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*JIZZAKH REGION*

*ZAAMIN district*

*75-school*

*10-class*

The name of Zahiriddin Muhammad Babur in the history of Uzbekistan is on a par with such political figures and military leaders as Jaloliddin Manguberdi, Amir Timur, Ulugbek, Alisher Navoi. A direct descendant of Timur, Babur created an empire of Baburids in India (in the western sources it is known as Mughal Empire) and was a loyal son of his country and the rest of his life he was fighting for its welfare and prosperity.

Babur was the son of the Timurid prince Umarsheykh, the ruler of the Fergana region. He was born in 1483. At the age of 12 years, resulting in the tragic death of his father, he became the new ruler and started a brutal struggle for power in Mawarannahr. During 1494-1496, while still a teenager, Babur participated in the battles of Samarkand, where he first met on the battlefield with his most powerful enemy, Sheybani Khan, who had an enormous impact on the fate of Babur.

Most of his life Babur spent in military campaigns and battles. He tried unsuccessfully to unite the separated regions of Mawarannahr and create a new great state of Temurids. His dream was realized in India, where he went with his troops in 1526. Babur succeeded in laying the basis for the Great Mughal Dynasty in India, which had existed for about 300 years. His ideas preached the establishment of harmony among the peoples and spread of education among the general population.

Along with his military and political activities Babur was a great poet, whose rubais (lyric quatrains) delight and inspire many people even today. He wrote one of the most famous oriental works in world literature: "Baburnama".

"Baburnama" is personal letters of Babur, which he has kept throughout life and collected in one work. "Baburnama" is not only a description of the personal life of the author, but also a valuable source for studying the history, culture and life of the peoples, flora and fauna of various areas visited by Babur.

Babur was one of the greatest men of his time. Creating one of the most powerful empires in the history of the East, he, nevertheless, remained an ardent patriot of his country at heart and the rest of his life tried to establish diplomatic and friendly ties with his native city of Andijan.

Today Andijan people proudly pronounce the name of Zahiriddin Muhammad Babur and honor his memory. The town has a monument to Babur, as well as the House of Babur, which has been preserved to our time.

"Goodness" radical ghazal

Who has seen, O soul, the good of the world, Who, before, is not good, do not look before the good. Don't blame me if I naive the time, my friend, I've never seen it, netoyin, it's better than this time! Evil has come to my sorrowful heart, No good has come to my soul. O soul, for you have seen the good and the bad, there are many centuries of evil, What is the meaning of looking at the good now? Do good to all, there is no good in this world. Do not want goodness in the world, like Babur, Who has seen, O soul, the goodness of the world?

The gazelle with the radif "Not found"

You will not find a half-suffering manga, I will not find a half-faithful manga. This form-u shamoyil bila hud hur-u parisen, Whose gender is not found in human beings this amount. In the eyes of the beholder, it is not clear, There is no sorrow in the heart. O flower, this flower will not be found until you close and open your eyes. Babur said, "Help me, help me, and if there is no one in the world, there will be no helper."

My heart

My heart is as blood as a flower bud, If a hundred thousand springs die, how can it open? If I dream of a garden without eyebrows, it will shoot in my eyes, it will be a cypress to my heart. What can I do in spring and in the garden, my heart is full of flowers, my face is full of sunflowers, my body is full of cypresses. It is difficult to enjoy the taste of Visoli, but it is easy to give up if you do not enjoy the intensity of Firoqi. I died with the desire to evolve from your head, O Babur, all my nashim is a fairy-tale circle.

"Difficult" radial gazelle

Though it is difficult for you to be patient, my friend, it is very difficult to go out with you. Your client is delicate, you are dark, I am an indecent madman, it is difficult to express my feelings to you, O pari. It's so hard to be with them, it's so hard to be with them. It is easy for me, if it is an enemy of a hundred thousand districts, it is difficult to be a Vale in the world, O soul. It's hard to find a flower in the garden of the universe.

Spring is coming...

Spring is the time of youth, Ketur is the drinker, and wine is the time of pleasure. Gahi sahro uzori tulip-shaped erur gulgun, Gahi sahni chaman gul chehrasidin arguvonidur. Again, the stage was lit up with the color of flowers, Magarkim is a color test for the sun. Your face, O cypress, is the pure flower of the flower of my soul, Kading, O flower, the cypress of the garden of my life is flowing. Wherever you are, O flower, the soul of Bobur, the soul of the stranger, is the soul of the oath.

The flower is covered with jamalin

The flower is the two basil of the flower that is covered with beauty, and the two lips of the flower that are open with the secret of the flower. It is the period of the two zuls of the musal, the period of the two, except that it is the period of the two. When I saw the wound of the arrow, I felt a hand on every side of my body, Kim, this is the great tulip of pain, Noman. It's not a flood that covers the earth - it's the tears in my

eyes! It's not a rejection, it's a blue-eyed Afghan! Lojaram bolgay parishon-u havo'i like me, Zarra yanglig 'kim who is a happy wanderer. He's in love, Bobur, and I'm crazy. Whose hair is a chain, whose hair is a dungeon.

Unexpected death...

Don't be careless, O drunkard, take the spoils of the flower! Take your time, take your time, take your time, take your time! Remember this advice of mine, who knows what will happen, What will happen in the morning, you spoil this day! In the state of ignorant death, do not put yourself in labor, God will give, of course, the state wants, be generous! Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye, good-bye, good-bye, good-bye, good-bye, good-bye! This is the solution to grief, Babur, help Boda, protect the cup!

In your love...

In your love, O unmerciful, I have become homeless, Demon homeless, I have become two worlds. If your lips don't give me a kiss, I'll take your breath away. I'm on this road, I'm soaked in the desert. I sucked and understood the symbol of the moon's labidin mouth, I was so small with one word. I showed saltiness in the work of a few eyebrows, and Vale was finally the target of reprimands. I laughed at Farhodi's poor friend, I was his sweet companion. If I do not reach the state of Visoling, like Babur, what a morning, I have been helpless for centuries in the labor of Ki Hajring

Baloyi ishqki, manga jafoyedur dam

The ball of love is always a pain for me, This night of love is a wonderful German ball. As for the lips, O heart, it is strange that the spring of Khidr is a guide for the beast. The wound is a bullet wound to the patient's heart, unless every wound is a cure for the wound. It's spring, and the May air is in my head. That month became a rival to Rafiq-u Bobur, Rafiq-u and Hamdami.

Have a great ball black hair...

I have a wonderful ball in my heart, I have a black ball in my heart. Muyassar died, the property of the wool, O people of the wool, Nisori sucked the mango this day. When your hair is damaged, there are broken hearts, When hearts are opened, when they are opened, shave them black. Open your heart, open your hair, Bobur, What's wrong, if he says dilband-u dilkusho shave.

Hair sales fell on my head again...

The sale of my hair fell on my head again, my life became black again. I paid attention to the girl, and, madam, my lady suddenly began to break down again. When you saw a hundred evils, you went mad, O heart, when you look at the good, you are a parivashdin again. A stone strikes a child, a fairy in her house, I scream like a madman all the time. I would walk like Bobur until I reached my feet, but the sale of Sochi fell on my head again.