

# My Beloved Lord

**Your complaint in the Quran is just and true,**

What stopped my heart from serving You?

**I failed to grasp a mother's tender care,**

How then could I know Your love so rare?

**Lord, I expended my life in heedless flight,**

I did not return though You called day and night.

**Your door remained open in mercy and grace,**

For my salvation lay in returning to Your place.

**You filled my life with endless grace,**

Yet I ignored every gift You placed.

**Take just one step I'll take two for you**

You come walking I'll come running to you

**Yet I ran the world and fled Your way,**

entangled in desires, I wandered away.

**For every good, I'll reward you tenfold,**

One for each sin, My mercy untold.

**O heedless soul, repent and turn back;**

I'll fill your record with righteous stack.

**You filled my life with endless grace,**

Yet I ignored each gift You placed.

**You placed the balm of patience on my pain,**

And waited, hopeful, for my soul's return;

**O Beloved, how could I remain so vain,**

Had I but known You willed my good plain.

**You sent Muhammad(SAW) that I be shown the way,**

Yet from the path You laid, I chose to stray;

**Though death cried its warnings every day,**

I lived as if Noah's years were mine to stay.

**You filled my life with endless grace,**

Yet I ignored each gift You placed.

**I feared not what awaited me in the grave,**

Nor feared, before You my deeds will be weighted;

**Alas, what will I say if God should ask of me,**

What have you saved to earn your soul's release.

**O woe to me, if ever my Lord asks me,**  
“Weren’t you ashamed to rebel against Me?”  
**You hid your faults from human sight,**  
now you come shameless before My light?

**You filled my life with endless grace,**  
Yet I ignored each gift You placed.

**Ah, what will I say, I have no plea at all;**  
Forgive me O Lord, do not let judgment fall.  
**Through worldly disdain, I turned to You;**  
Ah, how will I repay the debts I owe to You.

**You said Your love exceeds a mother’s seventy-fold;**  
“Return without fear, My arms are open never closed.”  
**O Beloved, there You stood, as once faith has shown,**  
Yet I, by sin ensnared, Your path I disowned.

**You filled my life with endless grace,**  
Yet I ignored each gift You placed.

**Never seen or heard anyone loving a slave so true,**  
Yet lost in heedlessness, I could not thank You;  
**Teach me faith, that I follow the Prophet through,**  
As You are pleased, I’ll be Your servant, ever true.

**By writing Mercy on Your Throne supreme,**  
You pardon wipes all sin as if they’d never been.  
**Pleased I am to claim You as my Lord serene,**  
Content I am to hold Islam my faith foreseen.

**You filled my life with endless grace,**  
Yet I ignored each gift You placed.

**In prayer I yearned to kiss Your feet;**  
My soul scolded: unworthy, unfit.  
**Like a dog, I wanted to lick Your feet;**  
My soul scorned faithless, so I quit.  
**Forgive me, Lord, and spare my soul,**  
I saw Your love when loss took hold.  
**You said, “Return to Me without fear,**  
My love exceeds all love held dear.”

**You filled my life with countless grace,**  
Yet I ignored each gift You placed.

**No master loves a slave like You,**

I stand ashamed, yet hopeful too.

**From Your anger I seek Your grace,**

Seek Your pardon, in Paradise a place.

**Preserve the honour of this aging soul,**

For You, shy the chastening of the old;

**I confess my sin, they are beyond threshold,**

Although I am unfit for pardon, as foretold.

**You filled my life with endless grace,**

Yet I ignored each gift You placed.

**Still, I hold fast to hope in mercy of Yours,**

I stand firm that Your forgiveness endures;

**Your boundless mercy all my sin obscures,**

And on Your mercy rests my soul secure.

**You are my Lord, this truth I know and own;**

You are my Heir; to You my end is shown.

**O Beloved, shame of my sins weighs heavy-grown;**

Your helpless slave lies prostrate, Yours alone.

**You filled my life with endless grace,**

Yet I ignored each gift You placed.

**When I grasped Your love, I left the world aside;**

You said, My attributes are not by flight supplied.

**They grow where souls are tested and tried,**

By living amidst mankind with patient stride.

**When I sought an intercessor, none stood like You;**

I found no equal near, no refuge firm and true.

**Nor one who loved me as my mother's love I knew,**

So, Lord, make my heart needless of none but You.

**You filled my life with endless grace,**

Yet I ignored each gift You placed.

**Ah, I wish had I been a lover true and free,**

At slightest plea You would have pampered me;

**O Beloved, I stand ashamed of all my sins, vile,**

Yet in Your boundless pardon rests my plea.

**You filled my life with endless grace,**

Yet I ignored each gift You placed.

**You soothed my grief with patience, true,**

And waited still for me to turn to You;

**Ah O Beloved, how remiss I was of You,**

Had I but known You wished my welfare too.

**O Lord, make gentle death when life is done,**

And lift the torment of the grave when I am gone.

**Lord, ease my death, lift the grave's pain,**

Shade me that Day, let Paradise remain.

**You filled my life with endless grace,**

Yet I ignored each gift You placed.

**Haleem's pouch is empty departure is near,**

O Beloved, show mercy; I tremble in fear.

**I am a sinner, Lord, yet still I am Yours,**

Make my scale heavy, reckoning safe and secure.

**The moment of leaving now stands at my door,**

There is none but You whose pardon I implore.

**Keep me within Your shade on Judgment Day,**

And grant me Paradise, where I may stay.

**You filled my life with endless grace,**

Yet I ignored each gift You placed.

**I strayed in haste, and lost the final race,**

Yet You awaited, with mercy, and grace.