

O Children of al-Mustafa (The Chosen One)  
O Children of al-Mustafa,  
You are my treasure.  
So have mercy upon your servant,  
And console my broken state  
I have come to you begging in the name of Abu Bakr  
And the one whose justice encompasses all worlds  
And Ali, with whom Allah is pleased, and the martyr Uthman  
Your virtue is most-high, O Children of Zahra  
And your rank above others exceeds beyond all others  
You, my masters, have gained a weighty station  
For your grandfather is better than everyone else  
Ahmad the Chosen one, of the tribe of Adnan  
Our lives have become pure, O wine-keeper  
Hurry and fill our goblets  
And give us a sip that will enliven our souls  
The wine of love, so that all sorrows may disappear  
Which we may drink from the hands of the All-merciful  
Extend your love, o you who are of high rank  
And grant your affection, abandoning my abandonment  
I have melted in your love, and my patience is used up  
Harsh treatment sets a fire within me  
So reach out to one who us in love, o you who know the divine