

Sway O Youth

Sway, O youth

And sing, O branches

Sing, O gardens, "greetings to the Messenger."

Remembrance of the Beloved

Is a waft of fragrant musk

The secret of *kaf* and *nun*

Glory be to the chosen one

Who appeared amongst you, the protect one

He rose from beneath your ground

Casting down all glances

In you, my meadow,

Is the light of Taha, the beloved

O healer of my malady

From your strange richness