

SPIRITUAL POETRY
(QASA'ID)
Qamarun
www.shaykhmokhtar.com



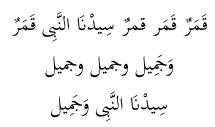
Qamarun

قَمَرُ قَمَر قمرُ سِيدْنَا النَّبِي قَمَرُ وَجَمِيل وجميل وجميل سِيدْنَا النَّبِي وَجَمِيل

A full, resplendent moon – my Master, the Nabī, is a resplendent moon How beautiful! How wondrous! How radiant! My Master, the Nabī – how resplendent!

> وَأَجْمَلُ مِنْكَ لَمْ تَرَ قَطُّ عَيْن وَأَطْيَبُ مِنْكَ لَمْ تَلِدِ النِّسَاءُ وُأَطْيَبُ مِنْكَ لَمْ تَلِدِ النِّسَاءُ خُلِقْتَ مُبرًّا مِنْ كُلِّ عَيْبٍ كَأَنَّكَ قَدْ خُلِقْتَ كَمَا تَشَاءُ

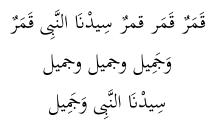
More exquisite than you – no eye has gazed upon Purer than you – no woman has given birth to You are created free from every blemish As though you fashioned yourself as you wish



A full, resplendent moon – my Master, the Nabī, is a resplendent moon How beautiful! How wondrous! How radiant! My Master, the Nabī – how resplendent!

وَكَفُّ الْمُصْطَفَى كَالْوَرْدِ نَادِي الله, الله وَعِطْرُهَ يَبْقَى اِذَا مَسَّتْ أَيَادِي الله, الله وَعَمَّ نَوَاهُا كُلَّ الْعِبَادِي حَيْدَ الْبَرَيا وَعَمَّ نَوَاهُا كُلَّ الْعِبَادِي حَيْدَ الْبَرَيا وَعَمَّ نَوَاهُا كُلَّ الْعِبَادِي حَيْدَ الْبَرَيا وَعَمَّ لَوْلُهَا كُلُّ الْعِبَادِي حَيْدَ الله يَا حَيْدَ الْبَرَيا

The palm of The Chosen One is like a tender rose – Allah, Allah Whose fragrance lingers after it touches the hands – Allah Allah Its munificent grace encompasses all creation Its munificent grace encompasses all creation The Beloved of Allah, O the Best of Creation

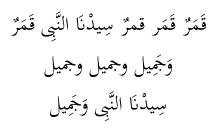


A full, resplendent moon – my Master, the Nabī, is a resplendent moon How beautiful! How wondrous! How radiant! My Master, the Nabī – how resplendent!

وَلَا ظِلُّ لَّهُ بَلْ كَانَ نُورًا الله, الله تَنَالَ الشَّمْسُ مِنْهُ وَالْبُدُورُ الله, الله وَلَا الله يَكُنِ الْهُدَى لَوْلَا ظُهُورَه وَلَا ظُهُورَه وَكُلُّ الْكُوْنِ أَنَارُ بِنُور طَه وَكُلُّ الْكُوْنِ أَنَارُ بِنُور طَه وَكُلُّ الْكُوْنِ أَنَارُ بِنُور طَه وَكُلُّ الْكُوْنِ أَنَارُ بِنُور طَه

He # has no shadow; he # is only light – Allah, Allah
The sun and constellations take their luminescence from him # –
Allah, Allah

There would be no guidance were it not for his appearance There would be no guidance were it not for his appearance There would be no guidance were it not for his appearance The entire universe is illuminated by the light of Ṭāhā



A full, resplendent moon – my Master, the Nabī, is a resplendent moon How beautiful! How wondrous! How radiant! My Master, the Nabī – how resplendent!