

First the name of God the Lord let us declare;  
This behoveth every servant everywhere.  
Whosoe'er doth first the name of God recite,  
God will make for him his every business light.  
Let the name of God begin each business then,  
That the end thereof be sorry not and vain.  
Let the name of God with every breath be said,  
In the name of God be each work finishéd.  
If the tongue but once with love God's name do say,  
Alls its sins will fall like autumn leaves away.

Pure becometh he who sayeth His pure name,  
Whoso saith God's name attains his every aim.  
Let us from our hearts on yon Provider call,  
Yon Creator who from naught hath made us all.  
Come ye and on God now let us loveful cry,  
Fearful let us weep and let us sadly sigh,  
That yon King His mercy fair to us accord,  
Yonder Gracious, yonder Ruthful, yonder Lord,  
He Omniscient, He the Pardoner of ill,  
He the Builder, Placable, Forgiving still,  
He the Holy One who all in safety keeps,  
He the Lord Eternal who nor dies nor sleeps.  
He the King whose reign shall never pass away,  
He the Mateless, He the Matchless, peerless aye.

While as yet the world was not He made it be,  
Yet of aught created ne'er a need had He.  
He is One, and of His Oneness doubt is none  
Though that many err whene'er they speak thereon.  
Living He when was nor man nor angel fair,  
Heaven nor earth, nor sun nor moon, nor ninefold sphere.  
By His power creative all of these He made,  
Yea, in these His might and glory He displayed.  
Let us ever at His court our needs make known;

He is One, and other god than he is none.  
Though such words be said till the Last day do fall,  
Fall might many a Last Day, yet unsaid were all.  
So thou seekest from the fire to win thee free,  
Say with love and fear: Be blessings unto thee!

Saintly ones, we here begin another speech;  
Unto you a testament we leave, to each.  
Whoso'er observes the testament I say,  
Musk-like in his heart its scent will bide for aye.  
May the Lord Allah give him His ruth to share, -  
Yea, to him who breatheth for my soul a prayer.  
He who in this blessing lot and part would have,  
Let him say the Fatiha for me his slave.

Lady Amine, Muhammed's mother she,  
(From this Shell it was yon Pearl did come to be)  
When Muhammad's time to come was near at hand,  
Ere he came were many signs seen through the land.  
Now by 'Abd-Allah his sire had she conceived,  
And the passing weeks and days the term achieved.  
In the night whereon was born that Best of Men,  
Many a marvel passed before his mother's ken.  
On the twelfth 'twas of the First Rebi' it fell,  
On a Monday night it tided, know ye well!  
Quoth the mother of that God-belovéd one,  
'I beheld a Light whose moth was e'en the sun.  
Sudden from my dwelling flashed the lightning forth,  
Mounted to the skies and lumined all the earth.  
Rank on rank the angels winged from Heaven their way,  
Round my house, as 'twere the Ka'ba, circled they.  
Quoth they: Now that Prophet of most high degree  
Cometh, Master of the Holy House is he!  
Straightway in the sky was spread a couch full fair,

Sendal was its name, 'twas angels spread it there.  
Oped the heavens, and the murk was done away;  
Forth came angels three with flags in bright array;  
Never any son like to thy son, said they,  
Unto earth hath come since the Creation-day;  
Never any son in glory like to thine  
Was to mother granted by the Lord Divine.  
Born of thee this night shall be that Mustafa;  
Unto all a boon shall be that Mustafa.  
O thou dear one, thou hast won to mighty bliss;  
Born of thee shall be the Flower of all that is.  
All the saints would yield their lives to meet this night,  
All the saints would fain be slaves to greet this night.  
He who cometh is the king of heaven's law,  
He who cometh is of wisdom high the store.  
For the love of him who cometh turns the sky;  
Yearning for his face to men and angels sigh.  
He who cometh is that man, the Prophet's Seal,  
He, that Mercy to the Worlds, Creation's weal.  
God the Living, Lord, of Power, hath made decree  
That this night creation all perfection see;  
Houris, Bowers, Gardens, yea, all Paradise,  
All the Garth of Ridwán, shine on glorious wise.  
There above they celebrate this blessed night,  
Paradise with gems and jewels have they dight.  
Ay this night is e'en the night when through his light  
Yonder blessed one shall make earth fair and bright.  
In this fashion did they celebrate his praise,  
And the glory of that blessed light upraise.

- Süleyman Çelebi (d.1419), tr. E.J.W. Gibb