

Nationalteatern

"Ta'la Al Badru"

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His eyes slowly rising
Sunrise warms the horizon
Sand dunes form in the distant
He's up and out in an instant

The crowd there, all were waiting
Watching and, anticipating
A man appears from afar
Could it be the one sent by Allah

He shouts "Here comes the prophet!"
His face is a light that drives out the darkness
Words are alive ? his message is living
Joy everywhere, our voices are singing

Chorus
Tala'al-Badru 'alayna,
Min thaniyyatil-Wada'
Wajaba al-shukru 'alayna,
Ma da'a lillahi da'
Ayyuha al-mab'uthu fina
Ji'ta bi-al-amri al-muta'
Ji'ta sharrafta al-Madinah
Marhaban ya khayra da'

He steps and reaches to touch
This man who suffered so much
His own troubles could not compare
To the Prophet scorned everywhere

He was shunned away by his own kin
Ridiculed and stoned by the townsmen

His blood was shed for the truth
But never was he vengeful or rude.

Then the Prophet turns and he smiles
Radiance that spreads out for miles
Embraces his hand with kindness and care
His heart sings out for all those to hear!

Chorus

Wakes up, alarm clock is ringing
Moonlight, sun hasn't risen
Faint sound of cars on the street
But inside his heart he feels peace

He starts recalling the dream
The Prophets face he has seen
Remembers well the tradition
In a dream it truly will be him

Allah, oh what a feeling
So many years he followed his teachings
And this is greatest time in his life
He prays to Allah and sings through the night

Chorus

Welcome, best caller to Gods way
With a word to be obeyed
Like a bright moon in the valley of darkness we lay
2x

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