

Grant bounty upon me my master, my sorrows have become limitless,
My heart and soul are sacrificed for you, o king of both worlds

O messenger of allah, your generosity, o beloved of allah, your generosity
O messenger of allah, your generosity – that glance of generosity!

I am alone and innumerable in life, don't you do something, o royal highness
By kissing sang asood, i would have received a peace

Seeing the chain, the heart is satisfied
Or god saw hatim pak meizab maqam , and peace be upon me, messenger of allah

Memories arise of me doing tawaaf (circumambulation) around the holy kabah,
And then clinging to the multazam again & again

The people are leaving for madinah, crying,
I am left here with the wish to go, o beloved of allah

Quickly call me back, and show me the blessed green dome,
The hopes of being present there again have made me restless

Kissing and devouring medina, i used to swing around,
I remember medina's times when our beloved prophet saw walked on Medina Street.

The view of the green dome, and those iftaars (moment of breaking the fast),
Memories arise constantly of ramadan in tayba (madinah)

O messenger of allah, please hear my plea,
For who, other than yourself, will hear my cries?

Upon my state, grant just one glance of generosity,
For my saddened heart, you are the healer of the sad-hearted

O pilgrims, listen – if you remember, then convey my salaam
Convey it whilst crying, and if possible, (do so) again and again

Ubaid-e-raza's sadness would not have been so,
If this year, he could see the beauty of the green dome