.  
 Apples and various nuts are there,  
 Persimmons too, and figs are there.  
 For the one who goes there too,  
 All his cherished dreams come true.  
 There are pistachios, greengages, plums,  
 All amazing each one who comes.  
 Grapes are scattered there all round.  
 Many surprising things are found.  
 Not letting this distract his eye,  
 6570 See how lion Manas goes by.  
 Riding on to find Alo-oke!  
 But he's gone for a rest today.  
 Strolling his garden, it seems, he went.  
 There he has a throne and a tent,  
 There, as a padishah proud set he -



Flowers of eighty kinds could see.  
 From every side the songsters sound,  
 Trills of nightingales spread all round.  
 Birds were chirping, calling away,  
 6580 Birds were chattering all the day.  
 There in the bushes sang thrushes too,  
 Streams went rippling, trickling through.  
 One might weep here, if sad of soul -  
 Thousands of blossoms would make him whole.  
 Sweetly chanted the blackbirds brave,  
 Greater content than riches they gave.  
 Peacocks strutted, trailing their tails,  
 And the parrot, who never fails,  
 Raises a laugh with his human speech.  
 6590 Frogs croak in pools, as reeds they reach.  
 Hearing this, seeing this, one was amazed.  
 Cuckoos recited their note, double-phased.  
 Never repeating the pattern or hue,  
 Flowers shed fragrance and petals too.  
 Alo-oke, it seems, nought forgot -  
 All found its useful place on that plot.  
 Even more than those smaller things,  
 There were others, which gave thoughts wings.  
 Some had names, and some had not -  
 6600 Seven slim leopards, with many a spot,  
 Many strange beasts, intended for fun,  
 Alo-oke kept there on the run.  
 He had a lion, hand-fed, and tame.  
 Any careless stranger who came,  
 It would soon send beyond death's door.  
 One of his monsters, furthermore,  
 Ninety tigers would equal in strength.  
 He had snakes of enormous length.  
 Kept for occasions, used when due,  
 6610 He had eleven black elephants too.  
 Sabre-tailed panthers he had as well.  
 Red-headed bear there also did dwell.  
 He had an ape, a gorilla there too.  
 He had a griffon, on wings it flew.

Tigress with thirteen cubs lived there.  
 He had a creature, half-woman, half-bear.  
 He had another, half-man, half-horse.  
 He had a unicorn there, of course.  
 He had scores of were-wolves as well,  
 6620 More precisely I just can't tell.  
 What a menagerie he had there!  
 Pumas and jackals too, I swear.  
 He had a camel without a hump,  
 And a baboon with a naked rump.  
 All which in the world could be found,  
 There were seen as they ran around.  
 All that he heard of he gathered in,  
 So we must say a good word for him.  
 He had a pool there, large as a lake,  
 6630 Fish of gold there, make no mistake!  
 Alo-oke took good counsel too.  
 He had a wizard, who everything knew!  
 In the pond there, large as a lake,  
 There was a sheat-fish, make no mistake!  
 Sixty arm-spans long was he!  
 In the wild beasts' menagerie,  
 There were sixty wild onagri.  
 Nightingales round sang their melody.  
 In the dale were these wonders found.  
 6640 There was a fortified wall all round.  
 He kept there, though far from tame,  
 Something which bore a dragon's name.  
 Who knows what is true, what a lie?  
 But they say it came down from the sky,  
 Given by Allah to Alo-oke.  
 Four hundred arm-spans in length, they say.  
 Thirty miles or more away  
 Sees a man, and draws him to slay.  
 Then he swallows him whole as well!  
 6650 Listen, I've something more to tell!  
 Alo-oke, it seems, had made tame  
 One huge bird with one wing, which came.  
 He had named it Ogërëk\*.



Others, though, called it Kazilik...  
 Still about all one has not seen.  
 There's no need to go on, I ween.  
 Having tamed mountain rams and goats,  
 He bred thousands with woolly coats.  
 Who else does such unusual things?

6660 To his menagerie he brings  
 Hundreds of deer he's tamed as well.  
 Half-a-day's journey, truth to tell,  
 From one end to the other, they say,  
 He has cleared bumps and clumps away.  
 People who see it are lost in amaze,  
 Stand and gasp at it, in a daze.  
 There too, four wild camels he keeps,  
 Twenty black flying snakes, in heaps.  
 On such wonders, such mystery,

6670 Well, just look for yourselves, and see!  
 One has just not the power to say  
 All the secrets of Alo-oke.  
 One can't comprehend in one's mind  
 All that's told of him, I find.  
 How can one know what's made up, what's truth.  
 Singers have sung of it all, forsooth!  
 Leaders arrive, their orders take.  
 Back to their troops their way they make.  
 Very majestic, among all those,

6680 When to his garden the Pasha goes,  
 Then six hundred long trumpets blow,  
 All around them the echoes flow.  
 Then the fife's begin to whine -  
 Everything in the garden's fine!  
 Up to a hundred thousand braves.  
 Over each squad a banner waves,  
 And the peaks of the pikes are ashine!  
 People who see such a threatening line  
 Then decide to keep well away.

6690 Pipes and flutes start whistling gay,  
 Bugles blow and waken the day.

One brazen drum starts drubbing away  
 With its cover of elephant-hide.  
 If one beats it, far and wide  
 Fly the echoes to Margelan.  
 It's as round as three arm-spans.  
 If you hear it, then run away,  
 Or you'll be deaf till your dying day.  
 It's three arm-spans round and about.

6700 Look at it now, as the drummer comes out.  
 Taking a club-stick, big as a pot,  
 Which, when needed, the strong-man has got,  
 Then he'll beat on the drum a great blow...  
 Down the shaky old houses will go!  
 Fall to bits from the thunderous noise.  
 When the drummer his club-stick employs,  
 Beasts fall down, and people beside.  
 At a distance of six days' ride  
 That great rumbling roar can be heard.

6710 Then, all at once, the troops are stirred.  
 Then Türgöts collect as due,  
 Alo-oke, from Kitai tribe Mängyu,  
 Thought to himself: "Manas will come!  
 We must be ready, prepared every one!"  
 Six hundred thousand warriors then,  
 Putting fear into other men;  
 Started marching, first here, then there,  
 Giving many old folk a scare.  
 Five or six dogs, as big as bulls,

6720 Each loudly howls, on his lead-strap pulls.  
 In his garden, Alo-oke  
 Raised one enormous white marquee.  
 Four hundred viziers were sitting there,  
 Chiefs who came from everywhere.  
 Those whose middle fingers were strong,  
 Like a youngsters forearm, as long,  
 Those whose forearms were fatter still,  
 Like huge cauldrons, which cookers fill.  
 Those whose powers are on the boil,



