

Cry! Cry in the Name! (Also part of Rassoul Gita, slightly different version—Ed)

Cry! Cry, O Mohammed, cry....
How can I cry who am a simple man? How can I cry?
Cry! Cry, O Mohammed, cry....
How can I cry who never had a father?
I tried to cry but then my mother said,
“Trust, trust in Allah, He is your Guardian-Father.
But never cry, my brave son, never cry.”
How can I cry who early lost my mother?
I tried to cry but then my uncle said,
“Trust, trust in Allah, He is your Guardian-Mother.”
I tried to cry, O Lord, I tried to cry....
I lived a simple life among my flocks.
A better life when I learned to lead the camels,
But famine came and went and deprivation,
I could not cry, my Lord, I could not cry—
I bore my sufferings and calmed my heart,
But I could not cry, my Lord, I could not cry.

Cry! Cry, O Mohammed, cry....
I bow to Thee, O Lord, I bow in prayer,
I submit to Thee, my God, in every way,
But this I cannot do, I cannot cry.

Cry! Cry in the Name of your Lord!
And then I came to the summit of Arif
(The mountain also called by Jesus, Tabor)
Wherefrom I saw the world and all therein,
The little infants left without a father,
The tiny orphans bereft without a mother,
The widows pulsed into want by illness or death,
The lame, the halt, the blind th'unwilling slave,
The victims of tyranny, lust and greed—
A fire burned in my heart, I frowned,
I could not cry, I frowned, my neck was stiff.

Cry! Cry in the Name of your Lord!
A fever in my breast, a black spot in my heart

And then it came ... a sigh....
The battle half won, the Badr of my self
I swooned, drowned in a Mighty Voice:
Cry cry in the Name of your Lord
Who created all things from His boundless Love—
Permeating the world of Rahman with His Light,
Permeating the world of Rahim with his **shay**,
Whence the universal effulgence known as “blood”
Or **dam**, congealing becoming **Adam**....
Cry! Cry in the Name of your Lord
Who created Adam from the blood congealed.