

□ [Ten?] One Thousand Lines For Him I Made So Sweet
I Beg— My Lord! Please Let Me Kiss His Feet □

*Written in Heroic Couplet [Rhyming Iambic Pentameter]
i.e., each line is 10 syllables [da dum], and each pair have a rhyme*

**In Praise of Him Are These One Thousand Lines
Just His Face is One of God's Greatest Signs
For Him Are These One Thousand Lines of Praise
At His Face I Wish To Forever Gaze**

[Audio Recording \(Private Link\)](#)

Before we begin, as we always do,
We Praise and Thank God, to Him it's all due.

Of Course we ask Him to Praise and Honor,
The one who is ou'r spiritual fath'r.

Sent to guide us until the end of time,
Destroying false gods, as his face would shine.

Born on a Monday, the best of them all,
After the elephant was standing tall.

In the midst of spring, when plants come alive,
So he reviv'd our hearts, for his sm'le we strive.

Before him was nothing but bad and ev'l,
People covered in all things illegal.

From the line of the great one, Abraham,
And his son Ishm'l, replaced by a ram.

Then we skip a few, and we reach 'Adnān,
To Ma'add, then to Nizār— named Khaldān.

To Muḍar, to Ilyās, to Mudrikah,
Named 'Amr, father of Khuzaymah.

To Kinānah, to Qays, called Al-Naḍr,
Down to Mālīk, to Quraysh, called Fīhr.

Down to Ghālib, and then down to Lu'ayy,
To Murrah, to Kilāb, he knew the way.

Then to Quṣayy, his father Ḥakīm,
But Quṣayy though, it was Jurhum he freed.

Down to 'Abd Manāf, Al-Mughīrah named,
Nearly here, his name on The Throne is framed.

To his great grandfather, Hāshim, the one,
Then 'Abd Al-Muṭṭalib, down to his son,
'Ab-bd Allāh, after a hundred he won.

Married to Āminah, his noble moth'r,
Seeing lights from Syri'a, she started to wond'r.

“This child I have is blessed indeed”,
He gave life back to his wet nurses steed,
Her livestock healthy, no longer in need.

At the farm came down, two whites with snow,
Making him the purest, from head to toe.

Purer and purer, God did make him be,
Shined two times, or four, maybe even three.

Afraid— back to his moth'r, he was returned,
6 years of age, he stood scared and concerned.

At Abwā' he stood, as his mother pass'd,
Now he's in Shaybah's hands, who didn't last.

It was on-ly 2 years, un-til he went,
To the house of Ṭālib, where he stay'd cont'nt.

At twelve, his uncle took him to Syria,
When clouds shaded him, and he met Baḥīrā.

Back to Makkah he came, now safe and sound,
At twenty five, though, a woman he crowned.
Ou'r moth'r, Khadījah, a woman profound.

She hir'd him to see, how good he would be,
Her slave told her "O how perfect is he!"

She saw his manners, and knew right away,
This man, was no man, that would go astray.

At that, she offered, to marry this man,
And now her name, forever it shall stand.

His sm'le and support, he loved her so dear'ly,
She bore all to him, except one, quite clearly.

The first, Al-Qāsim, by which he is named,
Then Zaynab, who passed, in the year of fame.

Followed up by the two lights that we know,
Umm Kulthūm, and Ruqayyah, fully a'glow.

And the last from her, came the Slave of God,
Pure and Fragrant— early on, he did fall.

Before him, there was, the Queen of Heaven,
The only one that lived passed him, of seven.

She also did gift, her slave named Zayd,
His name in The Book, it shall ne-ver fade.

Zayd's father had come to take back his son,
"I'd joyfully be, the slave of this one!"

At this time, he was, Al-Ṣādiq, Al-Amīn,
Placer of The Black Stone, he so was deem'd.

In Quraysh, he was, the most trusted man,
They all knew him to be, the pur'st of clan.

But now the time had come, for him to r'flect,
Forty he was, and utterly perfect.