6730 Finding no others who them can foil,  
 Those who have the neck of a bull,  
 Those whose breath, exhaled to the full,  
 Blows like wind from Ulu-Bel\*,  
 Those who have elephant skins as well,  
 Those whose breasts are high and wide,  
 Like some swollen-up mountain side,  
 Those who like camels in winter frost,  
 Grind their teeth, with heads up-tossed,  
 Those who spit from their upper lip,  
 6740 Make people think: "I'll give him the slip!"  
 Those who are kept on the bridle tight,  
 Those whose eyes like fires shine bright -  
 Such are his ninety huge strong-men.  
 Anyone daring to fight with them  
 Will be shattered, and scattered about.  
 Now they're in such good form, no doubt,  
 That they'll let nobody throw them down.  
 Six spell-binders have come from town,  
 Those who know all six years ahead.  
 6750 Holding at least six thousand, all said,  
 This cool marquee stands there on view.  
 Sitting on war-horses, racing-steeds too,  
 Twelve thousand knights, who know no fear,  
 Form the guard for head-quarters here.  
 Here on his throne sits Alo-oke,  
 As if in all the wide world today  
 He will not anywhere find defeat.  
 Then straight towards him, going to meet,  
 Here strides then Manas, our bogatir.  
 6760 Let us describe him as he comes here.<sup>58</sup>  
 Right from the start let us begin -  
 He had eighty-four knights with him.  
 Where'er you turn, their flames blaze red.  
 Four out of five bear banners ahead.  
 Where'er you turn, their flames blaze here,  
 Dark-striped flag, and smooth white spear.  
 And, as if on his bent arm hung,

There was his dragon, his snake's forked tongue.  
 Crawling behind him, it never fails...  
 6770 Grey wolves followed, with naked tails.  
 Knights rode after the bearded brave -  
 On to victory, or the grave!  
 From the heavens, protecting him,  
 Alpkarakush\*, spreading wide its wing,  
 Stretched its claws, till ready to crack.  
 Then a white camel, with head all black,  
 Came from hiding, prepared to attack,  
 Shook its black head, and then went back,  
 On the right side, into hiding thus.  
 6780 Then there appeared before Manas,  
 One huge tiger, black-striped and grim,  
 Forty Chiltens, who protected him,  
 His companions in time of need,  
 One in the form of a dragon, indeed,  
 One a leaping leopard became,  
 One a lion, with streaming man,  
 And with these, his eighty-four braves -  
 Each could fill hundreds of enemy graves!  
 One Chiltan a vulture became,  
 6790 And, as if wisening his prey to claim,  
 Stretched his claws over Alo-oke.  
 Then another, as tiger made way -  
 Black-striped coat, and tail like a wheel,  
 If you attacked him, his teeth you'd feel!  
 Forty Chiltens, his companion folk,  
 Of Manas' cleverness spoke.  
 Those who spoke of him ill, soon died.  
 Alo-oke, it seems, was sharp-eyed.  
 From the distance a glance he took,  
 6800 Having seen Manas' grim look,  
 He was very impressed and surprised...  
 On ahead his vanguard rides.  
 Twenty sharp-shooting bold bogatirs,  
 Comrades of his, who knew no fears,  
 Tigers who pounce and never miss aim,  
 Ready to shoot wherever they came,



Raising their muskets shoulder-high,  
 Bringing the sights in line, by eye,  
 They drew a bead on Alo-oke.

6810 All moved together - ready were they.  
 In his rear yet twenty more then,  
 That's his rear-guard, all valorous men;  
 Threatening spear, with smooth white shaft,  
 All of them ready, and full of craft!  
 They could deafen you with their din!  
 On his right, yet twenty more then,  
 All of them tried and tested men.  
 They had their sabres ready, as planned,  
 Ready to hew you down on the land,

6820 Each raised his sabre in his right hand,  
 Eyes seemed ready to pop out then!  
 On his left, yet twenty more men -  
 Each for the foe a were-wolf wild.  
 Each had arrows, fat as a child,  
 Ready to shoot from a well-bent bow,  
 Furious as the winds that blow,  
 Each with a shaft on taut-stretched string,  
 Ready to swoop on anything...  
 For many orders well-prepared,

6830 Nearby stood six commisionaires.  
 Akkula in the centre was led.  
 Twelve chiefs took the horse ahead.  
 Seven body-guards, each on his steed,  
 Loudly cried: "Clear the road! Take heed!"  
 Drums were beating, made the earth dance,  
 Thundering out like an evalanche,  
 Like some lake, astir in its depth,  
 Rumbling, stumbling, on they stepped,  
 People who saw them shook in dread,

6840 Simply astounded, lost their head.  
 Lion Manas the straight path took,  
 And, not enduring his menacing look,  
 That great Pasha, Alo-oke,  
 From his throne then hastened away,  
 Went to Manas, his greetings to say,

Gave him his hand, and led him aside,  
 Where a private tent he'd supplied,  
 Specially for Manas placed there.  
 Giving a peneirating stare,

6850 Seeing his features stern and severe  
 Alo-oke was deeply amazed:  
 Eyes - hot coals, and lashes blazed.  
 Words he spoke flew out like a shot.  
 Like him another there was not.  
 If he looked sharp, it took your breath,  
 Like Asrail, the angel of death.  
 Lashes flashed like points of swords,  
 When he uttered burning words.  
 In one man there were found ten,

6860 Strength of a hundred trained strong-men.  
 He had the head of a tiger wild.  
 He had a heart of granite styled.<sup>59</sup>  
 Spine was strong, elephantine his arms.  
 Nose was straight, red eyes raised alarms.  
 Brows were bent, and poison his words.  
 Well-kept beard, and moustaches like swords.  
 If he grew angry, with fury grand,  
 No folk on earth before him could stand.  
 Large red mouth, and eyes deep-set.

6870 Wrathful, he looks more terrible yet!  
 None could survive, if he attacked.  
 Righteous anger he never lacked.  
 He was wise, no malice in him.  
 He was good, though he looked so grim.  
 Things he said the people recalled.  
 Alo-oke saw him, as stone-walled.  
 If he shot, or pierced with his spear,  
 People shuddered from pain and fear.  
 Woe to the one who battled with him!

6880 His chance of living was very slim!  
 He who met him in fray, face to face,  
 Would not return to his former place.  
 He who started to struggle with him  
 Never succeeded - his eyes grew dim...



Alo-oke, when he saw what a man -  
 Then to ponder his fate began...  
 "I will not brush with him!" he said,  
 "I will not touch a hair of his head!  
 I will not make my soul grow dim!  
 6890 I will not try to wrestle with him!  
 I will not doom myself to weep.  
 In my menagerie lions I keep.  
 If a thousand offenders I drive  
 Into that place, they won't survive.  
 They will be torn to pieces there,  
 Quicker than food I might prepare.<sup>60</sup>  
 Then the most terrible monster is there,  
 Strongest of all of them, I declare.  
 If, by chance, Kirghiz wish to see -  
 6900 Let them look, no return there'll be!  
 I'll take them there, and then shall see  
 When the leopards devour them!" thought he.  
 "To the cattle they've left behind,  
 Then my way I can peacefully find!"  
 Such were the thoughts of Alo-oke.  
 "I'd like to see your menagerie!"  
 So said Manas, quite naturally.  
 There, where there's no return went he.  
 There, where the Khan invited them,  
 6910 Followed him then his eighty-four men.  
 There were the tigers lying around,  
 Howling and growling, many were found.  
 Prowling and scowling behind the steel,  
 Others saw every man as a meal.  
 Then at him they took a good look,  
 Then the grating in fury shook,  
 Waiting to spring, their teeth let him feel,  
 Then they began to gnaw the steel.  
 Having no power to tear with a paw,  
 6920 Having no power to reach what they saw,  
 Having leapt and swept in fierce style,  
 Then they quietened down for a while,  
 But when another man came in view,

