



Instructions: Listen to the audio recording of these lines from the fourth chapter of the Burda, describing the birth of the Prophet. Try and memorize them and recite them to your friends and family. Sing them in a group and have your own small mawlid!

أَبَانَ مَوْلِدُهُ عَن طَيْبِ عُنْصُرِهِ
يَا طَيْبَ مُبْتَدَأٍ مِنْهُ وَمُخْتَمِّمٍ

His birth made the purity of his pedigree evident;
O how pure were his beginning and his end!

يَوْمَ تَقَرَّسَ فِيهِ الْفُرْسُ أَنَّهُمْ
قَدْ أَنْذِرُوا بِحُلُولِ الْبُؤْسِ وَالنَّقَمِ

On that day the Persians intuited that they
Had been warned of looming misery and retribution.

وَبَاتَ إِيوَانَ كِسْرَى وَهُوَ مُنْصَدِرٌ
كَشَمَلِ أَصْحَابِ كِسْرَى غَيْرِ مُلْتَمِّمِ

That night the throne room of Khusraw became cracked,
Khusraw's people, too, crumbled, never to be restored.

وَالنَّارُ خَامِدَةٌ الْأَنْفَاسِ مِنْ أَسْفٍ
عَلَيْهِ وَالنَّهْرُ سَاهِي الْعَيْنِ مِنْ سَدَمِ

The sacred fire, grief-stricken, breathed its last,
And the river [Euphrates] dried up out of worry.

وَسَاءَ سَاوَةَ أَنْ غَاضَتْ بِحَيْرَتِهَا
وَرَدًّا وَارِدُهَا بِالْغَيْظِ حِينَ ظَمِي

Sā'a was saddened by its lake drying up;
the thirsty who went to drink there came back in a rage!

كَأَنَّ بِالنَّارِ مَا بِالمَاءِ مِنْ بَلَلٍ
حُرْتًا وَبِالمَاءِ مَا بِالنَّارِ مِنْ ضَرَمِ

As if the fire, from sorrow, took on the water's wetness
And water assumed the fire's quality of blazing.

وَالجِنَّ تَهْتَفُ وَالْأَنْوَارُ سَاطِعَةٌ
وَالْحَقُّ يَظْهَرُ مِنْ مَعْنَى وَمِنْ كَلِمِ

There were jinn calling out, and dazzling lights
As truth was manifested in both word and reality.