Never was there a day, before or aft'r,
Exc'pt rocks gave him, The Greet'ngs of Hereaft'r.

Nor was there a day, that ever went by,
Except a cloud of shade, high in the sky.

His dreams came true, like the light of the sun,
Then came the Ang'l with the weight of a ton.

“What am I to read?” he cried out of fear,
“The Words of God, to Him you are most dear.”

He ran back home, “Cover me! Cover me!”,
In the arms of his wife, who trul’y did see,
“Possessed or cursed, by God, you cannot be,
You care for orphans, and feed the needy.”

At that, she was, the first one to believe,
His rank with God, she could truly conceive.

On Monday it was, when the Ang'l had come,
Now he recalled the praises the trees sung:

“Upon you O Prophet, Salāms of God!”,
Waraqah said: “You will be outlawed!”.

“How can it be, that they will drive me out?
They all know and love me, there is no doubt!”

“They will, they will, O Dear Prophet of mine,
If I can, I will, defend your front line.”

A pause in scripture came during this time,
Making him ache and yearn for The Divine.

After that, again the Angel came down,
True in form, larg’r than anything around.

But at his sight, The Prophet ran away,
“Cover me! Cover me! Please I’m so afra’d!”
God then said: “***Yā ayyuhā Al-Muddaththir!***
O Wrapped one, now you must stand and warn,
Praise God, clean clothes, and idols you must scorn.”

Again he came, but now as a teacher,
“Wash your hands like me, you will be much clean’r.”

At last he now knew, how to pray to God,
And his Lord from above, again now call'd:

**“*Yā ayyuhā Al-Muzzammil!* Stand and pray!
Be it half the night— whatever which way.”**

Let it be known, that when it first came down,
That was the day, the Jinn had lost their crown.

No longer were they, now able to steal,
The news of heaven, to him it's revealed.

They are barred and blocked, like never before,
The Prophet is here, his praises galore.

Shortly after, a few good *Jinn* had come,
“With these new words of God, what must be done?”

This Prophet of ours, is truly the one,
The Mercy sent, to all of creation.

During this time, he called out in secret,
Telling only those, whom he did frequent.

This stage did last, only three years, until,
He went and called out to them all on a hill.

“By God we know, that you have never lied,
You are Muḥammad, a man from our tribe.”

“My people, my people, listen to me,
For your state with God— I cannot help thee.

You must know for sure, that I'm here to warn,
And all of your idols, hate them with scorn!”

The worst of them all, did call out and say,
“For this you called? Perish and go away!”

This man so evil, that God did say— **“Hell,
Is the place, forever, therein, you dwell.”**

But still, he stayed in Makkah, he did stay and preach,
Hoping to God, that His Message would reach.

At times he went, to the markets around,
The people around him, they did surround.

Behind him though, was the most evil man,
His uncle, of Hell, who used to throw sand.

“Say that God is One, and you will succeed!
I’m His Prophet, and to Heaven proceed!”

Best friend, indeed, Abū Bakr did do,
Convert many of men, the best of you.

A few of them, were respected indeed,
But most were lowly, but not in their creed.

Sumayyah she was, the first one to die,
Yāsir her son, the first one to belie.

The pain they went through, is by far, unreal,
When the fat of the backs, puts fires out — surreal.

They endured by day, and prayed at night,
Pleasing their Lord, the only thing in sight.

And they had to hide, afraid of torture,
The house of Arqam, hush-hush, he order’d.

One day they thought, “They haven’t heard Qur’ān!”,
Ibn Mas‘ūd said, “I’ll recite and stand!”.

Beaten and bruised, he he’d do it again,
Anything for The Prophet and Heaven.

Since the message had come, it’s been five years,
The weak have bleed, and shed too many tears.

Now the time had come, for a few to go,
To Af-rica, away from him, what woe!

In Eritrea they stayed safe and sound,
But all the Makkans then fell to the ground.

The words of God, are simply far too strong,
The worst of the pagans, knew all along.

Out of hope and joy, the migrants returned,
Only to learn, that their hearts hadn't turned.