They began sweeping and leaping anew.  
 But every time on the bars they beat,  
 Never had chance to seize their meat.  
 Having beaten their heads on the bars,  
 They retreated, some seeing stars.  
 Leopard Manas went on as before,  
 6930 Thought for a moment, then opened the door.  
 "Though they all had a thousand lives,  
 Yet, from me, not one survives!"  
 Saying so, he let them outside.  
 Tigers at once began to hide.  
 None of them dared to make an attack,  
 None at the front, and none at the back.  
 So he caught one or two, as he list,  
 Started to give their tails a good twist.  
 They all cowered before him there,  
 6940 All submissive to one bogatir!  
 Yes, not tigers alone, but all there.  
 So that day it became quite clear  
 That there was no further barrier here.  
 Not the boldest of those wild beasts  
 Glance at those eighty-four men, at least.  
 At Agaluk, the menagerie chief,  
 He from whom their food they receive,  
 He who always brought them relief,  
 Hungry tigers at once made a leap,  
 6950 Sunk their teeth in a human heap.  
 And Agaluk to pieces they tore.  
 Nothing was left of him, what's more.  
 Having seen this, then Alo-oke  
 Lost his senses, and swooned away.  
 His great monster griffin, he saw,  
 Raised not against Manas one paw!  
 Then he prayed, when all became plain,  
 That he might live, and find peace again.  
 None of the beasts made the slightest move,  
 6960 None his strength on Manas would prove.  
 They merely stood, at each other they gazed,  
 Leopards, and lions, and tigers, amazed.



All the same, great danger was there.  
 Nonetheless, not one, I declare,  
 Raised a paw, or unsheathed a claw,  
 'Gainst Manas and his men at all!  
 Forty kinds of beasts there were,  
 Monsters covered in shaggy fur,  
 But no signs of hostility -

6970 Bold Manas walked among them free!  
 Not one touched him, as I say,  
 Having seen this, then Alo-oke  
 Fell into the depths of dismay.  
 "Let us show him the dragon beside!"  
 From afar to his servants he cried.  
 Thinking: "Maybe he'll swallow him?"  
 That's what he wished, but hope was dim.  
 But lion Manas strode forward again,  
 Seized the dragon by its mane,

6980 Then began to heave and strain...  
 Dragged the dragon free, with pride.  
 People standing round outside  
 In their cellars began to hide.  
 They were all struck down by fear.  
 Being at freedom, the dragon here  
 Gave a deafening shriek, so bold,  
 Mountain asses, out in the fold,  
 Reared and plunged, and eyeballs rolled.  
 To the Padishah's fortress then

6990 Crawled the serpent-dragon again.  
 Meanwhile that same Alo-oke,  
 Thinking of Manas, by the way,  
 Asked "What kind of man is he say -  
 All the wild beasts and birds of prey  
 Do not harm him at all, I see.  
 Who has created him so?" said he.  
 Thoughts of death came to Alo-oke.  
 Life became harder in every way...  
 Meanwhile the dragon crawled to his lair.

7000 Even a man on horseback from there  
 Could not be seen from that deep rut,

From that furrow the dragon cut  
 There a great hollow formed where he went.  
 To the mount Sok\* his steps he bent.  
 There he is in his burrow deep.  
 Thus the name "Burrow" this mount does keep.  
 Six hundred thousand warriors bold  
 Alo-oke had collected of old.

When he thought that he'd have to fight,  
 7010 Then, having seen this unusual sight,  
 Even his name he almost forgot.  
 Then he thought: "Full strength I have not.  
 Even if I had millions of men,  
 That Manas I should not defeat then.  
 To exchange shots with him I fear.  
 Even if I bring half the world here,  
 All the same, I should suffer defeat!  
 Better that I should bow when we meet,  
 No longer charge and challenge him so,

7020 Though I have conquered full many a foe!  
 I won't be blamed for vainly-split blood!  
 I shall retreat, as a wise man should!  
 I shall get no peace if I stay!  
 I shall save my own life, anyway!  
 I shall go off to Kakan, that's grand!  
 Turkestan, that is Naiman's land.  
 I do not wish to be found here still.  
 If I so wish not to do myself ill,  
 Into Kaspan, to the city Tungsha,

7030 I shall escape, that is better by far!  
 Thus deeply pondered Khan Alo-oke.  
 "I shall think over this every day!"  
 No matter what he was thinking about,  
 He still was searching to find a way out.  
 Then he called lion Manas to his side:  
 "Maybe you'll stay with us tonight?"  
 He, not considering friend or foe,  
 Bold he was, but careful - not so!  
 Trusting his courage, the truth to tell.



7040 Occupied much with himself as well.  
 He then replied: "Tonight here we'll rest!"  
 Alo-oke, to prepare for his guest,  
 Ordered that usual arrangements be made.  
 Each tall poplar has its own shade.  
 Lion Manas, majestically staid,  
 Has his own comrade, brilliant Serek.  
 "Leopard Manas! You must keep a check,  
 If you remain the Khan's guest!" he said.  
 "Or great misfortune will fall on your head!"  
 7050 Don't eat his dishes, or you'll soon be dead!  
 Take his cattle and slay them now,  
 Boil the meat by yourself, somehow,  
 Satisfy hunger alive, not dead!"  
 Quite in agreement with what was said  
 Brave Bakai, and Abake  
 Took their tribute to Alo-oke.  
 Six fat mares, and four fat bulls,  
 Ten head of cattle, according to rules,  
 Some of the fattest of theirs they chose,  
 7060 And for themselves kept eight of those.  
 Having slain those eight fat beasts,  
 Eighty-four travellers there, at least,  
 Satisfied their hunger indeed.  
 To the Kalmaks who served their need,  
 They presented a few left heads.  
 Other Kitais went off to their beds.  
 Then the Kirghiz laid down to sleep.  
 By the laws which they had to keep  
 Adzhibai arose with the dawn,  
 7070 Called them to prayers at early morn.  
 Having heard his call to prayer,  
 All arose who found themselves there.  
 Taking with him six serving-men,  
 Alo-oke appeared just then,  
 And went in to lion Manas,  
 Bowed before him and then spoke thus:  
 "It may be true that I'm your foe,  
 Still I beg you for mercy, though.  
 Spare my life, for I'm old, alack!"  
 7080 I have decided not to attack!  
 I have decided that peace I prefer.

I have looked round, seen things as they are.  
 For further fighting no power remains,  
 For further conflict no strength one gains.  
 I see my error, and pardon I crave.  
 My heart is troubled, I'm nearing my grave.  
 No matter what — I take your word still —  
 I can no longer oppose your will.  
 So I beg you, show mercy to me.  
 7090 From Tangshan and Andzhi-Mandzhi\*,  
 I see no hope of support, anyhow.  
 All my courage has left me now.  
 It is the truth I tell, and no lie.  
 No further will to quarrel have I.  
 On this soil of Andizhan  
 If you'll permit, I'll find place if I can.  
 If you do not, then further I'll go,  
 Hoping to find a refuge so.  
 If you permit, then here I'll remain.  
 7100 I will submit, and not fight again.  
 If you say "Go!" then I'll go in peace.  
 If you say "Stay!" then I'll keep my place.  
 I say this now for all to hear,  
 I'll not go back on my word, never fear.  
 If you say so, your subject I'll be.  
 If you say no, then goodbye to me!  
 If on white faces red blood-stains show,  
 If from fine eyes the tear-drops flow,  
 Who'll be responsible for those fears?  
 7110 Who'll be responsible for those tears?  
 If I should strike, my death draws nigh.  
 This I now say, no regrets have I.  
 You, Manas, are a lion, it appears,  
 And the look in your eyes one fears.  
 There one sees the arrows of death.  
 There one sees one's final breath.  
 I have no power to conquer you.  
 I have no power to see it through.  
 If I say "I'll not leave lands of mine!"  
 7120 For such a squabble it would not be time!"  
 If you're magnanimous, let me live.  
 If you're not, then your order give,  
 And I shall have to go away.



