

My Beloved Friends have Departed

So has my happiness

My heart is broken Oh Muhammad

Now where do i turn to

On the occasions of (Eid and Shabrat) everyone returned home,

Only those don't returned, whom you burried with your own hands

There are rings around the neck of my camel

And I am going to console my paramour

O dignified Murshid

the broken hearthed share your pain

the loyful do not care

the ones that are bereaved

weep at the graves of their loved ones

Whortleberry gives sweet jujube even then is punished with stone,

Look at the patience of Whortleberry O Muhammad, doing goodness for others

I'm lower and my paramour is higher

A have attached my heart with a higher

May I sacrifice to those higher people

who attached me to them

For daughters (father's home) is not

long-living, it is wealth (properties,) for sons

Bear pains and not say a word

is a fate of daughters