So many right after, went back to Ḥabsh,
But the pagans with hate, didn't say hush.

Abū Jahl said, "We can make a trade",
Abū Ṭālib respond'd, "Are you insane?!"

My sons, get ready, and grab your weapons,
With his precious life, don't you dare threaten.

If you touch him, I'll start, such a big war,
Everyone will be dead, left on the floor!"

Again, Abū Jahl, cursed this great man,
Bow slapped by Ḥamzah, "I follow Islām!"

Now on their side, was the son of Khaṭṭāb,
With joy, the hearts of the Muslims now throbbed.

Again the pain was too hard to endure,
So more went to Ḥabsh, their Islam secure.

It has been nine years, and now he endured,
Pain upon pain, but he always stayed sure.

His uncle the one, that defended him,
If only he hadn't died on his sin.

Despite that so, he loved him so dearly,
Khaḍījah too, he loved her, most clearly.

Both supports of his, now went back to God,
And The *Jinn* of Na'īb by him were awed.

Now he married Sawdah, in Ram-maḍān,
And soon, right after, came a dream, like dawn.

Gabriel came, with a child in hand,
Wrapp'd in silvery silk, she was, so grand.

“Your wife in this world, and next, she will be”,
Our Mother, ‘Ā’ishah, can’t you see?

At six years of age, she was graced by this,
In Shawwāl it was, their love life of bliss.

She is our Mother, Faqīhah Al-Ummah,
Smart and witty, to knowledge, a *junnah*.

Her virtues, in number, are far too great,
Too many, too many, to e-ven state.

He left to Ṭā’if, and to them, he call’d.
The most perfect man, yet they were appalled.

By God, what was it, that this man did do?
Making their kids chase after him, “Go! Shoo!”

Why! O Why, did they respond in this way?
As long as God is pleased, he would not sway.

Two Angels came down, “Give me the order!”
“Nay, By God! I was not sent to torture!”

“It is I that will make you pleased,” said God,
At this it was, that he was now called.

An invite so great, like never before,
Lead all the Prophets, you’re the best for sure.

Then he went, into the Heaven of low,
Five types of punishment, what utter woe.

To the second Heaven, up he now went,
With Jesus and John, to whom he now met.

Further up he went, now at level three,
Seeing Joesph, with half of *his* beauty.

Up and up, now at the level of four,
Up to Idrīs, from whom ink was first poured.

Up to level five, is where he now reached,
Aaron he met, who had nice and clear speech.

At six, our Prophet, is ever so high,
Where he met Moses, a man with God, nigh.

At seven our Prophet, far above land,
Ibrahim said, “Send your people Salām!”

More so than that, he was called past the Heav’ns,
He stood so high, far beyond The Seven.

A rank so high, even the Angel— shy,
The best of signs, he did see with his eye.

And here it was, when prayer was revealed,
His rank with God, was no longer concealed.

Face-to-face like two bows brought together,
The Beloved of God, he is forever.

But still these pagans, chose not to believe,
Their darkest of hearts, truly do deceive.

Even when he, accepted their request,
He split the moon, yet they still failed the test.

But who needs the moon, when you have his face,
More beau-tiful, than any star in space.

It seemed like Makkah, just wasn’t working,
So to other tribes, he star-ted turning.

During this time, a few men had come,
“We pledge to you, tell us what must be done.”

“Stay in your town, take a few men of mine,
As for me, I’m ordered my The Divine.”

And soon right after, came a larger group,
Pledged to him, back to Madīnah in loop.

It’s time, it’s time, to Madīnah some went,
What a city it is, what a present!

At last, came now, the greatest turning point,
Abū Bakr and he, went out in joint.

“Ṣaḥābah?! Ṣaḥābah?! O Messenger?!”
“At my side you are, in the Hereafter.”

They set out on this journey, and planned al’t,
Asmā’ brought them food— two belts and a knot.

In the cave they sat, and one filled with fear,
“Don’t fear my friend, God is to us, near.”