If you show respect, then I'll stay.  
 If you do not, there's no more to say —  
 Then I must go, and not start a fray.  
 From all this here I then must part.  
 That, I fear, would just break my heart.  
 That would be worse than death alone.  
 7130 I am deprived of my crown and throne.  
 All opposition to you falls through.  
 Luck and success accompany you!"  
 Alo-oke had no power to resist.  
 None at Manas would dare shake a fist.  
 Placing all hope in his worthy soul,  
 Then he prayed for deliverance whole.  
 Then he prayed that his life would be spared.  
 Alo-oke was far-sighted, prepared.  
 Knowing just what Manas would do,  
 7140 He was long-winded, persistent too.  
 Meanwhile Manas did not once smile.  
 Not a grin on his face all the while.  
 Then his voice sounded hollow inside,  
 When Manas, quick-witted, replied:  
 "Why go on, long-winded so,  
 Alo-oke?" he wanted to know.  
 "You have tried my mercy to win.  
 I can see what a fix you're in.  
 Your native city is great Beidzhin,  
 7150 Many Kitais, your folk, live therein.  
 But our fathers dwelt on this soil.  
 Listen well, and my words don't spoil,  
 You have an elder son, Bo-oke.  
 Give him to me as companion, I say —  
 I will take him as hostage with me.  
 If with my words you do not agree,  
 I have only one thing to say —  
 This day will be your Judgement Day!  
 There is a bey — Konguro-olu,  
 7160 He is your elder brother too,  
 He has a son — Koshabish is his name.  
 Listen, and I will say the same —  
 Give him to me as companion too.  
 If Koshabish you don't give as due,  
 On the place where you want to fight then,

Come out and bring with you your men!  
 Give me your elder son, Bo-oke.  
 If you don't wish to give him away —  
 Then this city I shall lay low!  
 7170 So clear out, disappear, just go,  
 Take good care not to catch my eye!  
 Take good care, if you don't wish to die!  
 If you want to fight — start a fray!  
 Give me your answer, Alo-Oke!"  
 So Manas thundered and stormed, no less.  
 Not withstanding his furious stress,  
 Alo-oke and his six serving-men,  
 All began quaking and shaking then!  
 So Koshabish, and Bo-oke,  
 7180 Both as hostages he gave away.  
 "Don't let us fight over them!" said he.  
 Both he gave over, calm as could be.  
 His own elder son, Bo-oke,  
 Was a fine marksman, by the way.  
 Koshabish was a warrior too.  
 How to count tents and soldiers he knew,  
 And before you could say a word,  
 All summed up, their numbers you heard.  
 So Koshabish, and Bo-oke  
 7190 He gave o'er to Manas that day.  
 So, not having shed blood in war,  
 So, not beaten, again losing more,  
 So, not cloaking himself in shame,  
 So preserving his ruler's name,  
 Alo-oke arranged the affair.  
 Taking the two along with him there,  
 Bold Manas, still hearty and hale,  
 Then returned on the road to his dale.  
 At the beginning of Andizhan,  
 7200 Take a good look, if you only can,  
 Fattening up the finest steeds  
 There Manas found stones for his needs,  
 With them white stone mangers he made,  
 Specially for this fattening trade.  
 Then from Kalmaks he took some wheat,  
 Then the best steeds with swiftest feet,  
 To the manger-side hitched fast.



For six months he rested at last.  
 From the city of Andizhan then  
 7210 All Kitais and Kalmak men  
 He began to drive away.  
 Kalmak men, serving Alo-oke,  
 Started secretly then to leave.  
 In one year, you wouldn't believe,  
 All had gone - no quarrels, no fights,  
 No musketeers, no fuses alight,  
 No big guns, no thundering shot,  
 In one year, believe it or not,  
 From the Kalmaks not one remained.  
 7220 Those who went were not restrained.  
 Others who came were allowed to come  
 Alo-oke and Manas were at one.  
 Let them settle at peace once more...  
 If you'd seen Alo-oke before —  
 What a difference you would find!  
 Fierce looks drove folk out of their mind!  
 From a tribe of Kitais came he.  
 How many warriors served him, see!  
 Kara-Kirghiz\*, Kazakhs, God knows!  
 7230 People could not escape such woes!  
 One man from each home he took.  
 That was the usual tribute, look!  
 'Mid the padishahs, who could see  
 Such a tyrant as once was he?  
 Now Kirghiz and Kazakhs are freed,<sup>61</sup>  
 Now to those two peoples, indeed,  
 Such great happiness has come!  
 Alo-oke paid for deeds he'd done,  
 For the crimes against those men.  
 7240 If not crimes - what were they then?  
 Many subjects their exit took:  
 From the tribe Maimun\* — Sho-oruk.  
 Dzholum Dēbēt his land was called.  
 To the west of it were installed  
 All Kirghiz from the tribe Katagan.  
 There, on the lands Kunduz\* and Talkan\*,  
 Lies the city of Kubayis,  
 And the place where that city is  
 Tash-Koton\* is called today.

7250 Many rich folk, but cities — nay!  
 In those places no meads are found -  
 Desert Dēbēt lies all around.  
 Foothills are sandy, hills are stone.  
 In the Alai, on the southern zone,  
 Starting with the Ding-Dang crest,  
 Khan of Maimuns, Sho-oruk does rest.  
 There live a people called Kalcha\*,  
 If you ask me who they are,  
 Then I should have to say to you -  
 7260 They are a folk near Kirghiz folk too.  
 From Altai Kirghiz came anew,  
 And with mount Opol in view,  
 To Kendzhut\* their route took them.  
 Those who rode at the tail-end then  
 Passed Alai, the Izar\* road took.  
 That unfortunate Khan Sho-oruk,  
 Knowing nought of Manas, showed his pride.  
 Thinking: "They're used to roam and ride!  
 People called Kara-Kirghiz have come,  
 7270 But from whence — where is their home?..  
 Freely they pasture herds on my land,  
 Taking no notice of my command.  
 Having seized the soil, they feed  
 Countless cattle there as they need.  
 They completely ignore my folk,  
 Treat their objections as a joke.  
 What can I tell those people, then,  
 Coming here, those boastful men;  
 Using force they despoil my land —  
 7280 Clearly, they'll come to some bad end!  
 Clearly, from the east, from Altai,  
 Some great misfortune made them fly!  
 Those Kirghiz who invade my land,  
 We must defeat now, take them in hand!  
 We can't sit and twiddle our thumbs  
 When such a haughty enemy comes!  
 What if now we should make an attack?  
 See if they're shaken, and taken aback?  
 I shall drive their horses away -  
 7290 I can't sit, hands folded, all day!  
 Clearly, as good-for-nought me they see,



Those Kirghiz who've encroached on me.  
 I'll attack them, one side at least.  
 I'll give those swine a proper feast!  
 From these refugees from Kitai,  
 All their steeds I'll drive off, forby!  
 Then how clever they are we'll see.  
 I won't let them impinge on me.  
 I won't let them on Kēnēr lea.

