

هَمْتُ شَوْقًا فَارْحَمُونِي هَمْتُ وَجْدًا فَاعْذُرُونِي
فَاضَ دَمْعِي مِنْ عُيُونِي شَاهِدًا لِي بِالْجُنُونِ

I yearned with longing, so have mercy on me; I am overwhelmed with passion, so
pardon me.

My tears flowed from my eyes, bearing witness to my madness.

سَادَتِي أَهْلَ الْمَكَارِمِ أَنِّي بِالْبَابِ قَائِمٌ
فَالْحَظُّوا عَبْدًا وَخَادِمًا وَانْظُرُوهُ بِالْعُيُونِ

My masters, the people of nobility, I stand at the door.
Look at a servant and servant alone, and behold him with your eyes.

سَادَتِي أَهْلَ الْكَوَائِرِ وَالتَّصَرُّفِ يَا أَكَابِرِ
إِنِّي بِالْبَابِ حَائِرٌ أَدْخُلُونِي أَدْخُلُونِي

My masters, the people of high stations and authority, I stand at the
door, confused. Enter me, enter me!

سَادَتِي أَهْلَ التَّصَرُّفِ وَالتَّجَلِّيِ وَالتَّعَرُّفِ
أَنْتُمْ أَهْلُ التَّعَطُّفِ فَانْظُرُوا لِي فَانْظُرُوا لِي

My masters, the people of wisdom, manifestation, and
understanding,

You are the ones of kindness. Look at me, look at me!

حُبُّكُمْ فِي الْقَلْبِ خَيْمٌ نَارُكُمْ فِي الْقَلْبِ تُضْرَمُ
فَارْحَمُوا صَبًّا مُتَيْمٌ قَدْ رَمُوهُ بِالْجُنُونِ

Your love has settled in my heart, your fire burns within my soul.
Have mercy on a passionate lover who has been cast into madness.

يَا أَسْيَادِي يَا أَسْيَادِي بِالنَّبِيِّ لَا تَهْجُرُونِي
قَدْ مَضَى عُمْرِي وَانْتُمْ يَا أَسْيَادِي تُوَعِدُونِي

Oh my masters, oh my masters, by the Prophet, do not abandon me.
My life has passed, and yet you, my masters, still promise me