Creation itself, came to aid this man,
A bird's nest, and web, at the cave did stand.

In the cave, secure, the best friend was bit,
No cure to be found, except his pure spit.

Before they arrived, they stopped at Qubā’,
It is here, that was prayed, the first Jumm’ah.

“He’s here! He’s here!” They all cried of joy,
And Anas would say, though just a young boy,

“The day he came, the city filled with light,
And the day he left, nothing in our sight...”

His first task for them, was not of his stay,
But the place set out, for them to go pray.

He’d chant along: “The prize will come later,
Mercy to Anṣār, and Emigrator.”

Like no other leader, he helped the people,
Carrying rocks himself, he wasn't fe'ble.

But rather he was, the most fit of them,
In all things he was, the most perfect, gem.

And in just twelve days, it was built and done,
With only palm-leaves to shade from the sun.

He stayed in the house, of Abū Ayyūb,
Him and his wife, used to bring him his food.

They would always note, where he touched the food,
To get every trace of his, the-y were glued.

Within the month, came his noble family,
Ibn Al-Zubayr was born, and so-o manly.

At this time there was a fever that spread,
The people scared, "I might almost be dead".

So Our Prophet his hands high up,
"Please bless us, please bless us, even in cup.

Truly My Lord, Ibrāhīm requested,
Bless Madīnah with do'ble— uncontested.

In the first year, still, Sawdah's house was made,
Shawwāl for 'Ā'ishah, what an upgrade.

"I was just a young girl, with dolls playing,
Women came to me, and my heart swaying.

Then they dressed me up, and did my hair,
His wife finally— for this world, no care.

There were times, I swear, when my voice way high,
And my father would come, and hit my thigh.

But when he left, The Prophet consoled me,
'You know I've come, between others and thee'.

I still remember, all the times we had,
I would make him laugh, and he was so glad.

Or the times when his cheek would be with mine,
Or the one time I beat him to the line.

But the next time around, he went ahead,
And all the times he nudged my thigh in bed.

And he loved me so, that he knew my moods,
I'm the best, he said, like Tharīd to food."

Tābah and Taybah, is the new city,
With pieces of Heaven, oh how pretty.

So great, that he said: "Whoever intends,
Any harm to it, upon them descends,
The Curse of God, and at that their deeds end.

All who die within My Noble City,
Will have my intercession, no pity."

Madīnah was now, filled with two people,
Native and Migrant, he made so peaceful.

He paired them up, and brotherhood was built,
So that saying mean words, would lead to guilt.

They would share their houses and give a wife,
To be established in this worldly life.

These Helpers who shared their houses are great,
"To love them all is a sign of true faith."

Our Prophet was also a man of state,
A contract written, as he would dictate.

Between him, Migrator, and people here:
We make this pact, and as one group we steer.

And also a pact, with the Jews inside,
We will all defend, the threats from outside.

In the mosque they prayed, but there was no call,
We need a sign, when we gather in hall.

A few of them slept, and they had a dream,
“Make this *Adhān*! Make it loud, but don’t scream.”

Who would be graced, to announce the prayer?
Bilāl it was, master freed by master.

But also honored, was Ibn Umm Mak-
Tūm— blind he was— and one more had this luck.

Sa‘d Al-Qaraz, *Mu adhdhin* of *Qubā* ,
He replaced Bilāl, when he left to Shām.

This Prophet of ours, has words so sweet,
He’d say to the people, as they would meet:

“O People make sure, that Salām is spread,
And try to feed the poor, even with bread.

Be good to your family, and at night, pray,
Paradise you will enter, right away!”

When he’d say such words, his face would shine bright,
“By God, I swear! I see no lie in sight!”

With those words, the Rabbi, entered Islam,
His name was ‘Abd Allāh, ibn Sallām.

And now the Masjid, started to get full,
But from the well of *Rūmah*, nothing pull’d.

Not because its owner was greedy— no,
“This is how I feed my family, so woe...”