7300 Those who come near, their end will see!  
 I shall disarm them, drive them away.  
 Those who come near me, I shall slay.  
 I won't let them approach me here.  
 To mount Kebez\* I'll goad them in fear!  
 Though they destroy themselves, bit by bit,  
 Let their haughtiness suffer for it!  
 Though they don't know just where to go,  
 Though their words are offensive so,  
 I shall gather strength, and shall arm,

7310 I shall bring them no little harm.  
 Off beyond Andizhan and Kashgar  
 I shall harry their forces afar,  
 Gather my tents and gather my men,  
 Then I'll put great pressure on them.  
 Those Kirghiz who resist me still  
 I shall hurl beyond Kizil\*.  
 I shall strike them with axe and sword.  
 I shall make them heed my word;  
 Once I've forced them over the pass,  
 Then I'll find some quiet at last!  
 I shall call up my men and go.  
 Head over heels we'll hurl the foe!  
 Over the pass I'll push them then,  
 Off towards Alai once again.  
 Khan Sho-oruk, the son of Kezek,  
 Was a pretentious one, by heck!  
 He was seated, not on a horse -  
 No! on a ginger camel, of course!  
 He has a tribe named Tatala -

7330 Marvellous people, that they are!  
 They keep camels, and them alone.  
 In the winter no herdsmen roam.  
 They set the camels free in the hills.

There they find shrub, which their bellies fills.  
 Moving where life is never mild,  
 Many of them become quite wild.  
 There's little water - desert all round,  
 Snakes by the score, and wild asses are found.  
 Where the dunes of the desert swell,

7340 There are flying serpents as well!  
 Near to many a mountain spring,  
 There wild asses in masses cling.  
 If the flying serpents attack,  
 For their victims there's no way back.  
 On the side of the Polar Bear  
 Lies Kendzhut, the Khan's land, there.  
 To the east Imalayas\* rise.  
 Many subjects live there likewise.  
 Peaceful people, spread all around -

7350 These the Khan's messengers sought and found.  
 They had no idea how to fight.  
 They lived easy, their burden light...  
 Nearly three hundred thousand men  
 Khan Sho-oruk collected then.  
 There was a bogatir, Chechender,  
 He was a regular beast, I'll swear.  
 There was a strong-man Kyultyukan,  
 There was many a called-up man.  
 Wise-men Kyuiyēmush, and Keimen,

7360 With the Khan at their head went then.  
 With a rumble they took their track,  
 Moved along the crest Chatalak.  
 Ten-score-and-ninety thousand men,  
 Various subject peoples then.  
 Crimson banners of Khan Sho-oruk,  
 With them, waving on staffs they took,  
 With golden tambourines and drums.  
 Round about them the whole air thrums.  
 Trumpets thundered, bugles blew,

7370 Kettle-drums rattled and ranted too.  
 Pipes and flutes went whistling shrill.  
 See them, hear them, they'll work you ill!  
 Sho-oruk had children fair -  
 Sons a trio, daughters a pair.  
 His elder one was named Akilai.



She was a beauty who took your eye!  
 Sixteen-and-a-half was she,  
 Jet-black hair in plaits you see.  
 Like a dark and arched design  
 7380 On some buckle or bracelet fine  
 Were her arching brows, slim-lined.  
 Teeth like two rows of pearls you find.  
 When she swallowed, then through her throat  
 You could see a black raisin float.<sup>62</sup>  
 Fingers were silvery cords - so thin.  
 Waist like a dagger sheath, so slim.  
 All her flesh was white as could be -  
 Like a porcelain vase was she.  
 Like two black-currants her two dark eyes,  
 7390 Sweet as sugar her words likewise...  
 Having sent his troops on ahead,  
 "I shall follow tomorrow!" he said.  
 So Sho-oruk at home could remain.  
 Stately, but worried, his daughter came.  
 Akilai was shocked, it would seem -  
 In the night she had seen a dream:  
 "Father, I want to speak with you -  
 What I've seen, I think is true;  
 What it was I'll soon explain:  
 7400 Don't, I beseech you, go on campaign!  
 From the north a land-slide I saw.  
 All the earth was broken and raw.  
 Then came a wind which swept the ground.  
 Then I took a look all round.  
 Soil had slidden, a miry mess,  
 People were dashing away in distress.  
 Many were buried beneath the mire.  
 Just to escape was my one desire.  
 Now it was sliding right on my track,  
 7410 I went flying, forward and back...  
 When I felt half-dead, half-drowned,  
 Then a sudden saviour I found.  
 I bumped into a sycamore tree,  
 And I climbed it, high as could be.  
 Soon as I had settled up there,  
 You, my father, did also appear!  
 We froze fast in the tree, didn't move.

Froze on the slope in the sycamore grove.  
 Water and mud rose higher and higher.  
 7420 People, were swallowed up by the mire.  
 What do you make of it, father dear?  
 Have you a wizard or sorcerer here,  
 Who could tell us what this might mean?  
 My heart is aching from what I've seen!  
 You name 'Kirghiz' these folk from Altai.  
 'Fugitives' they are named by Kangai.  
 You are caught up with them, anyhow.  
 Maybe your throne you will soon lose now!"  
 Sho-oruk answered: "You worthless child!  
 7430 Don't teach your elders, or I shall get wild!  
 Have you become a sorceress now?  
 You are too young, so don't tell me how!  
 Don't try explaining such dreams to me!  
 What if a land-slide and flood you see?  
 That means the mass of the people, of course -  
 Those who have made their way here by force!  
 What if you climbed to the top of a tree?  
 That means that God will save you,  
 I see! That means that we shall defeat our foe.  
 7440 That means that you will find happiness so!  
 Sitting upon the tree, like a throne,  
 That is I, of course, I alone!  
 That's what from your dream I infer!"  
 So said Khan Sho-oruk to her.  
 People just could not get things clear:  
 Now, the drubbing of drums they hear.  
 Sho-oruk goes after his men...  
 So, that's where we'll leave him then.  
 What of others coming here?  
 7450 How are things with Manas, bogatir?  
 Listen, and then I'll go ahead -  
 Settlements lion Manas had spread  
 On Aziret and Kara-Too.  
 Looked around - what people though?  
 Looked around - what land lies here?  
 That's how he lived, out bogatir!  
 Suddenly, on mountain tracks,  
 Sho-oruk and his men made attacks,  
 Having Kara-Tegin passed by,



7460 On the Kirghiz who lived on Alai.  
 They, unexpected, made attacks then -  
 First they routed the Noigut men,  
 And Oshpur's small camp they smashed.  
 Then Kirghiz-Okchu they crushed,  
 Just a small Kirghizian tribe.  
 "Woe to us, O woe!" they cried.  
 On a Thursday, just at mid-day,  
 Sho-oruk then made his way  
 Like an avalanche - who could stand?

