

«نعت البراطنة» للشيخ عبد الحكيم مراد

Na‘t al-Barāṭina

(Panegyric of the Britons)

Shaykh Abdal Hakim Murad

– CHORUS –

يَا رَبَّنَا يَا مَوْلَانَا صَلِّ عَلَيَّ مُحَمَّدُ مُصْطَفَى

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Yaa Rabbanaa, yaa Mawlaanaa, ṣalli ‘alaa Muḥammad Muṣṭafaa

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Yaa Rabbanaa, yaa Mawlaanaa, ṣalli ‘alaa Muḥammad Muṣṭafaa

O our Lord, our Master! Bless Muhammad, the Chosen One!

O our Lord, our Master! Bless Muhammad, the Chosen One!

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– 1 –

هَلْ مِنْ مُغِيثٍ لِي مِمَّا فِي النَّفْسِ مِنْ حُزْنٍ وَمِنْ أَسَى
قَدْ وَلى الْعُمْرُ فِي السَّعْيِ الْحَرَامِ فِي الصُّبْحِ وَفِي الْمَسَاءِ
فِي تَرْكِ الْأَوْلَى مَقْتُ الْمَوْلَى لِلْقَلْبِ الَّذِي قَسَى
لَكِنَّ الْبَارِي لِلْمُنَادِي مَنْ نُوراً فِي الْقَلْبِ رَسَا

Hal min mugheethin lee mimmaa fin-nafsi min ḥuznin wa min asaa
Qad wallal-‘umru fis-sa‘yil-ḥaraami fiṣ-ṣubḥi wa fil-masaa
Fee tarkil-awlaa maqtul-Mawlaa lil-qalbil-ladhee qasaa
Laakinnal-Baaree lil-munaadee manna nooran fil-qalbi rasaa

Can anyone save from the grief and remorse within my soul? My life is past, spent on forbidden things from morning to night. Leaving what is right brings the Lord's displeasure upon the hardened heart, but the Creator blesses the petitioner with a light in the soul!

– 2 –

يَا كَاشِحَ الْمُحِبِّ كَمْ تَلُومُنِي عَلَى هَذَا الْغَرَامِ
وَالْعِشْقُ سِرُّ الْقَلْبِ لَا دَلِيلَ لَهُ إِلَّا الْمُسْتَهَامُ
مَنْ ذَاقَ خَمَرَ الْعَاشِقِينَ ذَاقَ أَطْيَبَ الْمَدَامِ
هَذَا صِرَاطِي مُسْتَقِيماً لَا يُنَالُ بِفَنِّ الْكَلَامِ

Yaa kaashiḥal-muḥibbi kam taloomunee ‘alaa haadhal-gharaam
Wal-‘ishqu sirrul-qalbi laa daleela lahu illal-mustahaam
Man dhaaqa khamral-‘aashiqeena dhaaqa aṭyabal-mudaam
Haadhaa ṣiraatee mustaqeeman laa yunaalu bi fannil-kalaam

O denigrator of love, how you blame me for this burning passion! But love is the heart's secret, its only proof is infatuation. Whoever tastes the lovers' wine has tasted the sweetest drink! Such is my path – direct and ineffable.



– 3 –

سَرَى فِي لَيْلَةِ الْإِسْرَاءِ ظَاهِرًا بِعَالَمِ الْخَفَاءِ
دَنَا مِنْ رَبِّ الْعَرْشِ حَتَّى نَالَ مِنْ عَطَايَاهُ الْأَوْفَى
مَا زَاغَتْ عَيْنُ الْمُصْطَفَى فَكَانَتْ عَهْدًا وَوَفَا
هَذَا النَّبِيِّ أَدْرِكُ بِهِ نَوَالًا وَمَنَازِلَ الصَّفَا

Saraa fee laylatil-israa'i zaahiran bi 'aalamil-khafaa
Danaa min Rabbil-'arshi hattaa naala min 'aṭaayaahul-awfaa
Maa zaaghat 'aynul-Muṣṭafaa fa kaanat 'ahdan wa wafaa
Haadhan-Nabee adrik bihi nawaalan wa manaazilaṣ-ṣafaa

On the Night of Isrā' he ascended, physically, into the Unseen realm, drawing near to the Lord of the Throne, and receiving His fullest gift. The Chosen One's eye swerved not; a covenant fulfilled. This is the Prophet! Attain through him grace and degrees of purity!

– 4 –

شَفِيعِي عِنْدَ هَوْلِ الْحَشْرِ رَافِعًا لِرَايَةِ الْأَمَالِ
تَرَى الْبَرَايَا غُبْرًا شُعْثًا خَوْفُهُمْ مِنْ رُؤْيَاةِ الْأَعْمَالِ
لَا غَوْثَ عِنْدَ ذَلِكَ الْخَوْفِ حِينَ تَنْقُضِي الْأَجَالَ
إِلَّا بِمَنْ عَلَيْهِ مَنَّ الْمَوْلَى بِالْقُبُولِ وَالْكَمَالِ

Shafee'ee 'inda ḥawlil-ḥashri raafi'an li raayatil-aamaal
taral-baraayaa ghubran shu'than khawfuhum min ru'yatil-a'maal
laa ghawtha 'inda dhaakal-khawfi ḥeena tanqaḍil-aajaal
illaa bi-man 'alayhi mannal-Mawlaa bil-qabooli wal-kamaal

My intercessor on Judgement Day, lifting high the banner of hope. Behold all mankind in disorder, afraid to face their deeds. There will be no rescue from that dread, when all lives have been spent, but through him whom God blessed with acceptance and perfection.