“Not even for a well in Paradise?”
But ‘Uthmān jumped in, with these words sufficed.

Up until now, their prayers were just two,
Most became four, and more rulings came new.

As time went on, the Jews chose to hate him,
Their feelings were false, all based upon whim.

Why they didn't believe, only God knows,
Even though they knew, it was *he*, God chose.

Their leaders were fools, too evil to name,
Ḥuyayy is just one, his face lives in shame.

How dare you say, such bad words to this man?!
Get out of The Mercy, of Al-Raḥmān!!

You lie to his face, and betray his pact,
Standing around, while the people— attacked.

[More stuff to add here about Jews]

[Makkan Pagans causing problems]

[Maybe]

[Small campaigns: *Sayf Al-Ba r* | *Rāghib* | *Kharrār*]

[The Noble Companions that died in the first year]

[Maybe]

Year two it is, in Al-Madīnah, grand,
But life went on, and the Muslims now stand.

“No longer are we, weak low and feeble,
We must stand, and guard, but not be lethal.”

They first, went out, to *Abwā* call'd *Waddān*,
But none of the men, had to raise a hand.

The fifteenth of *afar*, that troop went out
Then in the first spring, they went to *Buwā* .

Then Ḥamzah carried the banner, up high,
In second *Jumādā*, but no one died.

Ushayrah this was, to block and cut off,
A caravan of Quraysh from Levant.

And before these three, there were a few groups,
They went out to fight, but weren't really troops.

They returned from *Ushayrah*, and within,
Ten nights. Prophet and men went out to fight.

Seventy men, "Don't you touch our camels",
The *Kuffār* are no better than mammals.

The caravan though, was not in their sight,
Seven dispatches, and not one with a fight.

It was *Rajab* now, and they all prayed five,
Facing *Al-Quds*, while their hearts were alive.

But our Prophet, he did, love The House—Old,
Made by his dad, now with a door of gold.
In Makkah he would, face both with one fold.
//i.e., folding hands together for prayer

**"O Prophet, We Saw, your look to the sky,
So we changed it for you, to cool your eye."**

When God would change The *Qiblah* for this man,
God wants to Please His Love, that is His Plan.

We know! We know! That God Loves him the most,
He is the best! This is no lie, nor boast.

The next rule came down, and that was *iyām*,
They used to fast, on the tenth of *arām*.

But now they had, a month set out to fast,
Ramaḍān, a month, for deeds to amass.

Fifteen years ago, The Book of God came,
Read and act, and The Pleasure of God, gain.

Their fasts— hard— were from *Ishā* to *Maghrib*,
But God made it easy: *Fajr*—Sunset.

In the month before the month of the fast,
They were told: Charity of Feast— go cast.

Friday it was, in the month of the fast,
The seventeenth day, with Mercy so vast.

God called it the day of Criterion,
Angels came down, to help The Medīnan.

**“We Helped you while you were weak in *Badr*,
Have The *Taqwā* of God, and be thankful.”**

This day a result, of *Al- Ushayrah*,
Fighting for God, increases their *ghayrah*.

Three-One-Three, these men are *Badarī*— strong,
Defeating the pagans, didn’t take long.

ḌamḌam went out, to go gather some news,
The Makkans not knowing, that they would lose.

He entrusted the banner with Muṣ‘ab,
“This group,” he said, “go with Ibn Mu‘ādh,

The other with ‘Alī. I beg! My Lord,
They’re weak and poor! Make them strong and secured.

My companions please, you know I love you,
I have broken my fast, so you do too!”

“O Messenger,” they said, “go out and fight!
To our deaths we will protect you; no flight!

If you told us to march, straight to our death,
For you we march and march, and do not fret.”

Look at these men, and what they had to do,
Facing their dads and sons, all for who?

For God and His Messenger; nothing more,
To drink from his hands, at Paradise Door.

When The Prophet heard this, a smile came,
The light from his face, the sun it does shame.

“O My people,” he said, “tell me which way,”
So that they all, in this, could have a say.