7470 From the horses which covered the land,  
 Seven thousand or so they seized.  
 Then on Friday, late at eve,  
 At the time of the evening star,  
 To the mountain Kyulyushe,  
 Shooting and hunting after game,  
 Lion Manas ariding came...  
 Taking with him a bag of gold,  
 Albalta went galloping bold,  
 Off to find Manas made his way,

7480 Hot on the heels of the flying prey.  
 All the hunters strong steeds bestrode,  
 And to the crest of the mountain rode.  
 Whipping Akboz along with zest,  
 Pushing his white beard in his breast,  
 With a cry Akbalta rode round,  
 Then he shouted out aloud,  
 Seated upon his sweating steed:  
 "Hey, Manas, we must go, indeed!"  
 Many people around him did throng

7490 Thinking: "Something, surely, is wrong!  
 Since Akbalta has acted so!"  
 Why has he galloped here, d'you know?  
 We must ask, and so find out,  
 What this fuss is all about!"  
 So they gathered round Akbalta,  
 Gave up hunting - and there you are!  
 Rode up to him to hear his tale.  
 When they'd heard it, began to wail.  
 And Manas, he too was amazed -

7500 Fire in his deep dark pupils blazed.  
 "Gather the army together!" he said,

Sending six heralds on ahead.  
 Those who live in Andizhan,  
 Let them come, to the very last man!"  
 So he summoned his men from afar.  
 "From the ravines of Kara-Kuldzha\*,  
 From Këkyurëk, and from Këk-Art\*,  
 From the hollow of Kara-Alma\*,  
 Don't leave any Kirghiz behind.

7510 Let them quickly their way here find!  
 Topurak-Bei\* and Kara-Su  
 On the side of Ogan pass too,  
 And the city of Andizhan -  
 Let them send me every man!  
 Let them not stay behind in Chim,  
 Nor in Margalan, nor in Zim.  
 Let them come as quick as they can!"  
 So he sent off each messenger then,  
 So Manas summoned the folk to him,

7520 From Andizhan he called them in.  
 While Manas yet spoke his word  
 Akbalta, reproachful was heard.  
 "Son of Jakib, Manas!" he said,  
 You are rather a wayward lad!  
 From the Altai you brought us here,  
 Thus condemned us to woe!ful fear.  
 'This is your forebears' land' you said.  
 Babes are orphans, widows' men dead!  
 You have let foes defeat Kirghiz -

7530 Take the blame then, on you it is!  
 You think 'Except Kitais, we've no foes!'  
 Why you think so, God only knows!  
 When the Kirghiz are wiped out quite,  
 You will then sleep quiet at night!  
 You forced our folk to quit Altai -  
 'Dangerous fellow you are!' say I.  
 Where grassy hills and good soil one finds,  
 Where the folk kept beasts of all kinds,  
 Where Manguls and Kalmaks were at hand,

7540 Wide Altai, Mamir\* was our land.  
 There were Bar-Kël, and Ter-Kël\*, our lakes.  
 Look what a difference now it mekes!  
 Into misfortune we here are thrown,



- Now that Alai you would make your own!  
 Many will die with hopes yet unknown.  
 Many of us still dream of Altai.  
 This land of Andizhan and Alai  
 We find not at all to our taste.  
 With confusion your folk is faced.
- 7550 Yesterday by our foes we were chased.  
 We were o'erwhelmed with shrieks and screams.  
 Some of them came on camels, in streams  
 Screaming heathens made their attack,  
 Took their spears with tassels of black,  
 All whom they met they pierced them through,  
 Deep-set eyes, all blazing too!  
 Spiky whiskers, and beards like jet -  
 Where did they come from, we wonder yet!  
 What great ugly noses had they!
- 7560 Some were on camels, as I say,  
 They were stuck up there on their rumps.  
 On our village they came in clumps,  
 And our people resisted all those.  
 Many were killed and turned up their toes.  
 All the women and girls who were left,  
 Crying aloud, ran off to the crest.  
 Arrows flew, and musket-shots few,  
 Then they drove off our scared steeds too.  
 Every one had a huge great club -
- 7570 Some would hurl them, some would drub!  
 Those who rode camels also bore spears.  
 Some kind of desert folk, it appears!  
 Sitting up high on a camel's back,  
 How could they make a spear attack?  
 What kind of devils are they in black?  
 Spears are intended for use on a horse,  
 Not for camel-riders, of course!  
 While they still are here, seeking spoil,  
 Let us destroy them, their purpose foil!"
- 7580 Cried Albalta, with blood aboil.  
 "They have beaten and battered our folk,  
 Thrashed our toothless old men - no joke!  
 Trouble and torment they heaped on us then,  
 Shattered and scattered our fighting men.

- Even our youngsters they beat on the head,  
 Left them unconscious, lying half-dead!"  
 So cried Akbalta, and straightway  
 Sixty thousand warriors, say,  
 Suddenly on the scene appeared,
- 7590 Here, there, everywhere, horses reared.  
 Bright white banners, and crimson flags,  
 Noisy cries of both men and nags.  
 Bright blue banner, and flags of red  
 Fluttered and flapped in skies o'erhead.  
 Youthful-bearded Manas, bogatir,  
 So took the track through mountains near,  
 On to Alai, o'er the pass they sped,  
 Over places where no men tread,  
 Over hills where no beasts are seen,
- 7600 Over crests where no hooves have been!  
 Over steep slopes on the mountain-side,  
 Through deep ravines, between cliffs they ride.  
 Then Manas said: "We'll fight to the death,  
 Battle with them till we can't draw breath!"  
 Crossing the pass, they came to Alai.  
 If you follow, you'll see by and by,  
 Just how far this road led ahead!  
 There, it appears, the Kirghiz had fled.  
 To the hills towards Andizhan.
- 7610 Shio-oroku's whole army began,  
 So it seemed, to attain the crest.  
 When the Kirghiz espied the rest,  
 Darkness already had started to fall.  
 "I shan't begin a battle at all,  
 I shan't make matters harder for us,  
 I shan't raise hubbub around me thus.  
 I don't wish to shed blood in vain,  
 But tomorrow - we'll look again.  
 Even though it were brave Rustem\*,
- 7620 Headlong I'll hurl him, and all his men!  
 Teach him a lesson, then off I'll ride!"  
 Leopard Manas in anger, replied.  
 Then for the night he laid down his head,  
 Early next morn, when prayers were said,  
 He made ready, and saddled his steed,  
 Belted on weapons in case of need.



