

Lament

Sami Yusuf

My father be the ransom of him for whose sake I melted with anguish!

My father be the ransom of him for whose sake I died of fear!
The blush of shame on his cheek is the whiteness of dawn conversing with the Redness of eve
They left me at al-Uthayl and an-Naqá

Who will compose my distracted thoughts?
Who will relieve my pain?
Guide me to him!
Who will ease my sorrow?
Who will help a passionate lover?

Whenever I keep secret the torments of desire
My tears betray the flame within and the sleeplessness
They left me at al-Uthayl and an-Naqá

And whenever I say, 'Give me one look! The answer is, 'Thou art not hindered but for pity's sake.'
My father, my father, my father