

Do Not Despair of My Mercy

I filled the world with acts of disobedience and blight,
O Lord, unveil for me Your mercy's gentle light.
I'm drowned in the mire of sins beyond all sight,
O Lord, from Hell's deep pit, redeem my broken plight.

Though I am unworthy of pardon and grace,
On "Despair not of My mercy," my hope I place.

I was lost in the glitter of worldly delight,
O Lord, awaken my heart to death's fright.
My life slipped away in heedless neglect,
O Lord, guide me to the path of the correct.

Though I am unworthy of pardon and grace,
On "Despair not of My mercy," my hope I place.

O Lord, I long to be a righteous servant true,
Grant me knowledge of Your Deen anew.
My wife and children are the peace I pursue,
Make me their guiding light in all I do.

Though I am unworthy of pardon and grace,
On "Despair not of My mercy," my hope I place.

Make me a lasting charity for those who came before,
Raise me as a beacon of righteousness and care.
Forgive the parents of this sinful soul,
O Lord Most Fair, grant me their pardon whole.

Though I am unworthy of pardon and grace,
On "Despair not of My mercy," my hope I place.

Through the Companions, faith was conveyed,
Grant me their company where none shall fade.
My Prophet wept and for my pardon he prayed,
Make me his servant, humble and well-stayed.

Though I am unworthy of pardon or grace,
On "Despair not of My mercy," my hope I place.

My beggar pouch is full by Your grace,
Teach me gratitude for every gift You place.

My eyes never wept in longing for You,
Teach me to weep in remembrance of You.

Though I am unworthy of pardon and grace,
On “Despair not of My mercy,” my hope I place.

I failed to rise in the night for love of You,
Make me devoted and constant, firm and true.
I wish to return to Your sacred door too;
Set me upon the Prophet’s way in all I do.

Though I am unworthy of pardon and grace,
On “Despair not of My mercy,” my hope I place.

Haleem stands ashamed, his disobedience confessed,
Forgive me, O Lord, by Your mercy blessed.
The lamp of my life nears its final rest,
Grant me the Shahadah with my dying breath.

Though I am unworthy of pardon and grace,
On “Despair not of My mercy,” my hope I place.
My sins rise vast in number and space,
Your mercy outshines them, none can erase.