- Having asked favour of Allah the great,  
 Donned his chain-mail and armour plate,  
 Took his quiver, like fat infant's waist,  
 7630 On his belt his sabre he placed,  
 Fixed all firmly, and there you are!  
 Took his musket, dead-shot near and far,  
 Barrel blue steel, with tempered bore,  
 Isphahan-wrought, and how it could roar!  
 Blue smoke would rise, like heated breath.  
 Foresight meant terror, and shot meant death.  
 Akkelte o'er his shoulder slung he.  
 When at rest - just a musket, you see.  
 When in a fury - a cannon, I'd say,  
 7640 Thundering, belching its smoke away.  
 Rascal, protected by Shairmerden\*,  
 Took his polished spear-shaft then,  
 Bound around with sinews strong,  
 With eight-facetted head thereon,  
 With a dozen colours bedecked,  
 With its tip, like a wolf's tongue stretched,  
 With its point with poison flecked,  
 Which its given wounds infects,  
 With its rivetted golden ring,  
 7650 Which, when held in the wind will sing,  
 When it is pointed against the foe -  
 This Manas then shouldered so.  
 Our most stately Khan, bold-eyed,  
 Now was full of fury inside.  
 If at night his sword he unsheathed,  
 Then it blazed, and flames it breathed.  
 Longer, used in the fray, it grew,  
 In the light looked menacing too.  
 It possessed a long curving tip -  
 7660 If it struck a rock, it would split.  
 If it struck the waist, the head fell.  
 If laid on grass, then flames would swell.  
 This fine sabre which slew with one slash,  
 Our bogatir in his hand took, brash.  
 See how he prepares for the fight -  
 Tempered o'er fiery embers bright,  
 Set on a haft of hard dry wood,

- With curved axe-head for letting blood,  
 With its engraved Kirghiz design,  
 7670 On its handle, with gold ring fine,  
 Here is his battle-axe, wide as a door.  
 Fixed about his belt, what's more,  
 So that he will scatter then  
 Khan Sho-oruk's bold warrior-men,  
 Made of solid cast-iron and lead,  
 Fixed to a handle of iron, its head  
 With its knob of solid steel,  
 Set on shaft, just like a wheel,  
 Weighing, as near as one can today,  
 7680 Round about half-a-ton, let's say,  
 That was Manas' weighty mace.  
 Praying to Allah "Send us your grace!"  
 Lion Manas prepared to strike.  
 Mace on his saddle-bow hung, belike.  
 Pressed with his legs to his horse's side,  
 Bold Manas was ready to ride...  
 How his steed could carry that load,  
 I can't imagine, yet on he strode!  
 Light bay coat, with mane jet-black,  
 7690 Wonderful beast with a lion on his back!  
 Lion Manas - and there you are!  
 Such was his marvellous steed Akkula.  
 Differing from all others by far,  
 Like a crevass, the crack in his rear.  
 Galloping legs a packed camel would clear.  
 Under his tail-stump, believe it or not,  
 One could well hang a huge cooking-pot.  
 This world's wonders still have not ceased -  
 He is just monstrous, to say the least!  
 7700 In the bowels of this awful beast  
 Well might bore the blind-eyed moles.  
 In his nostrils' gaping holes  
 People on all fours might creep,  
 Dressed in their best, their place might keep!  
 Ears sprout like reeds, he has hooves of steel,  
 Legs as fat as a child's waist to feel,  
 And his stride is as swift as the wind:  
 Breast-plate before him, with spike you'll find.  
 Armour is gilded with purest gold,



- 7710 And he stands like a statue bold.  
 He is covered with iron plates round,  
 Leggings and collars as well are found.  
 He has a most imposing air,  
 In his panzer breast-plate there.  
 He's like a cloud which surrounds a peak.  
 "Oh, Almighty, your aid we seek!"  
 So Manas cried, as loud as he could,  
 Rode out onto the field and stood.  
 Then the Maimuns cried "Life - farewell!"
- 7720 God had sent them a taste of hell!  
 Their strong-man, Dēgēshē by name,  
 With four thousand warriors came.  
 Straightway to attack they pass.  
 All went streaming towards Manas.  
 Lion Manas, the bogatir,  
 Shook them off, and set his spear.  
 On Akkula ahead galloped he,  
 Straight against the wild enemy.  
 Right to the middle of the foe,  
 Streight against Dēgēshē did he go.  
 Dēgēshē struck Manas with his spear,  
 But it got stuck 'gainst his armour there.  
 So an old warrior once told me,  
 He couldn't gain the victory,  
 Couldn't unseat his opponent, you see.  
 When the heathen further tried,  
 Thrusting with his spear in his side,  
 As he sat Akkula astride -  
 When he gave a powerful stroke,
- 7740 Crack went the staff of his spear, and brokel  
 Leaning hard on his spear unsound,  
 Dēgēshē fell flat on the ground.  
 Lion Manas pranced on to meet,  
 And, when the foe stood up on his feet,  
 Then with his sword of finest steel,  
 Lion Manas, with a mighty wheel,  
 Hewed off his head, with helmet and all,  
 Sent it rolling away like a ball.  
 In a huge heap the corpse then lay.
- 7750 Lion Manas swept off and away...  
 Of those four thousand heathen, there

- Not a drop of blood did he spare.  
 Slew them, quicker than boiling meat.<sup>63</sup>  
 Blood flowed in streams 'neath horses' feet.  
 Round three thousand six hundred men  
 Beaten to dust and ashes then,  
 All destroyed and wiped away.  
 Sho-oruk then, that same day,  
 Sent a second strong-man, Chechender.
- 7760 Twelve thousand men came with him there.  
 Straight up against Manas they ran,  
 With another strong-man, Kyultyukan.  
 He came raving, and waving his mace,  
 But he sat in a very strange place -  
 On an elephant, high as a knoll,  
 Whis his mace, like a stone 'balbal\*'  
 If you looked in that heathen's eyes,  
 Like deep pits dug in hollows each lies.  
 Pus in them all round was spread,
- 7770 Like a dry salt-march, heavy as lead.  
 Gushing forth came twelve thousand men,  
 But Manas was ready for them.  
 Shooting from flint-lock Akkelte,  
 Blasting, blaring, and blazing away.  
 It was heard for a six-day trot.  
 There, mown down by flying shot,  
 Forty men, as like as not.  
 Smoke rose up, like mist did sweep,  
 Down went Kyultyukan in a heap,
- 7780 Like a wall, where earthquakes sweep.  
 Then Chechender, his spear-shaft set,  
 Many had helped him ready to get,  
 Now he charged, the fight to decide,  
 But Manas swept his spear aside,  
 Then he struck with his sword such a blow,  
 That Chechender, who'd attacked him so,  
 But not been able to cast him aside,  
 Had to admit that he'd been defied,  
 Had to confess that defeat had come,
- 7790 And, indeed, death had left him dumb.  
 For that blow on his helmeted crown  
 Split him in two, and dashed him down,  
 And he collapsed like crumbling cliffs...



When the Kirghiz had seen all this,  
 Then with Bakai at their head they came,  
 Then with Kirgil they came, the same.  
 Then with their sixty thousand men,  
 They all fell on the foe again.  
 Sooner that it takes to cook meat,  
 7800 They brought the enemy final defeat.  
 Twelve thousand men of Sho-oruk  
 They had wiped out, and brought to book.  
 Then Sho-oruk began to cry:  
 "Into attack, strike back, don't fly!"  
 Gathering courage, thus he said,  
 Onto the field his army led.  
 Eighty-four thousand heathens there,  
 Thinking that's enough, and to spare,  
 To defeat that lion Manas,  
 7810 Eighty-four thousand battled thus.  
 You who understand, catch your breath.  
 Many of them straightway met death.  
 Such was the battle for mount Alai.  
 Khan Sho-oruk led Maimuns to die.  
 In his army, collected around,  
 Some three hundred thousand were found.  
 Many thousands of them had died.  
 Those who survived, they moaned and cried,  
 Deeply wounded, in pain they went.  
 7820 Not at morn, but when day was spent,  
 With their banner which o'er them flies,  
 Weeping tears which stream from their eyes,  
 Not withstanding the fury thus  
 Of the famous lion Manas,  
 With the Khan Sho-oruk at their head,  
 Then, in shame, the enemy fled,  
 Over the pass which behind them lay.  
 There they crossed in wild dismay.  
 Those who survived, with saddened hearts,  
 7830 They divided in two or three parts,  
 Headlong towards Murgab\* they went.  
 Khan Sho-oruk, whose powers were spent,  
 Of those three hundred thousand who came,  
 Gathered from tribes of every name,  
 Sixty thousand, at most, he led.

