

O Servant of Allah, Give Thanks to Him

At dawn your eyes were blessed with light;

He gave you life—give thanks outright.

One alive yesterday, departed in the night;

Give thanks that you awoke to see the light.

You mourn because your sight grows dim;

Some never saw light—give thanks to Him.

You struggle to hear; some have never heard;

Give thanks to Allah for the words you heard.

You say, "This load is hard to bear;"

Some have no arms—thank Him in prayer.

You grieve that no one hears your plea;

Some cannot speak, thank Him thankfully.

You complain of clothes; some have none to wear;

Give thanks to Allah for His loving care.

You mourn your shoes; some have no feet;

Give thanks for every step along the street.

Comfort the broken hearts, ease their pain;

Without such thanks, your words are vain.

O servant of Allah, thank your Lord today;

For every gift He sends your way.



You find fault with food upon your plate;
Some slept hungry—give thanks for what you ate.

You say that grief has darkened all your days;
Some live lifelong helpless—give thanks, give praise.

You say you tire beneath the load you bear;
Some work while ill—give thanks for strength to spare.

You say your home is small, and you complain;
Give thanks for shelter; some slept in the rain.

Some lie with cancer, counting breaths they take;
Your health remains—give thanks each day you wake.

His countless gifts surround your way;

Yet praise was left for another day.

Whenever you nearly fell, He held you fast;

Yet heedlessly, you let His blessings pass.

You wept—He heard; you asked—He heard your plea;

Give thanks: His mercy still has room for thee.

Comfort the broken hearts, ease their pain;

Without such thanks, your words are vain.

O servant of Allah, thank your Lord today;

For every gift He sends your way.

Insha Allah



You forgot your Lord; He never forgot you;
His mercy still calls you—give thanks anew.
When lonely nights bring tears of deep regret,
Repentance opened—give thanks; there is hope yet.

Heal every broken heart— calm their pain;
Without compassion, all thanks are vain.
He loves His servants more than mother's care;
That's what faithful hearts fear.

O wandering soul, return, however far you stray;
Your Lord likes repentance—turn to Him today.

O Haleem, give thanks for every gift above;
Return to Him with faith and love.

**Comfort the broken hearts, ease their pain;
Without such thanks, your words are vain.
O servant of Allah, thank your Lord today;
For every gift He sends your way.**



Insha Allah