

A humble slave am I of an almighty Lord.
No work is too hard for that One who's adored.

But though I'm a beggar who cannot afford
To claim any strength, sure and strong is my Lord.

*I haven't got the force,
No strength between my sides
I feel such remorse
But the Maker provides*

He says, where He wills, when He wishes a thing,
just be, and it is, by the might of a King.

The ruler whose edicts and wise rulings bring
All blessings and grace by the might of a King.

*I haven't got the force,
No strength between my sides
I feel such remorse
But the Maker provides*

*In the gloom of the womb
He made me from a seed
I saw his blessings bloom
there all pureness decreed.*

I'm safe in the shade of His all-knowing height
And no strength have I - His all power and might.

So glory to Allah, his bounty shining bright,
All gratitude and praise are His due and His right.