

We came to You in impoverishment, O You of affluence,  
And You remain ever-gracious  
And You have accustomed us to every good,  
May that which You have accustomed us to ever remain,  
Your poor wretcheds are captivated by Your love, for it is their highest aspiration  
There is not one amongst the wealthy who is like you,  
Nor one amongst the impoverished like us,  
We see You in everything that is manifest, and the matter is entirely out of our control.  
If You are with me in every state,  
Then I am sufficed from carrying my own provision,  
For You are Truth, none besides  
So my verses ought to be: Me? I am nothing!