Back on the road named Kabandar\* sped,  
 With his scattered and shattered men.  
 Two whole days and one night then,  
 Lost and defeated, they flew away.  
 7840 On the road which before them lay,  
 Sho-oruk reached his land again.  
 Couldn't tell truth straight out and plain,  
 To the people he ruled over then.  
 "Those where none fear a thousand men,  
 Such I've seen!" he told them all.  
 Those who don't tremble, though heads may fall,  
 Such I have seen!" he told them all.  
 "From just a look at them, you'll die!  
 Fly, my people!" he cried, "Now fly!"  
 7850 Being pursued by Manas, nearby,  
 That ill-assorted Khan Sho-oruk,  
 Half-a-day less on the road home took.  
 Ordered his heralds to tell the folk  
 Of their danger, thus fear he awoke.  
 Camels and cows they began to drive,  
 Deeply disturbed how to stay alive.  
 Then towards dawn, to Khan Sho-oruk,  
 People alarmed, with a terrified look,  
 Came to his camp full of doubts and fears,  
 7860 Told him of all their anxious tears.  
 Soon after dawn, bold Manas arrived,  
 Seeking battle with all who'd survived.  
 War-chiefs and leaders he set upon.  
 Soon he destroyed their Tash-Koton\*.  
 Khan Sho-oruk then fled to the hills,  
 Tried to escape the impending ills.  
 "I named them refugees from Kitais,  
 I named them homeless beggars besides.  
 Unobservant, I fought them, I own.  
 7870 I should much better left them alone!  
 Now I have taken a terrible toss!  
 Now I have brought my people great loss!  
 Now no bold youngsters are left, I trow,  
 Women and children are revaged now!  
 I have betrayed them all, somehow!  
 Having thus blindly Kirghiz folk attacked,  
 I have exposed us. Foresight I lacked.



Soon all my folk will be caught on the hook.  
 I must ask pardon for risks I took!"

7880 So to himself thought Khan Sho-oruk.  
 Now, because I was first to attack,  
 How many thousands of people I lack!  
 Khan Sho-oruk had no peace of mind.  
 Earlier he had no thoughts of this kind.  
 Therefore so many had uselessly died.  
 This thought affected him, deep inside.  
 Having once held himself in esteem,  
 Now he had seen that such was a dream!  
 So he decided at last to submit -

7890 Go to Manas, and tell him of it.  
 He had thirty maidens in court.  
 Each was skilful, the expert sort.  
 He gave orders to dress them at best,  
 Sit them on steeds with calm ways blessed,  
 Those who will go at a quiet pace -  
 Soon they were sitting all in place.  
 Then, having silenced his inner pride,  
 At their head placed his daughter beside.  
 Akilai, who with beauty was rife.

7900 If you but think - the road is one's life!  
 She was sixteen-and-a-half years old.  
 Her black plaits were fat and bold.  
 Like a wand of willow was she,  
 Just as slender, and tender could be.  
 Black brows arched above dark eyes,  
 Nobly-born, and stately likewise.  
 Eyes were dark, and lashes too.  
 She pleased everyone at first view.  
 She had her own peculiar charm.

7910 Slim was her waist, and supple her arm.  
 Like selected rice-grains, her teeth,  
 Her ten fingers like threads beneath,  
 As if fashioned from silver cord.  
 She was gay, and polite her word.  
 Straight was her nose, like a deer's her eye,  
 Sleek was her neck, her head held high.  
 Heels on her high boots glinted gay,  
 Like to sparkling sapphires were they.  
 She-oruk had a word to try:

7920 "Dearest daughter," he said, Akilai,  
 From the start you said 'Father, don't go!  
 But I was stupid, no foresight could show.  
 You said 'Don't fight, there is no need!  
 Now I can see: you were right indeed!  
 But I did not listen, my child.  
 Now with regret my soul runs wild.  
 Thinking: 'If only I stay alive,  
 Maybe I'll help my people survive!  
 So I have wept, and so I have prayed.

7930 Those folk, it seems, are nobly made!  
 Those folk Kirghiz, as never before  
 Seem to me to be born for war.  
 They have strong stems, and stronger roots,  
 Death does not frighten them in their boots.  
 They, it seems, are born for alarms.  
 If you will listen, with all your charms,  
 I will give you into his arms.  
 I see this as the very best course.  
 People say 'Shame, if you sell your best horse!

7940 Shame, if you marry your daughter by force!  
 If you will listen, daughter, to me,  
 Then you will save your father, you see.  
 If you will saddle the horse of your choice,  
 Then you will make your sad father rejoice.  
 If you will then a fine fur coat choose,  
 Then you will never your dear father lose.  
 Understand - I am at death's door.  
 Let's make this gift, and your life restore!  
 If we ourselves do not survive,

7950 None of our people will stay alive!"  
 Thus to his daughter spoke Sho-oruk,  
 And she replied with an open look:  
 "Don't be distressed about what is past!  
 Sorrow struck down its victims at last!  
 Many unfortunate ones have died,  
 Orphans are left, and widows beside.  
 If I sit upon a fine steed,  
 If I choose the fur coat I need,  
 Shall I enrich the life of Kirghiz?

7960 You made your torment what now it is!"  
 Then, with forty-one camels strong,



Then with gold pieces, in caskets long,  
 Forty of them on the camels were packed,  
 With good cattle which nobody lacked,  
 Six hundred head of beasts, all shades,  
 Then with thirty beautiful maids;  
 Taking bread and salt with them too,  
 And with low bows, as they came through,  
 They all appeared before Manas,  
 7970 With sixty servants beside them thus.  
 With a crown of gold on his brow,  
 Suddenly Khan Sro-oruk comes now!  
 He is fifty-eight years old.  
 Throws round his neck his belt of gold,  
 Crosses his hands on his belly, so.<sup>64</sup>  
 Says: "I became for you a foe -  
 You then wreaked your anger on us.  
 You are a child by me, Manas!  
 Keep your forbears' customs, a boon.  
 7980 If you wish to act, act soon!  
 Here is something which you can do:  
 I have brought my daughter for you!  
 I implore you to spare my life,  
 And to take my daughter to wife.  
 None of my folk knew what I'd do,  
 When I myself made attacks on you.  
 I brusbed against you, not knowing your kind.  
 Many dead warriors I left behind...  
 You, if so please you, bold Manas,  
 7990 Show us your mercy, we beg you thus!  
 If you're embittered, reject my call,  
 You may attack us and slay us all!  
 I prepared to defeat you, look,  
 Three hundred thousand men I took,  
 And I attacked you upon Alai,  
 But defeated by you was I!  
 Now I beg mercy, and bow my head.  
 I thought you were weak, but instead,  
 At a lion I found I had struck -

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# MANAS

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