Ibn Mu‘ādh got up, and said with pride,
“You’re referring to us, the native tribe,

Know! My love, you’re the one to us most dear.

Do as you please, and of course we follow,
Take from us please, we won’t be left hollow.

The more you take, the happier we are,
We will fight for you, no matter how far.

I swear, that if, you rode into the sea,
We will follow suit; our lives are for thee!

And know, that we, will never leave your side,
To always defend, around you we ride.”

The Angel informed, that one group would fall,
The Makkans or Caravan soon shall crawl.

His most beautiful eyes, at this time saw,
The enemy falling — over like straw.

Two spies from Makkah, came for some water,
“Where is Abū Sufyān?! We will not halt’r!”

The Prophet just then, finished his prayer,
“When they tell you the lie, then you favor?

Tell me, you two, who from Makkah is here? —
— Makkah, today, has offered its most dear!”

At night, Our Prophet, now cried in his tent,
My Lord! I’m here! I’m Your Messenger sent!

Quraysh, My Lord, they call me a liar,
You Told me we’d win, and be much higher.

My Lord! I beg, let us win tomorrow,
Smash their heads in the dirt, filled with sorrow.

Our Prophet began, lining up the troops,
Straight and mighty, to be seen as one group.

He poked a man, “Sawād! Stand straight in line!”
“You hurt me, dear, and took a right of mine.”

He lifted his shirt, “Come take your right back,”
He kissed his flesh, and now his arms were wrapp’d.

“O Sawād, what is the meaning of this?”
“I will die today, but now I’m in bliss.”

“Don’t kill a Hāshim, or Al-Bakhtarī,
Time and time again, he came to help me!”

“Spare ‘Abbās as he kills our family??”
“Abū Ḥafṣ!” “These words are a tragedy!”

Give me the order, and I’ll take the head,
Of all that make, your beautiful face, red!”

“O Quraysh, I have seen death in their eyes,
We have to turn back or give up our lives!”

The Prophet of God, he heard all of this,
“If they listen to him, death they will miss.”

The Prophet of Mercy, tried one last time,
“Turn back now, or face the Wrath of The Div’ne.”

“My Lord, if we lose, Islam will be gone,”
Best friend said, as he put his cloak back on,
“My Love, you’ve been asking God for too long!”

Three winds just blew, each with a thousand— white,
As the banner raised, it was time to fight.

The bravest of Hāshim, at the front line,
Ḥamza, ‘Ubaydah, and ‘Alī were fine.

The lines now roared, and at the front was he,
“We took refuge, under *Rasūlī*.”

In the midst of the battle, he would pray,
Begging his Lord, for victory, today.

Two boys then asked, “Abū Jahl is who?”
“He slandered our love, his death we will do!”

Even now The Jah’l, had dumb things to say,
But Ibn Mas‘ūd, took his life away.

Finally, the second most evil one,
Is burning in Hell, far worse than the sun.

—

I’m not one to curse, a dead human soul,
But this man had only, one evil goal.

That was to hurt my love, and take his life,
A death in this world, will not suffice.

How dare you put, your foot on his neck— pure,
The Angels of Hell, are waiting for sure!

You’ve earned the wrath, of The One God, Most High,
Hell is thirsty, for your sick flesh to fry.

Ten Thousand lines, I could write against you,
But my love is at ease, so I am too.

—

The Angel then asked “Are you pleased with me?”
“Yes” so he parted for the time being.

Fifteen to Twenty just finished their test,
Green Birds of The Throne, their souls with God, rest.

[Line 520]

[Ending]

My Prophet, you had, a spot for Ḥassān,
I want to sing this for you, whilst I stand,
In the theater of Jannah, not on land,
To see you smile, as you hold my hand.

Angels and men, come around to gather,
Ḥabīb Allāh, our hearts you shatter.

O Lord, Praise him, with an infinite breeze,
And Be Happy because, for him are these

□ **[Ten?] One Thousand Lines For Him I Made So Sweet**
I Beg— My Lord! Please Let Me Kiss His Feet □